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Respectfully,
J. Wesley Garhart

FOUR YEARS ON WHEELS;

OR

LIFE AS A PRESIDING ELDER.

BY

J. WESLEY CARHART, D. D.,

AUTHOR OF "SUNNY HOURS," "POETS AND POETRY OF THE HEBREWS," &c., &c.

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To
HER WHO IN PATIENCE
HAS BORNE THE HARDSHIPS
AND TRIALS
OF A LIFE IN THE ITINERANCY
FOR
TWENTY-THREE YEARS,
AND WHO HAS FELT MORE KEENLY,
IF POSSIBLE, THAN I
THE REPROACHES WITH WHICH THEY HAVE
REPROACHED ME,
TO MY DEAR WIFE,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

This book is not printed because the story of an individual life has a perpetual charm; but because it was called for by the public, which had somehow become interested to hear the story; because it was believed to be for the glory of God to record the wonders of His grace, so far as our pen could record them; and because truth is always better than error.

The critics are not asked to spare this book. They will find plenty to laugh at, as shall we, when we get time to read it. We shall probably criticise it more severely than any one else will do. We have done better on other books, and would have done better on this with more time at our command and fewer cares to oppress us. The book has been written and printed in less than three months, whilst all our regular and extra duties on the district have been faithfully attended to, requiring sleepless nights and thousands of miles of travel. We

commenced and continued the work with prayer that the blessing of God might attend our labor, and that we might not be betrayed into a spirit of unkindness; but that in all we should write we might be controlled by a sense of justice and by that charity which "never faileth." Should any line or word to any reader seem severe, we have only to say that could you know all that we have suffered, and which God has written in His book, you would wonder at our leniency.

As we glance over the printed pages, a thousand incidents start up before us and chide us that they are left out. Unnumbered acts of love, bestowed by friends remote and near, if recorded here as we feel their merit would require, would fill many such volumes. They are recorded on our hearts and in heaven.

My soul has found delight in the review, of God's mercies; and I ascribe to Him praise and glory because He has so constituted us that the memory holds life's precious pearls whilst it lets the sands of sorrow drop through.

Thus it will be in heaven. The few rough things that have made me weep I shall forget there.

I forgive, as God has forgiven me, and I cease not to pray for those who "despitefully entreated" me.

For the use of the cut of the First Church, Oshkosh,
I am indebted to Allen & Hicks; and for the cut of the
Sugar Bush Church, to the Church Extension Society
of the Methodist Episcopal Church

Oshkosh, Wisconsin, August 14, 1880.



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FOUR YEARS ON WHEELS.



FOUR YEARS ON WHEELS,

OR

LIFE AS A PRESIDING ELDER.

CHAPTER I.

HERE is a range of mountains running through the town of Coeymans,* Albany County, New York, with a perpendicular face to the east, varying in height from 250 feet to 500 feet from the level of the Hudson River. Extending back from the eastern edge of the bluff is a rolling, and somewhat broken country, furnishing an almost infinite variety of scenery, and mapped out into beautiful and productive farms. This mountain range is a sort of backbone to the town, and it was on the summit of this range, near the eastern edge, that the writer and subject of this sketch was born, June 26, A. D. 1834.

My father was a farmer, and had thus far spent all his life in his native town. My father and mother united with the Methodist Episcopal Church before my recollection, under the labors of that man of God, Elbert

*Pronounced Quemans.

Osborn. At the time of their conversion, the Coeymans circuit was of vast extent, and had been traversed by some of the noblest men God ever made. At the time I was born, there was standing, at the foot of the rocky ledge, in what Asbury in his journal calls "Coeyman's Patent," the old stone church, built soon after the erection of John Street Church, New York city.

This church had passed away before my recollection, but the seats, made of yellow pine, with great high backs, the sounding board, which was suspended over the pulpit, and other relics of the noble edifice, remained on the ground, in a grove of maples, for many years. At the end of my first year as probationer in the Troy Conference I presented the following sketch, as an essay for examination, and it was afterwards published in the New York *Christian Advocate*. I give it here, as it will serve to afford some idea of the history of the old stone church, and to preserve the recollection of the structure and the events connected with it.

A METHODIST RELIC.

"There is in Bishop Asbury's journal an allusion to a stone chapel, situated in the town of Coeymans, or in what in Asbury's time was called Coeyman's Patent. This was one of the first Methodist churches in America, west of the Hudson River.

Many events important to Methodism there occurred, and I purpose in this paper to present some of these and revive the remembrance of this noble relic. As there is

but little reference to this church and its first society to be found on record, aside from what appears in Asbury's journal, I have taken pains to collect some facts in regard to them from some of the oldest inhabitants now living in the vicinity where the church once stood.

For my own part, I have a profound regard for Methodist relics. I revere the memory of those men who fought her first battles, and I love all that tends to revive that memory. I delight to think of their deeds of love, and wish that more of the zeal that actuated our fathers were experienced by the ministers of our own time. I love to visit old Methodist battle-ground, where the followers of Christ struggled hard for and obtained glorious victories. Who, that has ever felt the love of Christ in his heart, does not experience a strange and yet heavenly emotion filling his soul as he walks over a camp-ground, though there be no footfall to break the stillness of the forest but his own? How can he stop the train of thought that comes rushing upon him? Though scenes around call to remembrance powerful sermons, earnest exhortations, fervent prayers, mighty struggles of soul for the victory over sin, he thinks of weeping penitents, of the shouts of new-born souls, and of the songs of praise swelling heavenward, as if to pierce the very clouds. Who, that has ever met with the true worshipers of God in his house, can prevent strange emotions as he looks upon the site once crowned with God's own temple, and especially when he sees scattered around him fragments of the material that once composed the

building? Is it strange that, for the time being, he should wish they had a voice and could speak of scenes they had witnessed?

When I look up at the old Bible, now lying above the other books of my library, and think that for nearly fifty years it was used as the pulpit Bible of the old stone church, by Asbury, Garrettson, Whatcoat, and by multitudes of others who fought, died, and are now in heaven, pleasing emotions play about my heart. What eloquence—pure, untaught eloquence—has been poured forth over its sacred pages in melting strains of tenderness, or like the mountain torrent that bears every object before its mighty, rushing tide!

The old stone church was built in 1792. Rev. John Crawford was the first Methodist minister ever known in this vicinity, and was preacher-in-charge of the Coeymans circuit when the project of building a church here was first conceived. John Bloodgood followed him and superintended its erection. The Coeymans circuit at that time was one of the old-fashioned kind. I am not in possession of data that will enable me to give the exact extent of this circuit, but think it must have embraced as much territory as is now covered by some of our annual conferences.

The Stone Church Society was the nucleus of Methodism on the circuit and the nursery of religion for this section of the country. Here many first tasted the joys of Divine grace, most of whom have gone to their reward in heaven. A few yet remain to tell of days

gone by. In the year 1807 the New York Conference held its session in this church, Bishop Asbury presiding. The preachers were not many in number, and came great distances to attend the conference. Among them were some of the most illustrious ministers of primitive American Methodism. Among other names recorded in the minutes of that conference may be found that of Freeborn Garrettson, a name that will live forever in the memory and affections of saints. Several of the preachers were entertained by "Father" Waldron, of whom Asbury speaks in his journal. The Bishop, Father Waldron, and the ministers he entertained, have long since gone to their reward, and have doubtless met on the fair plains of glory, there to hold a blessed conference forever. Some of the members of Father Waldron's family are still living, and have a distinct recollection of the Bishop.

Rev. Hugh Jolly, a local preacher, now nearly ninety years of age, was one of the first members of the society formed in this place. He says he is '*Like a bunch of grass the mowers have left standing.*' He yet retains much mental vigor and has a distinct recollection of the circumstances connected with the introduction of Methodism, and also of its subsequent difficulties. But he must soon go to the grave to sleep with his fathers and brethren until the morning of the resurrection.*

But I am wandering somewhat from my design. The Church is now in ruins. The stones that composed the

*Since deceased.

sacred walls are used in fences about the premises. Some parts of the pulpit yet remain.

The sounding board, a large block of wood, once suspended from the ceiling above the pulpit, by means of a large iron hook, is now left to decay beneath the shade of a venerable maple. Some of the seats are there, the very seats used at the conference of 1807. The foundation walls are still standing. These relics challenge respect. I know that in them is little *intrinsic* value, and yet there is an associated worth, and for that hallowed association they should be preserved."

It was in this house, and subsequently in the school-house near by, where I learned my "A B C's", that my parents attended Church for many years, and heard the good word of God.

There was living in our family, when I was a small child, an Irish servant girl by the name of Ann Taylor. She was a Protestant and a most devout Christian. It was her habit to take me and my two sisters, older than myself, off into the woods to some secluded spot and there spend much time in prayer. She knew God, and the way to the throne of heavenly grace, and she wrestled with God in prayer, earnestly and long, and sought the blessing of God upon us. I have no recollection of her person or of her prayers, but such was the hallowed impression made upon my young mind by her fervency that now, at times, it seems as though the influence comes back to me, with sweet and indescribable power, as though wafted from the glory land, and

I bless God for the prayers of Ann Taylor, who, long since, as I learn, went to her rest and to her reward.

"Though I recall no word, no glance, no tone,
Whereon my eager memory might repose,
Yet, like the earth where grew the Persian rose,
I feel a higher life inspire my own;—

And since that higher life I have been near
Some aura, some mysterious effluence,
Transcending all the scope of thought or sense,
Surrounds me like a rare atmosphere;

And dwelling now in this new element,
The world of daily life exalted seems;
I walk therein, as in the realm of dreams,
Following the thought that leads me on intent,
As if a stream that wandered aimlessly
Had heard at last the murmur of the sea."

When a mere child, I was accustomed to visit the house of my paternal grandfather, where resided three maiden aunts. Barbara, the youngest of the three, a beautiful and accomplished woman, of deep piety and possessed of a voice of wonderful sweetness and music, took a great interest in me, and used to put me to bed. She taught me the little prayer,

"Now I lay me down to sleep;"

and the first night after she taught me this prayer, tucked me up carefully and left me all alone in the large, dark room, my thought became very busy with questions of God and of immortality, until my little soul was drawn out in amazement, and I wrestled with them until wearied, I fell asleep, and awoke the following morn-

ing to renew the questions to my dear aunt, who tried to teach me the way to God. She afterwards became the wife of Francis Terry, brother of Rev. Dr. Terry, Presiding Elder of New York District, and one of the writers in the Wheedon series of Commentaries; and after a pure, sweet life, she fell asleep in Jesus.

I can scarcely remember the time when I was not in the habit of praying. I was never profane, though thrown into the company of boys at school who were very profane. My mother early impressed upon the minds of her seven children the importance of a life of piety. I remember one Sabbath afternoon when my brother, next younger than myself, was at home with me, and mother took the opportunity to talk to us kindly and plainly about our souls. We wept bitterly over our sins, and I went to my chamber and in prayer asked God to convert me and make me a Christian. I became deeply impressed, at a very early age, that it would be my duty, at some time, to preach the Gospel. I could not rid myself of the conviction.

My father was a farmer, and for many years hired farms and paid into the pockets of landlords all his profits, after supporting his large family. He was thoroughly devoted to his family, and met all their wants as far as his limited means would allow. In consequence of heavy rents, he was obliged to put his children to hard labor at a very early age, earlier, I presume, than their health and delicate years would warrant. I, being the oldest of the three sons, was put to the labor of the

farm early, and, I am convinced, with greater rigor than was good for my somewhat delicate constitution. One of the first employments to which I was put, on the farm, was riding horse before the hay rake, in summer time, which at length so wore me down that my mother interceded in my behalf, and I was allowed a respite.

I learned, practically, all departments of farm work, and I am devoutly thankful that I was reared on a farm, and early became accustomed to physical toil. I have ever since possessed a fondness for physical labor, and have indulged it so far as my circumstances would permit.

It is a great misfortune to multitudes of the young men of these times that they are reared in idleness. Many, even of our liberally educated young men, have no knowledge of physical labor, and are ignorant of the delights of rest after severe toil. When weary in the least they are undone—their muscle is soft and flabby, and their brain is often of a similar character.

In my early boyhood there were great pine trees near our house, among which I used to spend all the time I could. The earth was covered with a thick, soft carpet of their fallen foliage, and the wind constantly moaned among their branches, and made, to me, sweet music, the memory of which I shall never forget. The extreme tops were broken from some of these trees, and the thick branches grew out almost horizontally, forming a kind of floor at the top of the tree. To the tops of these trees I have often climbed, and stretching myself

out at full length upon the branches, have lain there for hours, listening to the moaning of the wind.

I was early sent to the district school, near the site of the old stone church. I remember distinctly the first day I attended school and learned the first three letters of the alphabet. I was carried to school on the back of one of the large boys. The school-house stood at the foot of the perpendicular ledge of rocks, which rose in majesty several hundred feet above the plain, so that early in the afternoon the mountain cast a heavy shadow upon us. Along the base of the mountain, and around the school-house, were beautiful groves of cedars. Each tree, rock and shrub was dear to me, and the beauty of the scenery deeply impressed my young mind. I very early felt the kindlings of the poetic sentiment, and have indulged it, more or less, to the present time. The following poem was written some time after quitting the scenes of my early days:

The old school-house, resort of former days,
Is standing yet, as long ago it stood;
As when in childish glee we joined in plays,
Or rambled in the old and quiet wood.
When lessons hard were learned, then often would
We scale the giant mountain's rugged brow—
O, that I now might stand, as once I could,
Upon its mossy top!—but time has now
Changed all the scenes of youth, and I can ne'er tell how.

Thou old school-house—each rock and shrub and tree,
With mossy coat, that speaks of hoary years,
I love; and yet again how dear to me
Are all those scenes—the birth-place of my fears.

How often down each cheek has flowed the tears
Of sorrow, when a teacher, loved and kind,
Who strove true wisdom to instill for years,
Of toil grew weary and became inclined
To seek inglorious ease and leave his woes behind.

Ah me ! our dreams of youth are like the dew
Of morn when rays of noonday sun are shed;
When manhood comes the joys of youth are few;
Those holy visions which we knew are fled,
Our hopes have sunk beneath time's ruthless tread,
No more to rise. There is a magic round
The recollections of our youth, that's wed
With joy and hope and love, that is not found
In manhood's rugged walk—this life's monotonous round.

In my early school-days I was not a very apt scholar in mathematics. A teacher, who seemed to be greatly tried with my ignorance, took delight in exhibiting my stupidity to the whole school, which frequently brought out a roaring laugh from all the bright pupils, at my expense. On one occasion, as I was up before the school at the blackboard, the teacher took occasion to attempt a burlesque upon me, to the merriment of the rest of the scholars. This outrage stung me to the quick, and I determined I would know as much about mathematics some day as he did; and that I would find an opportunity to convince him of it. The teacher afterwards graduated from Poultney Academy, Vermont, then entered Union College, Schenectady, and graduated from there, whence he went to Concord Theological Seminary, and graduated from that institution. Just before his graduation from the latter school, he and I

were both elected teachers in a seminary and female collegiate institute in Schoharie County, N. Y. He had the chair of mathematics and I that of grammar and belle lettres. The term at the seminary commenced a few weeks before his graduation from the theological school. I was requested to take the classes in higher mathematics until his arrival, which I did, in addition to my own department. On his arrival at the seminary I was a little surprised at his request that I should retain the class in Geometry, but I consented to do so, as it was one of my favorite studies. Matters went on nicely for a while, when some of his pupils in other departments of mathematics came to me to assist them in working out their problems, and informed me that the professor in that department was unable to give them the necessary explanations. I paid no attention to this until one night, at about one o'clock, there was a rap at my door. I hastened to ascertain the cause, and there found the professor in the greatest apparent distress, of body or of mind, I could not at first determine which. He groaned and writhed in terrible agony, wrung his hands, and almost tore his hair. I said to him, in amazement, "Professor, what ails you? Are you sick?" "Oh, no," was his reply. "I am not sick; I am a ruined man; I have not slept a wink all night; I have been out, walking about in the snow, and when I could endure it no longer, I decided to come to you and tell you my wretched condition." "But what ails you? Are you going crazy?" "Oh, I am a ruined man!" "Come into

my room," said I, "and compose yourself and tell me all." "Oh, no; I can't sit still a moment; I am a ruined man." I surely thought the man was going stark mad. "Only think," he continued, "I graduated from Poultney Academy, from Union College, from Concord Theological Seminary, and have spent nine long years and three thousand dollars in money on my education, and have come out here to *fail*. I cannot go on with my classes. It is a long time since I had anything to do with mathematics, and I am rusty and cannot work the difficult problems in Algebra. What *shall* I do?" The recollection of the past flashed over me, and the thought of his cruel treatment of me, and the thought of sweet revenge was first to enter my mind. But a better impulse seized me, and I said to myself, "It's enough; I will not tantalize a man in such a predicament." Accordingly I assisted him to work his problems until the close of the term, and his classes were not informed of the fact, and I was satisfied. This circumstance taught me to bide my time to have wrongs righted. Since then, when outraged and injured I have usually *waited*, and time has accomplished what sudden wrath could not.

CHAPTER II.



HEN I was about twelve years of age, William Lull and Silas Fitch were appointed preachers on the Coeymans circuit. My father's house was the home for Methodist preachers, and I became quite well acquainted with these men.

William Lull was a good preacher and a mighty man in prayer. He was somewhat eccentric, but we believed him to be a good man. Silas Fitch was fine looking, scholarly, and a good preacher. During the autumn of that year a camp-meeting was held a few miles from my father's house, in a rocky and uninviting place, but the people were there in considerable numbers, and I should judge the meeting was quite a success. I was at the meeting two or three days, having to remain at home, most of the time and attend to matters on the farm in the absence of my father. During my attendance at the camp-meeting I was powerfully awakened, and, crawling under the preacher's stand among the pine knots which were used for lighting the ground, I wept bitterly. No one seemed to regard me, or to know or care that I was distressed for my soul. I went home and the meeting closed. The following Sabbath there was preaching in the school-house near our home, and I was there and more deeply wrought upon than ever. Class meeting

was held immediately after the sermon, as was customary, and I remained. The preacher led the class, and when he came to me he passed me without a word. The meeting was about to close, but I could not bear the thought of its closing without a word from me in regard to my salvation. Accordingly I arose, of my own accord, and asked the prayers of God's people. The only reply to which was, "Well, my young friend, you must pray for yourself." But, in the good providence of God, a prayer meeting was appointed at my father's house that night. This gave me hope, and I awaited the assembling of the people with great interest. *

One of the first to arrive was John P. Burhanse, the leader of the class. He met me in the door-yard and talked with me and instructed me in the way of salvation. My mother was greatly interested for me, although I was not aware of it at the time. I had spent nearly a day on the hay-mow in the barn, weeping, agonizing and praying, and parts of two or three days in my room, in prayer and in reading the word of God. Several young persons of my acquaintance had been converted at the camp-meeting, most of whom were at the prayer meeting that night. One young friend knelt beside me and said, "You must pray, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" I broke out at once, in earnest prayer, and my soul was gloriously saved in an instant, and I rejoiced greatly in the Lord. The consciousness of the change, wrought in me by the power of the Holy Ghost, was as clear as the blaze of mid-day, and never,

for one moment, have I doubted the fact of my conversion to God. Others of my young friends were soon after converted and we were all received into the class on probation, in what was then known as the Stone Church Class. Our constant habit was that of prayer. We never met in the fields, the woods or among the rocks without kneeling in prayer. We fitted up an arbor, or booth, in a beautiful pine grove, at the foot of the mountain, and there several of us met by regular appointment for prayer and Christian worship. At about that time I was presented with a small Bible, which I commenced at once to read, and continued to read some portion daily, until I had read it through seven times by course. Whilst the horses were feeding at noon, or after my day's work was accomplished, I perused the sacred word. My soul acquired strength, and I daily became more and more familiar with that blessed Gospel which is able to make us wise unto salvation. My appreciation of the Holy Scriptures constantly increased, and I have reason to thank God that the precious little book, which I read so constantly for so many years, was put into my hands. If I had any qualifications for the ministry when I entered upon its sacred duties, it was owing mainly to the fact that I had, by constant application and study, acquired an extensive knowledge of the Bible. I must record that, among the happiest days of all my life were those I spent on the farm, behind the plow; meditating on God's

Word and enjoying sweet and holy communion with Him.

The following poem, written with reference to my conversion, is expressive of my soul's rest in Christ:

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD."

A wandering sheep, on mountains bleak,
I blindly strayed,
And pleasures sought, on craggy steep,
And spurned the glade
Where God's own sunlight joyous lay
In floods of rapturous, golden day.

My famished soul was sick and faint
In wanderings drear;
Sin shunned the fold and all restraint,
And all the cheer
That God's beloved, trusting, knew
Where ways were straight and numbers few.

Amid the thunder of the night
I heard a call;
It echoed o'er the mountain height,
„Good news to all !
The Shepherd seeks his famished sheep
Where storms are fierce and ways are steep.”

I listened to the heavenly voice
That thrilled my heart
And bade me make the Lord my choice,
With Mary's part
Which devils cannot take away,
But brightens with each added day.

I wept, with long and painful cry
'Till through the night,
O'er beetling crags, the Lord drew nigh,

And on my sight
The glory of his presence shed,
And to his fold my footsteps led.

O blessed rest he gave to me
Within the fold
Where all is life and harmony,
And wealth untold.
By Christ, the blessed Shepherd, fed,
I can no longer want for bread.

I cannot tell how I first became interested in the doctrine of Christian Holiness. But not long after my conversion I was led to think much upon the subject, and, becoming more and more deeply interested, I started one evening, after my day's work in the field, and descending the mountain in the darkness, I called upon Rev. Hugh Jolly, already mentioned, and asked him the loan of any book he might have on the subject of Holiness. He handed me a book entitled "Riches of Grace," consisting of the experience of a large number of persons, eminent for piety. No pen or tongue can adequately describe my emotions, as I left the house of the good local preacher and started on my homeward journey with this wonderful book pressed to my heart. I forgot my weariness, plunged into the darkness and pressed my way vigorously up the mountain by the winding path which, ordinarily, would have seemed lonely and drear, but which that night seemed a royal way of light. I read Riches of Grace over and over, often with tears streaming down my cheeks.

I returned the book to "Father" Jolly, and never

saw another copy of it, though I had often inquired for it, publicly and privately, until a year or two since, I accidentally became the owner of a copy, through the courtesy of W. W. Race, of Omro, Wisconsin.

Through the perusal of the book borrowed of Father Jolly, I became so deeply interested in the subject, and so profoundly convicted for the blessing, that I sought it earnestly and constantly for a long time.

My places of secret prayer were all over the farm, and never was there a farm, it seemed to me, which was calculated to furnish so many. It was not a prairie, but a succession of hills and rocky ridges, with clumps of trees and underbrush, here and there, and numerous ravines, densely shaded, affording the most perfect seclusion to the silent worshipper. In almost every nook and corner, in every shady ravine, and by the side of every towering rock, I had an altar, and most earnestly sought the blessing of a clean heart. I was mistakenly looking for some overwhelming influence to come over me, and fill me with a sensation such as I experienced at conversion, and much more profound. I had not learned that the surrender of all to God, with all that that involves, was necessary, and that then the simple and easy condition was *faith* in the Lord Jesus Christ.

With no one to teach me the way, and with a soul burning to be swallowed up in God, I spent the whole summer. In the autumn there was a camp-meeting held in the Town of Bethlehem, a few miles southwest of Albany City, New York. My class leader, Brother Burhanse,

arranged to go and consented that I should accompany him. I went; and from the moment my feet touched the ground in that sacred forest, I sought earnestly the blessing I so much needed and desired. There was very little said upon the subject. There seemed to be no one to instruct me in the way. The meeting was drawing to a close. The last day arrived—the last night—and my mind was still dark, my soul distressed, and I without the blessing I came to the camp-meeting to obtain. I felt I could not go home without it. I resolved to make known to a few faithful ones my desperate condition of mind. At the close of the last sermon, the last night of the meeting, I repaired, with others, to one of the Guilderland tents, where there was to be a prayer-meeting. It was the custom in those days to continue the prayer-meeting all night the last night of the meeting. In the early part of the evening, I made known my condition and desires, and that I could not leave that tent until God fully saved me. There were there men and women of God. They knew God, and walked and talked with Him, day by day. They were not of the easy-going kind of Christians that will leave a seeking soul to struggle on his way alone, but they laid siege to the throne of grace, and never gave up until the seeker was saved. It was in such a company I found myself that last night of that camp-meeting. They did not believe much in talking to seekers, but they talked to God and entrusted the instruction mainly to the Holy Ghost.

Perhaps I should have found the light sooner with a little wise instruction, but I do not regret the struggle of soul through which I passed that ever-memorable night. All night long, and no rest of soul. All night long the prayers went up—prayers that seemed to shake the very throne of God. All night long, without weariness or sleepiness, or a single faltering moment, those believing ones held on to God for me. Just as the morning light began to make the eastern sky glow with gold, I suddenly felt that all had been done for me that man could do, that all my trust in self was gone; I stood alone before God with the single alternative pressed upon me of accepting Christ as my perfect Savior from all inbred sin or of carrying the “seeds of sin’s disease” to embitter the cup of salvation’s joy.

For that instant I was a foundling on the door-step of the kingdom, so nearly starved that I could only knock. All was gone in which I had even unconsciously trusted and I had only to take Christ as my perfect Savior, which I did, and suddenly my very soul—my whole being—seemed to melt away into the infinite life of Christ, and I floated in a measureless sea of bliss. Utterly oblivious to all that was passing externally, my soul held sweet communion with the King of all kingdoms, until, after hours had passed, I came to the realization that the morning was far spent, the tents all down, and nothing remained above me but the bare tent-poles and the trembling foliage, which seemed aglow with salvation’s sheen.

A night with God ! Who can tell of the experiences crowded into those sacred watches ! Eternity alone can tell of the influence of that night on character, life and destiny; for, on my return to a realization of the presence of sublunary things, a sister said to me: " Well then you will have to preach." " Why do you say that," I replied. " Because you told the Lord, just before sunrise this morning, that you would preach or do anything that He might direct, and all on the camp-ground are witnesses to it." That was the moment when this world seemed to disappear, and God gloriously saved.

Rev. Daniel I. Wright, of the New York Conference, was preacher-in-charge of Coeymans circuit at that time, and he authorized me, verbally, to exercise my gifts in exhortation, which I did when occasion seemed to offer. I became fully impressed with the solemn conviction that God had chosen me to preach his gospel. The thought was uppermost in my mind, and the conviction became a matter of positive knowledge, and I had no desire but to prepare myself as speedily and thoroughly as possible for my great work. I studied carefully the discipline of the church, and made the Bible my constant companion and book of study. I was formally licensed to exhort, February 4, 1854. The following is a copy of the document given me at that time:

To ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, That the bearer, John W. Carhart, is a regularly authorized Exhorter in the METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Examined and approved at a Quarterly Conference held in Bethlehem, for the Coeymans and Coeymans Hollow Charges, February 4, 1854.

Signed in behalf of said Conference.

~~RE~~ To be Renewed Annually.

S. VAN DUESEN, P. E.

I made my first attempt at preaching a sermon in Stanton Hill School-house, when I was seventeen years old; some time even before I was formally licensed to exhort. I did not intend to violate the usage and discipline of the church, nor do I think that others regarded my attempt at preaching as such violation. I occasionally had appointments in that region of country, somewhat remote from churches, and it was in filling one of my appointments that, Rev. A. J. Jutkins, D. D., formerly Presiding Elder of Chicago District, preached, as I understood, his first sermon.

My educational advantages had been limited, and I sorely felt the need of more thorough mental discipline and more extended opportunities for education. My father was unable to furnish me the means for gratifying my intense thirst for knowledge, but told me I could hire out on a farm, if I wished, as he had taken a smaller farm and could manage it, with the aid of my younger brother. Accordingly, I hired out to John P. Burhanse, my class leader, for eight months, at eight dollars a

month. The farm was large and rough, and the labor exceedingly hard for me, being young and physically slight. I was ambitious, however, and determined to succeed, and accordingly, I put in my time faithfully and conscientiously, determined to render a full equivalent for my money, which I am now satisfied I did, and considerably more. From early morning until late at night I was at my work, and there were no holidays on that farm. A considerable portion of the time my employer was away from home, when the whole care of the farm devolved upon me. There was generally a German or two also employed on the farm, and they were of the greenest kind, and it was my duty to direct these in their work in the absence of my employer. The hardest task of all was to occupy the same bed with one of these Germans, who were not at all tidy in their personal habits. Those were days when mowers and reapers were comparatively unknown, and, in fact, they could not well have been used on a farm as rough and rocky as that was. All the labor, therefore, of cutting the hay and grain had to be performed by hand, with the use of the scythe and the grain cradle. I was expected to perform my full share of this work, although too slight for the business. I did my full share of this labor with any other man on the farm. I did not feel the effects of it so much during the day, whilst actively engaged in it, but at night I suffered intensely. The pains in my back and chest were almost unendurable, and at times I could hardly turn over in bed. In the morning when I first

struck into the grain, in the early twilight, long before breakfast, it seemed to me that I should break in two. After a swath or two, however, I got limbered up and went on as before. But the injury to mind and body was not temporary. I have suffered, more or less, all through my ministry of twenty-six years from the effects of the severe strain, and at times it is with the greatest difficulty and suffering that I can stand during the delivery of a sermon.

Extreme weariness of body produced depression of spirits until the habit of melancholy fixed upon me, to some extent, against which I have been obliged to contend all my life. I made no complaint to my employer, who is now dead, and, I trust, in heaven. He was not aware that I was overworked, and I thought I must earn eight dollars a month if it killed me.

I was constantly cheered and inspired with the thought that I was earning money wherewith to educate myself for the ministry. This lightened all my burdens, and made even the severest toil a pleasure.

The Union Seminary at Charlottesville, Schoharie County, New York, was just opened. Its plan was a new departure. The expenses were light, remarkably so—board, room, fuel, and instruction in the common English branches for seventeen dollars a quarter, of thirteen weeks. This was marvelous, and the extensive advertisements of the school, with Rev. Alonzo Flack at its head, attracted large numbers of young people from all parts of the country. Hundreds, thirsting for learning,

crowded the building and the little village. My eyes were turned towards that center of learning and of light. I had used but little of my wages, and with the amount at my command I could remain some time in school. Accordingly I made all possible arrangements, and at the time announced in the advertisements, I was at Stanwix Hall, Albany, to take conveyance, there provided, for the seat of learning. I found great numbers of young people assembled there, all bound for the same destination. The conveyances soon arrived, and consisted of farmers' lumber wagons, with boards cross-wise the box, and long boards across these running the whole length of the wagon. Whether there were cushions or not I am unable to say, but my decided impression is that there were not. The ride of fifty miles, across the Helderburgh Mountain, through the beautiful and fertile Schoharie Valley, and over the successive hills in the western part of Schoharie County, was a most delightful one, even though our conveyance was rude and travel a little wearisome. The young people were all in high glee, and the merry laugh and happy song rang out on the mountain air, those two autumnal days, and made the forests and valley echo with delight. In the afternoon of the second day a long string of farmers' wagons, loaded with two or three hundred rollicking young people, drove up in front of the Seminary building at Charlottesville. Mr. Flack was there, with memorandum book and pencil in hand, assigning students to their rooms as fast as possible. But I shall never forget his

look of confusion and surprise, as he stepped upon the seat of the foremost wagon as it stopped in front of the Seminary, and, taking a look down the road, saw the long line of teams, loaded with such an unexpected number of students. But he was born to command, and was equal to the situation, and soon had us all stowed away, in the Seminary building or in rooms in private residences in town. I was fortunate enough to be assigned a room, with three other young men, in the house of Brother LaMonte, who now resides at Clinton, in this State, and with whom I have had the pleasure of an occasional visit since coming to Wisconsin.

Student life, with four in a room, proved unsatisfactory to me, and accordingly I found congenial quarters with Brother Bentley's family. E. Bentley, now cashier of the Batavia Bank, LaCrosse, was the eldest of the boys, but was quite a small lad at that time. The remembrance of those days, in that delightful family, is a pleasure to me, and, although our good Brother Bentley has some time since gone to his reward, his family are kindly remembered and we have enjoyed the occasional pleasure of meeting them. Some time after, I boarded in the family of Brother G. Lasher, a local preacher and a man of God. We took sweet counsel together, and I loved him as a father. He is now, I believe, a commission merchant in Chicago, and has visited me since I came to Wisconsin. I had for a roommate, at the house of Brother Lasher, M. B. Mead, for many years since a member of the Troy Conference, and

a man of integrity and usefulness. I had for a room mate in the Seminary, for some time, T. W. Rhodes, now of Weyauwega, Wisconsin. During one of the terms of my attendance at that school there were nearly eight hundred students, and such was my memory of faces and names, at that time, that I believe I could call the name of any student at once on meeting them.

I devoted myself thoroughly to my books, and made rapid progress. I soon acquired sufficient mental discipline to enable me to study with ease, and I found few things that were difficult, either in the languages—Latin, Greek and Hebrew—or in the mathematics, which I had formerly rather detested. Miss Palmer—now Mrs. Knapp, daughter of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, of blessed memory—and myself were the only students of Hebrew in the school. The study of Mental Science opened up a new world to me. I could not have been more delighted had I discovered a continent, and every step was a journey into wonder-land. I reveled, luxuriated and became enthusiastic in it. It has ever since been a field of delightful research to me, and I am confident that no man is thoroughly competent to deal with the souls of men, as a minister of Christ must, who is ignorant of the science of mind.

My funds being exhausted, I left the Seminary with a view to teaching a district school for a while, if I could procure a situation in that capacity. It was somewhat late in the season, and I failed in my efforts. What to do I did not know. I could go to work on the farm, but

that would be to lose, somewhat, my mental discipline, and seemed like a loss of time, which I could illy afford, as I was eager to fit myself, as best I could, to enter soon upon my life-work. I prayed much over the matter. My father told me I could have my time, but he could not furnish me any money. I thought of an old uncle of my mother, who was wealthy, eccentric and wicked. I concluded to go and see him and ask the loan of fifty dollars, for the purpose of continuing my studies. I started on horseback to see him, and after a delightful ride of twelve or fifteen miles, I came to his house and found him engaged in pressing hay. I told him who I was and what I had come for. His favorite idiom or by-word was "So, then." "So, then; so, then," said he, "you intend to go to school?" "Yes, sir." "What do you intend to make of yourself, after you get an education?" This was rather a troublesome question, for two reasons, viz.: I was a little modest about announcing my intentions, and, in the second place, I feared that my plan of life might not meet the old gentleman's approbation. However, I concluded to be frank with him, and told him I intended to be a Methodist preacher. "So then; so then," said he, "walk into the house." He counted the money and handed it to me and requested me to write a note for the same, running one year, with interest at seven per cent., which I did, and I was soon on my horse and off for home and for school.

That term I had as room mate Rev. R. S. Moran, who had been a member of the Erie Conference four

years, but concluded to take a thorough course of study before re-entering the work of the ministry. He afterwards went to Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, and after his graduation went into the M. E. Church South, where he attained considerable distinction.

CHAPTER III.

ETURNING from school at the close of that term, I readily obtained a situation to teach the school in our own district—taught during the winter, and in the spring met my obligation promptly with the old gentleman of whom I had borrowed the fifty dollars. I afterwards taught one year in the village of Coeymans, having, for a considerable length of time, as many as one hundred and forty scholars under my immediate charge.

During my teaching here I had frequent calls to preach in revival meetings, and to supply the pulpits of the pastors round about. I gladly embraced every opportunity that offered, and enjoyed the work greatly. There are no recollections of my local-preacher's life that come back to me with greater pleasure than those connected with the services I tried to render at camp-meetings for colored people. Their enthusiastic natures, their peculiar, soul-stirring songs, their fervent prayers, all conspired to attract me to them, and I embraced every opportunity of attending their camp-meetings. God wonderfully blessed me in trying to preach to them and to lead them in the way of life and salvation. A meeting of this kind was held in the town of Bethlehem, a few miles south of Albany, in a pine grove, near where

the old Bethlehem M. E. Church used to stand. The immense trees lifted their tall heads in stately and solemn grandeur almost to the clouds, whilst the wind, in holy dalliance, played upon the foliage of the pines, until the murmurs rose and swelled in moving cadences, thrilling the soul to its depths, like the notes of some great organ under the hand of a master musician. An odor of pine filled the air, mingled with the breath of flowers, and all the wild birds of the forest and the field seemed to have assembled here to join their voices with those of our dusky brothers, who were here to "Hymn their Creator's praise." God's Holy Spirit was copiously poured out upon the people, who worshipped in simple fervor, and the preaching was in the "demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

I was invited to preach, and did so, on Sabbath afternoon, with great liberty, and with profit to my own soul. My mother was present on the occasion and heard me, I believe, for the first time. Some of the good people were so moved by the Spirit that they took to jumping during the sermon, which in no wise disconcerted me. Such devotion, piety and holy enthusiasm in a white congregation would not now in the least confuse me in preaching, but would be a most happy alternation from the spiritual deadness and the agony of religious propriety that have fallen upon our churches generally. This matter of propriety is made to cover the spiritual deadness which, like the "dry rot" is fast consuming all that remains among us that is distinctively

Methodist and Christian. The term "Loud," which means vulgar, is applied to anything in religion that happens to be above a whisper in our services. We have reached an age of wonderful refinement and culture. Would to God it was genuine refinement and that culture that recognizes the development of the highest and noblest qualities of which the heart is capable, the love and worship of God, our Maker. We believe that all should be done decently and in order. But worldliness and pride have crept into the Methodist Episcopal Church to such an extent that our people cannot kneel in time of prayer in public worship, nor even bow their heads. It is unbecoming—loud—to kneel. The order is to sit bolt-upright and pair the finger-nails or dally with great ungodly gold chains or other trinkets. "O," says one, "I prefer to let my light shine in my *life* and *conduct*. Religion don't consist in one's being on his knees hollerin'. I believe in consistent *living*." It is a little remarkable how much stress some people lay on "consistent living" whose lives are so full of bitterness, back-biting, worldly-mindedness, and who lack so essentially the spirit of the Master, and who were never known to accomplish anything for God or humanity. But the history of all Churches shows a decline of piety with advancing years.

CHAPTER IV.

T was at the close of my school year in Coeymans that I became a teacher in the Warnerville Union Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, already referred to, under the Presidency of Rev. A. J. Jutkins. I taught in this institution one term, and was recommended to the Troy Annual Conference, for admission by the Cobleskill Quarterly Conference, presided over by Rev. Truman Seymour, Presiding Elder, of blessed memory. A quarterly conference in those days, especially on a large circuit like Cobleskill circuit, was quite a formidable affair. There were officers of the Church present from the ten or twelve appointments on the circuit—men of intelligence, piety and dignity, and the business to be transacted was not inconsiderable. I was given quite a thorough examination by the Presiding Elder, in the doctrines and discipline of the Church, and was duly recommended. Aruna Lyon was preacher-in-charge of the circuit and A. Heath junior preacher. Both were able and good men, whose memory I still revere. The conference held its session that year, in the North Second Street Church, Troy, Bishop Simpson presiding. It was the first time he had presided over that Conference, and he was a new man in that region, but his fame as an orator had preceded him, and

immense congregations crowded to hear him preach on the Sabbath. He was in his manhood's prime, and in the midst of his popularity and power, and although the highest expectations had been awakened in regard to him, he more than met them, and bore everything before the mighty tide of his incomparable eloquence. His missionary speech surpassed anything I had ever heard at that time and have never heard it excelled since. As he reached the climax of his great speech, the audience were thrilled, captivated and so drawn towards the speaker as to lean forward, and some actually rose in their pews, until there was a manifest movement and rustle all over the house.

The corner-stone of the unfortunate Troy University was laid during the session of that Conference. The Conference marched in procession to the top of Ida Hill and there Bishop Simpson, Dr. Peck and others addressed the large and enthusiastic assembly. What a thousand pities that an enterprise so auspiciously commenced and with such men as its supporters should have come to so inglorious an end, and that the noble structure should have fallen into the hands of the Church of Rome. Crimination and recrimination were for a time rife after the loss of the institution; and yet, it was begun in good faith, and the affairs, doubtless, honestly administered. But what occurred in connection with this unfortunate institution is being annually repeated throughout the Church. If a church enterprise is unfortunate and is overtaken by unforeseen difficulties, or even

by the "visitation of God," hundreds in the Church will at once empty the vials of their wrath on the devoted head of him most conspicuous in advancing the enterprise. No matter how wise, sincere or honest the administration may have been, there are always those to censure and condemn, and often in the strongest and bitterest terms. To believe one-tenth of what is sometimes said by professedly good people, in regard to ministers of the Gospel and others who had to do with Church enterprises would be to believe these men the veriest scamps unhung, and fit only for the darkest corner of a felon's cell on earth, and for the hottest hole in hell in the world to come. A more unfortunate aspect of the case still is, that brother ministers, slyly, and without reason, join in the cry and seek to traduce and destroy those whom they envy. If some wisdom or grace is not given to check this habit, so widespread in the Church, it must prove the overthrow of Methodism. It has already brought the profession of religion into disrepute, destroyed, to a large extent, the confidence of men in the ministry, and will make Methodist preachers a hissing and a by-word. If it continues much longer, reputation will be far safer out of the Church than in, and we shall cease to record a Church built in Methodism for every working day throughout the year.

The reader will pardon this slight digression from the narrative, in the way of moralizing, and I return to say that there were connected with the Troy Conference at

that time, names that will long be honored throughout the Church in that region, and wherever the sons and daughters of the Church have wandered from the old Troy Conference into other climes. There were such men as A. Witherspoon, S. Washburn, William Griffen, D. Starks, H. L. Starks, Stephen D. Brown, S. Merri-deth, T. Potter, A. A. Farr, Bostwick Hawley, Truman Seymour, J. P. Newman and many other younger men whom I might mention, then in their prime, and doing valiant service for God and the Church.

I was appointed that year to Guilderland circuit, with Bishop Isbell as preacher-in-charge. This circuit embraced six appointments, lying nearly in a circle on the broad stretch of country extending from a little west of Albany to the foot of the Helderburgh mountains, and from New Salem, on the south, to Rotterdam, near Schenectady, on the north.

The time had now come for which I had long looked, when I should enter upon my life-work in real earnest.

I procured a wagon and harness, and my father gave me a horse, and with a few books, which I had accumulated, and a rather scanty wardrobe, I was ready for my departure. It was a beautiful morning in April—warm and spring-like—the apple trees were in bloom, and the air filled with their fragrance. The birds were blithe and full of song, and my heart was full of hope, courage and cheer. I had great distrust of my own abilities, but great faith in God. The whole scene presented on that April morning is still fresh in my mind,

'as though I was actually gazing upon it with my natural vision. There stood the horse and carriage, ready to depart; my few effects were packed. Father and Mother, Sisters and Brothers were there to bid me "good bye," and give me their parting blessing. It was a solemn and yet blessed hour. I was deeply impressed with the importance and grandeur of the work before me, but could I have, for a moment, foreseen the affliction and trial to which I was destined to be exposed, I should have experienced an involuntary shrinking and should have trembled at every step. But my heart was in the work and I longed to be engaged about my Master's business. The farewells were said, and, with the blessing of a noble mother, I started out from home, in the Itinerant ministry, which I have now pursued for more than twenty-six years.

It was a long day's ride, and I was busy with my own thoughts. Just before sunset I reached a lofty summit of a spur of the Helderburgh Mountain, which commanded a glorious view of my entire field of labor, which lay mapped out before me into magnificent farms, dotted thick with farm houses, with here and there a village, where church spires pointed, like index fingers, up to God. I stopped in the road, lifted my hat and asked help from Him to go down into this field and gather in a harvest for my Redeemer. I was kindly received, and greatly enjoyed the work of God. The first part of the year I boarded with A. Van Auken, and the latter part of the year with E. Fitch. Of both these

families I have the kindest memories. Sister Van Auken had her closet for secret devotion in the parlor, immediately under the room I occupied as a study. Thither she was accustomed to retire, for some time after dinner, each day, and the fervor of her devotions was an inspiration to my faith, and was the means of leading me nearer to Christ. Should these lines meet her eye, she will pardon me for this personal allusion, and will accept the gratitude of one whose life has been made happier by the devotion of her life. During the heat of summer I was allowed to occupy, as a study, the broad hall running through the house. On one occasion, as I was engaged in preparing a sermon for the coming Sabbath, suddenly I became conscious of some dark presence. I shuddered. I looked around, but there was no one to be seen. I was being interrogated, as though a voice was speaking within me. It was an awful voice. The interrogations almost bewildered me. "How do you know that the Bible is true? How do you know that you ever were converted? How do you know that you have a soul or that there is a God?" All these questions, and many more, were propounded to me in a moment of time. A terrible darkness seemed to settle down upon my head, and descended to my heart, and completely enveloped me. It was a bright afternoon, but the sun seemed suddenly to have disappeared, I looked out of doors, and a strange gloominess was on the face of Nature, as when the sun is eclipsed. I tried to reason with the awful presence, and to dispell the

questioner by argument, but that was of no avail. My agitation increased until the cold sweat stood in beaded ranks upon my forehead. I felt the very foundations giving way, as, when the earth becomes billowy under an earthquake's power. I saw there was no time for delay. I rushed to my room—fell upon my knees, resolved never to leave that place, or the divine throne, without victory. How long I prayed I know not; but the Holy One heard my cry, and he who in the garden said: "The hour is come * * * * * my soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death," came to my rescue, in the melting grandeur and sweetness of his power and love, and said: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Arise, let us be going." I arose with the sunshine of God on my soul, and a great calm in my poor heart, such as lay upon the bosom of Galilee after Christ had stilled the storm. The tempter was vanquished; and from that day to this he has never assumed to attack me in that form again.

I found on this circuit quite a large number of family relatives, some on my father's side and some on my mother's side. At one of the appointments I was well known, having spent a winter there, attending school and living with an uncle, doing chores for my board.

During the early part of the conference year I became informed in regard to facts connected with the religious experience of my mother's mother, who was well known in these parts. They were entirely new to me, my grandmother having died before I was born.

LIFE & - - - - - - - - - -

Methodist preaching was first introduced into this section by a local preacher from Albany in the name of Van Derlip. Until his coming the Dutch Reformed Church had held sway and its ministers were about the only Gospel preachers down here. They preached the rankest Calvinism, and the people, as a rule, knew nothing of the doctrine of "Free Grace."

Van Derlip preached a few sermons, with power sent down from heaven. Mrs. Martin, my mother's mother, became powerfully awakened. Having no one to whom she could go for instruction in the way of salvation, she groped blindly about, her distress of mind constantly increasing. She, very naturally, concluded that she must be one of the "reprobates," or she would not suffer such agony. Her friends became alarmed about her and sent for the Dutch Reformed minister to instruct her. He informed her that it was of no use to distress herself; that if she was to be saved she would be, and nothing could prevent it; if she was to be damned she would be, and nothing could prevent it, and all that was left to her was to acquiesce in the divine will. She could not bring her mind to consent to be damned and she became insane. She was harmless and uncontrollable. She wandered about the country—in the fields and forests—day and night, preaching to all whom she chanced to meet; and when there were no other hearers she preached to the trees, in the woods, which were mute listeners and bowed their branches in tender pity over one of God's bewildered ones, in whom reason had

become dethroned through the preaching of damnable decrees. She would sometimes awaken her neighbors, at night, preach to them and warn them to flee from the wrath to come. She seemed to have been greatly beloved, and was everywhere an object of pity. My mother was a small girl at the time, and did not realize her mother's condition. On one occasion, as she has told me, her mother took her into the great woods, a long way, and there she knelt, at the foot of a great tree, and continued a long time in prayer. Whilst she was praying there arose a fearful thunder-storm. The rain poured down in torrents, until they were both wet to the skin. My mother was greatly alarmed, but her poor, distracted, penitent mother was oblivious to all without and around, and was pleading with God for salvation. She suddenly paused and said, " Margaret, do you hear that?" " What, mother?" " Why, the angels singing!" She was a converted woman, and from that hour to the time of her death was of sane mind, led a devoted Christian life, and died in the triumphs of faith.

I had hated Calvinism before I learned these facts; but now I despised, detested and abhorred it. I thank God I have lived to see the day when but few men have the effrontery to preach so monstrous a falsehood.

Bishop L. L. Hamline lived within the bounds of the Guilderland circuit during my ministry there. He was in failing health, and had resigned the Episcopal office and retired to a quiet retreat, near Rotterdam, where he freely associated with the Christian people of his neigh-

borhood, and devoted himself, as his strength would permit, to works of charity and mercy. The circuit being a two-weeks circuit, I was obliged to preach to the Bishop once in two weeks.

The first time I attempted to preach before him I was greatly embarrassed and agitated. But on becoming acquainted with him, I became satisfied that he was the most charitable, if not the most prayerful, hearer I had, and thereafter I was always glad to see him in the congregation.

Bishop Hamline, as all know who are at all acquainted with his ministry, was one of the ablest and most eloquent, as well as one of the most thoroughly evangelical preachers, American Methodism has known. He was an advocate of Christian holiness, and made it prominent in his teaching and ministry. We regret to say that the prominence given by him to this great and blessed doctrine subjected him to reproach and awakened the hostility of his brethren. He was unkindly received at several places where he went to hold his conferences, and damaging reports were put in circulation in regard to him by his enemies. So bitter were the persecutions, and so enfeebled had he become in consequence of great labors, care and persecution, that he resigned his Episcopcal office, thus exemplifying the doctrine laid down by him in his great speech on the case of Bishop Andrew, made at the General Conference which elected him Bishop in 1844. He is the only Bishop in the history of the M. E. Church who has resigned his office.

Such were the damaging reports put in circulation in regard to him, particularly by one Harlan, a minister in one of the western conferences, that a commission was appointed to take depositions in the case, to lay before the Cincinnati Conference, of which, I understand, he was a superannuated member, and also before the General Conference of 1856. Rev. Henry Cox, of Broad Street, Philadelphia, and myself, wrote all the testimony, my copy going to the General Conference, which heard the case, with closed doors, and fully acquitted the Bishop.

In 1867 I wrote the PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP HAMLINE, which was published in the *Ladies' Repository*, Cincinnati, which I here transcribe, as it throws light on the inner life of this great man, and, as I learn, had something to do with the publication of his posthumous works.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP HAMLINE.

My acquaintance with Bishop Hamline began with my ministry, in 1855, during his residence near Schenectady. I first saw him in the little chapel, not far from his dwelling, on a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in early summer. He occupied a large rocking-chair at the end of the altar, placed there by some kind friends for his comfort, as it was impossible for him, in consequence of physical disability, to occupy a pew or ordinary chair in the altar, without great discomfort.

His entire appearance was that of the Bishop, and yet

there was a sweetness of look and kindness of expression that I had not anticipated, and which, with his warm and fatherly greeting, served to relieve my mind and heart of the almost crushing dread I had suffered for some time, in view of having to stand in his presence. I was fully conscious of standing before one of the greatest men of his age, and yet I felt that his heart was too kind and charitable to allow him to notice, to the preacher's disadvantage, any shortcoming or imperfection that might appear. As my acquaintance with him ripened into friendship, I became convinced that my first impression of him in this particular was correct.

I frequently heard him speak of his brethren in the ministry—their character, abilities, and efforts—and sometimes of a few whom he had reason to believe had not treated him, at all times, with that brotherly kindness that should have characterized them; but never did I hear from his lips an unkind or uncharitable expression with reference to any. He never spoke to me of the various ministers he heard at his little chapel but in terms of commendation, except in one instance. The day previous to his mention of the matter he had attended a funeral at which a minister of a sister denomination officiated, and in speaking of the sermon he remarked, with peculiar emphasis, "I thanked God that it was my privilege to listen to Methodist preaching. I should be glad to hear the poorest Methodist preacher in the connection in preference to such as I heard yesterday."

I find the following passage in one of his letters, addressed to Dr. and Mrs. P: "We have been much engaged for three weeks past in business and trials of an absorbing and exhausting nature, and having passed through them, we gladly turn our thoughts to our friends, among whom you always occupy the first place." . . . "We seem now to walk as through the valley and shadow of death. . . . Pray, beloved in Christ, that we may come off conquerors through him that loved us!"

It was my privilege to be with him at his home for several days during this severe "trial," and although there was much to distract and annoy, yet the same spirit of kindness seemed ever to possess him, even with reference to his bitterest enemies.

It was announced in the newspapers, during the autumn of 1855, that he was engaged on a volume of his sermons preparatory to publication. Being at his house a few days after the announcement, I mentioned the matter to him. He smiled pleasantly and said, "It is surprising to me with what facility some men write books. I don't think I could write a book, for the reason that I never could satisfy myself. I should have to write it over twenty times." He requested Mrs. H. to hand him his sermons. She handed him a tin case, apparently a diploma case, from which he drew several old manuscripts. "These," he remarked, "are my sermons." They were yellow with age, and their appearance attested the truth of his statement with reference to

his care as to his writings. Wherever an alteration was needed, the original had been cut out and the alteration made on a separate slip and fastened to the back of the manuscript by means of sealing wafers. The entire manuscript was well patched over in this way. He said, "I will read you one of my sermons—a sermon on the Trinity—prepared and delivered while I was in Cincinnati, on the occasion of the absence of the Unitarian minister, when many of his most intelligent hearers attended upon the services at "Wesley Chapel." The sermon was a most masterly production as to its arguments, while the chaste and classic style in which they were clothed was not the least of its attractions. When he had concluded he remarked, "There, that is the first sermon I have preached in a long time," mentioning the number of years. I have thought, repeatedly, since, that those sermons should be gathered into book form and sent out to bless the world.

Bishop Hamline, as will be seen from his "Life and Letters," was warmly attached to our hymns, and used them not only in his sermons with wonderful effect, but with reference to his personal Christian experience with great profit. I know not that he ever wrote a line of poetry, and yet the elements of the true poet abounded in him in an eminent degree. Few men were better acquainted with the standard poets than was he. Few were capable of clearer criticism, or of warmer appreciation of the masters in this department of literature. Being in company with him one Monday morning, and

considerably worn from the labors of the Sabbath, which he readily detected, he said, "Allow me to read to you "The Cotter's Saturday Night." He read it. His voice was well adapted to such reading and under the most perfect control. His pronunciation of the Scotch dialect was equal, it would seem, to Walter Scott's, or of Burns himself, and the marvelous pathos with which he read, and of which he was capable, surpassed anything of the kind I had ever heard. Nor have I since heard it equaled. The tears could not be suppressed as the noble stanzas were pronounced:

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, once his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets, wearing thin an' bare ;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wails a portion with judicious care ;
And 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air;
They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
Perhaps Dundee's wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays ;
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
The tickled ear no heart-felt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

The poem concluded, he called "Virginia," his daughter-in-law, and requested her to play "Dundee" upon the piano, which she did, all present joining

vocally, the Bishop singing the bass, when did "Dundee" was rendered in a style Beethoven himself would not have despised.

These little incidents may appear of trifling consequence, but they are well calculated, it seems to me, to throw light upon the life and character of this great man, and bring him nearer to our hearts, and make his memory more precious and lasting; and especially are they important in view of the fact that some who knew the Bishop, regarded his religion as wearing an ascetic hue.

His humility was one of his most conspicuous traits of character. He remarked one day, in speaking of his health, "Should I sufficiently recover to be able to preach again, I should not wish to be restored to the Episcopal office, but would ask to be sent to some poor charge in my conference where few would be willing to go."

He might frequently be seen standing, in the summer time, under a tree by his gate at the road-side, and as his neighbors passed by he spoke a word, as opportunity offered, with reference to their salvation. When able to ride he drove about the neighborhood, visiting and praying with those who were destitute of salvation, frequently ministering to their temporal as well as their spiritual wants.

I find the following entry in his diary under date of November 10, 1855:

"A poor drunkard has died the last week, near by.

Myself and dear wife have labored to teach him, warn him and guide him to Christ. I have at times had an encouraging spirit of prayer for him. He professed at first to be praying for the mercy of God, and, as he said, trusting in it; but I found he had no knowledge of Christ as a savior, and I told him God could show no mercy to sinners but through him whose name was the only one among men whereby we can be saved. He seemed after this to depend on Christ. There is some hope, much fear."

I have a distinct recollection of this man and of his miserable abode. In one of my visits to that part of the Guilderland circuit, the Bishop mentioned the case to me, and desired me to see him. Fearing lest I should not be able to find my way to the humble abode of the wretched man, he sent his carriage with Mrs. Hamline as guide, who kindly remembered to take something for the sick man's physical comfort. Thus he seemed ever watchful of opportunities for doing good.

On the occasion of the visit of a week, from Rev. Henry Cox, the Bishop proposed that a grove-meeting should be held every afternoon and evening in a little pine grove near his house. Accordingly, the grove was fitted up with seats, a rude pulpit, and conveniences for lighting. The Bishop drove all about the neighborhood notifying the people and inviting them to attend the meeting. The result was, great multitudes flocked together to hear the word of life, or to witness the novel scene; and, through the blessing of God, many were

converted. On the last evening of the meeting a sermon was preached from the text "Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there?" etc. Immediately on the close of the sermon the Bishop arose and, although scarcely able to stand without assistance, made an application of the sermon and an appeal to the people, such as I have never heard equaled. The Holy Ghost fell upon us; weeping was heard in every direction in the vast assembly; sobs and cries for mercy followed; and as the speaker continued, and even before the invitation was given, penitents crowded around the rude altar and the whole assembly, rising to their feet, seemed drawn toward the speaker and to melt like wax before the fire. When the invitation was given to those seeking Christ to come forward, it seemed to me that the whole audience moved simultaneously, while some actually ran and threw themselves prostrate upon the ground and shouted, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The memory of that scene can never be effaced from my mind.

O, that the mantle of Bishop Hamline might fall on us who admire his greatness and cherish his memory.

CHAPTER V.

HE year I spent on the Guilderland circuit was a year of great labor, and I have reason to believe of some considerable success. The Lord was with us; at several appointments on the charge there were revivals and a large number converted and added to the Church. This was particularly true of New Salem. There God poured out his Spirit abundantly, and souls were converted. Almost every night, for several weeks, the altar was crowded with penitents.

Truman Seymour was my presiding elder, a man of deep and fervent piety, possessed of a kind heart, a wise counselor and an able preacher. He has gone to his reward. The Troy Conference is a spring conference, meeting, usually, in April. Owing to the meeting of the General Conference, the session at the close of my year on the Guilderland circuit was not held until the first of June, which made a very long year for us. My health measurably failed before the Conference, and I went home for rest and recuperation. Under the kind attention and ministration of my dear mother I so far regained my health as to be able to attend the session of the Conference at Burlington, Vermont, and was appointed that year to Richmondvile, Schoharie County, New York.

I reached Richmondville, by stage, late in the afternoon of a warm summer's day, and went to the house of Bro. R. F. Quael, and was kindly cared for. My first service on that charge was the funeral of a suicide, who was a poor drunkard and killed himself with opium. The funeral services, simple and short, were held in the ball room of a hotel. During the first week or two of my stay here I suffered the severest attack of homesickness of my whole life. I had become warmly attached to the dear brethren and sisters on my former circuit, and particularly to those who were converted during my labors there. I was a comparative stranger in my new charge, my surroundings were not congenial, and a feeling of loneliness and discouragement came over me which well-nigh led me to abandon the work and return to my home and the farm. A steady boarding-place was procured for me, however, at Brother Oothout's, my scanty library was placed upon the shelves and I entered upon my work with great ardor and soon forgot my loneliness and homesickness. My year at Richmondville was one of decided and glorious success. The Church was badly demoralized, in every respect, when I went there. The membership was small and the workers exceedingly few. Notwithstanding the discouragements, I undertook a protracted meeting in the winter, feeling that something must be done for the salvation of souls. I had been educated to think that a year should not pass in one's ministry without a revival. I was resolved to do my part in order to effect

the salvation of souls. At the first meeting of the series I had but one member of the Church to pray, and that was the lady I boarded with. The interest increased until the church was filled every night, and the altar was crowded with penitents, and the whole town was moved by the mighty power of God. Brother John Davy, of the New York Conference, came from Summit, a neighboring charge, to assist me: He spent the week with me and proposed an exchange the following Sabbath, which would relieve us both. I accordingly took his horse, which was very large and heavy, saddled him and started on my trip. I preached a funeral sermon at a school-house on Saturday afternoon, and filled one of brother Davy's appointments in a school-house several miles further on, on Saturday night.

I was taken quite unwell during the evening sermon and came near fainting. I, however, got through with the services, had a comfortable night's rest, and on Sabbath morning early, saddled my horse and started for my next appointment, on Sapbush Hill, six or seven miles away. It was a winter morning, with no snow upon the ground, and the horse being very heavy, and I very slight, I was badly jolted. Though cold, the morning was bright and beautiful, the air was crisp and invigorating, and, notwithstanding the severe jolting, I enjoyed the ride. I preached in the morning from the text, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him, that I might come even to His seat. I would order my cause before Him, and fill my mouth with arguments." The

Lord blessed me and I had a good time. Taking a hasty dinner, I started for Sapbush Hollow, one of the wickedest places in that region of country. After riding several miles I discovered the top of a church spire down the side of the mountain below me. The bell was just ringing for service. As I wound around the brow of the hill, I was able to run my eye down the spire, expecting that the church would soon develop to my view. But what was my surprise to find the steeple built upon a huge rock against the mountain side, whilst the church was down in the valley, some distance away. I was informed that the steeple and the bell were the gift of Gerrit Smith, who owned considerable landed property in that vicinity. I preached in this church in the afternoon, and proceeded several miles further, to a school-house, where there had been quite a revival. I preached here in the evening to such a crowded house as I never saw before or since. Every inch of standing room was occupied, and the little platform, awarded me, was so encroached upon that it was impossible for me to kneel in prayer. The house was poorly ventilated, and the condensed vapor ran down the window panes. After the sermon the invitation to seekers to come forward was given, and several came, but how "they pressed through the crowd" has always been a mystery to me. After the services were over, I was taken by kind friends, to their home for entertainment for the night. The house was new and the walls scarcely dry. I was in a drenching perspiration and the fires had all

gone out in the house during the absence of the family. They concluded not to rekindle the fires, and, accordingly, I was shown to a cold, damp room for the night. The bedding was scant and I suffered from cold the whole night. The next day I mounted my horse again and employed a young man as guide, who took me through a forest of immense hemlocks, where, at times, my horse was obliged to leap over the trunks of fallen trees, which lay breast high. Sometimes we crawled through tangled underbrush, and sometimes we forded streams—now we climbed over jagged rocks, and now through tall blackberry bushes we crept, tearing our clothes and flesh. We at length reached a clearing, where was a large log-house. Here the people gathered on Monday night, and I tried to preach to them, although weary and half sick. On Tuesday I reached home, completely used up. I went to church that evening, however, but was taken violently sick during the altar service, and was obliged to call a physician. I grew worse and was confined to my bed for two or three weeks, and my life was nearly despaired of. Rev. J. Davy, of Summit, and Brother Champion, of Charlottesville, however, carried on the meetings, and souls were converted. I shall ever be grateful to these brethren for their kindness.

It was during this year that I became acquainted with Miss Theresa A. Mumford, daughter of John H. Mumford, Esq., who the following year became my beloved wife, and the devoted mother of my children, and who

for twenty-two years has shared with me the toils, sacrifices and hardships of a life in the itinerary.

In the spring of 1857, at the close of my year's labor at Richmondville, I was appointed to Rutland, Vermont, with John Kearnan, as preacher-in-charge, and John B. Stratton, of blessed memory, as presiding elder.

Rutland lies at the foot of the Green Mountains, on the west, and, at the time of my appointment, was growing rapidly, being quite a railroad center, and having in its immediate vicinity, the principal marble quarries of the state. In New England, villages go in trinities, so we had Rutland, Center Rutland and West Rutland. These were our regular preaching places, with an occasional out-appointment.

Unfortunately two leading Methodist and business men of Center and of West Rutland, were at variance, having been engaged in law suits, growing out of marble contracts. One of these men had withdrawn from the Church and the other was about the same as withdrawn. This crippled the Church and greatly hindered the cause of God. However, at Rutland, there was a beautiful and commodious new church edifice, and a young and vigorous society. W. A. Burnette was general ticket agent of the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, and was the leading man in the Church. He was genial, gentlemanly, intelligent and pious, and devoted to the interests of Methodism. Rutland charge was an important one—the congregations being large and intelligent, and the competition with Congregationalism quite sharp and

pronounced. The scenery, and my surroundings generally here, were an inspiration to me. It was the first time I had breathed the air of New England, and I found, not only the natural atmosphere congenial to my physical nature, but the literary and moral atmosphere congenial to my mind and heart. The village itself was beautiful and had an air of newness, and of smartness, that pleased me, whilst the natural scenery was unsurpassed by anything I had ever seen. Washington Irving says he considers it a fortunate thing to be born in sight of some great and noble object in nature, like the Hudson River, or the Catskill Mountains. I was so fortunate as to be born in sight of both of these great and noble objects in nature, and here, in my childhood I cultivated that love of nature and the beautiful, that has continued with me thus far through life, and has been an inspiration and will be "a joy forever."

Rutland lies in a beautiful and fertile valley, through which flows Otter Creek. On the east rise the Green Mountains, in all their solitary grandeur. On the west was old "Birds Eye" Mountain. To the south stretched the beautiful valley through which Otter Creek gracefully winds, like a silver thread. The morning light, though a little late, broke in golden splendor over the top of the Green Mountains, and poured its entrancing floods down the western slopes, wakening heavenly melody in all the deep forests and in the shimmering fields. The thunder storms, the grandest of which I ever knew, seemed to come up out of the top of "Old Birds Eye," on the

west, and whilst detachments were sent out over the valley and the adjoining hills, to display their heavenly pyrotechnics, the main body would generally hang about the top of "Birds Eye," and blaze away, in forked fire, and bellow in deep-toned thunder, as though God were mingling with artillery practice the sub-bass of the music of the skies.

The following poem, written during the year at Rutland, will serve to give some idea of the fancies that flitted about my head, and of the joys that thrilled my heart:

A RUTLAND SUNSET.

'Twas eve, and a sweeter one Eden ne'er knew,
The lily and rose-bud were wet with the dew —
The day was fast dying, and nature was still,
The last golden sunbeam had painted the hill,
When I, sad and weary, strolled out 'mong the flowers,
To spend in reflection the still evening hours.
A zephyr was playing o'er Otter's calm breast,
That shone—a loved type of the home of the blest.
Her mirror-like bosom reflected the ray,
As bright as an angel from heaven astray;
The daisies were smiling with tear-moistened eyes,
As grateful they looked to the bright azure skies;
Each hill seemed in silent devotion to pay
Its tribute of praise to the god of the day;
While he, like a warrior with victory crowned,
Went down in his glory, in silence profound.
While retiring, he flung o'er the heaven of blue
A glorious light, that seemed streaming right through
The dim, gauzy curtain that hides from our eyes
The land of delight, where the "New City" lies.
A light, golden cloud seemed a vigil to keep,

Like the mother that watches her infant asleep;
And smiling, it hung, as a maiden in love,
'Neath the stars that were gemming the azure above.
The angels were weeping for joy o'er the world—
Their tear-drops were falling, as round us they furled
The mantle of twilight—a mantle of peace
That doth from his burdens the lab'r'er release.
I gazed on the valley, and forest, and hill,
And heard the sweet laugh of the star-lighted rill
That gushed from the mountain in frolicsome flight,
And danced o'er the pebbles in wildest delight.
Then fairy-like music came over my soul,
Like wavelets of glory that ever will roll
Their joy to the hearts of the happy on high,
Where soul-melting melodies never will die.
Of Italy's sunsets the poets have sung
With joy-throbbing bosom and rapturous tongue;
But o'er the "Green Hills" of Vermont we may see
As lovely a sunset as ever could be!

I had devoted some time to literary pursuits before coming to Rutland, but during this year I wrote extensively, in prose and verse, for the Church papers and magazines, and for various literary publications. Many of my poems were extensively copied and often highly commended, as will appear from the following notes from *The Northern Visitor*, whose editor himself was a poet, and was possessed of exquisite literary tastes:

"We expect a continuance of favors from our excellent poetical contributors, Rev. J. W. Carhart, Mrs A. H. Bingham and 'Claribelle,' a capital trio, by the way, the equal of which, we think, no other weekly in the country can boast. * * * We claim for our paper the *first* place among equals in this department of literature; and we mean to maintain it."

We also clip from a New York paper the following with reference to one of our little poems, entitled, "Pity the Motherless":

"We feel certain that our readers will peruse, with pleasure, the beautiful little original poem which stands at the head of the column on the first page. We are under lasting obligations to the author for this and others of equal interest which have previously appeared. We hope these favors will be continued."

My chief poetical work during the year at Rutland was "The Haunted Ship," a poem of considerable length, which forms a part of my book of poems entitled "Sunny Hours," published in 1859. My principal prose production, that year, was entitled "Torquato Tasso," being a sketch of the life of the great Italian poet, and a review of his works. It was afterwards published in the "Ladies' Repository," Cincinnati, Ohio. My home, during this year, was with Mrs. Mary Thrall, a cousin of Dr. Olin, formerly president of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Her cottage was hospitable, her heart warm, and her life upright and Christian. The memory of the year spent in that home will ever remain one of the green spots in my life.

A fearful financial crisis struck the country in 1857 and 1858. Multitudes of business houses, before considered stable, went into bankruptcy. An unusual feeling of depression took possession of the minds of the people everywhere. It seemed man's extremity, and God made it his opportunity. Revivals of religion broke out in many of the large cities and spread through-

out almost the whole country. New York City became the scene of a wonderful and unheard-of work of grace. The noon-day prayer-meeting was established, to which business men flocked, and where they sought help from God. The wave of salvation rolled over Rutland. A daily prayer-meeting was established there, and continued for a long time. Daily programmes were printed, varying according as the circumstances seemed to require. We present the following copy which will serve to give an idea of their character:

**BUSINESS MEN'S
PRAYER MEETING,
HELD
*Every Morning, (Sundays Excepted),
AT THE
CHAPEL, ON WEST STREET,
From half past seven to half past eight o'clock.***

"HOW LONG HALT YE BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS?"

Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
 You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.

"*Until I have more conviction.*"—Thou art already convicted! "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God."

"*Until I am older and more capable of judging for myself.*"—Youth is the time to seek the Lord. "Put not off for to-morrow what should be done to-day." "For to-morrow we die."

"Until I have consumed more souls?"—You ought to "seek first the kingdom of God."—"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Until I become satisfied in life."—"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."—"The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt."

CHOOSE TODAY THIS DAY, WHOM YOU WILL SERVE —

I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

The following named gentlemen are expected to lead the meetings next week:

W. E. C. STODDARD,
J. WESLEY CARHART,
NATHAN HOWARD,

H. T. DORRANCE,
G. H. CHENY,
JOHN MURRAY.

Rutland, May 1, 1858.

The Methodist Episcopal Church shared largely in the fruits of this gracious revival; and we kept the batteries going all the winter and through the spring. In many cases whole families were brought to Christ. Rev. L. Barber, a local preacher, formerly my teacher in the Seminary, and during the War of the Rebellion the colonel of a colored regiment, and familiarly known as the "Fighting Parson," rendered me valuable aid during the meetings. He was specially successful in the pastoral and altar work.

In the spring of 1858, I was appointed to Fultonville, Montgomery County, New York. This is a pleasant

little village in the valley of the Mohawk, on the west side of the river, and is divided by the Erie Canal. I was on the ground the first Sabbath after Conference, and preached to large congregations. Having married during the previous year, I arranged for house-keeping, and procured apartments in a comfortable cottage, near the canal. I returned to Richmondvile, Schoharie County, during the week, for my wife and our effects. The following Saturday we drove across the country, a distance of thirty-five miles, to Fultonville. The day was rainy and cold, and we had an uncomfortable ride. We reached our destination a little before sun-down, and put up with one of the stewards of the Church. We retired early, being very tired, and slept soundly. Our bed was in a recess off from the front room, on the ground floor. Early in the morning the lady of the house rapped at our door, and wished to know if we were alive, or to that effect. I told her we were, so far as I knew. She wished to know how my clothes came outside. Supposing she referred to my wife's cloak, I told her it was left out by the kitchen stove to dry. "But," said she, "your pantaloons were out on the sidewalk." I knew in an instant that I had been robbed. She brought me the pants, and on inspecting the pockets, I found that my suspicions were correct. During the night the window had been raised and my clothing taken out, and all the money I had in the world, amounting to sixty dollars, had been taken. This left us in an unhappy plight. We were just beginning house-keep-

ing, and had but one cent to start on, which my wife discovered in her pocket. It might have been worse, for my watch, of considerable value, lay on the end of the table, near the window, partly concealed by a bird cage. My wife had her silverware in a small satchel, in one corner of the room, which had not been disturbed. The Sabbath morning was bright and beautiful, but it was a sad morning for us. The robbery was soon noised abroad through the community, and the people came in considerable numbers, curious to learn the facts in the case.

Suspicion pointed at once to a young man in town, son of one of the stewards of the Church, and a desperado of a most dangerous type, as the robber. The circumstances were such that there would have been but little difficulty in convicting him of the crime, had measures been taken to do so. But the community were afraid of him, and nothing whatever was done. A small portion of the sum was made up to us by subscription, and we got on as best we could. The town was full of dram-shops, and they were all open on the Sabbath, and in full blast; as a consequence the community was very much demoralized. On Sabbath evening after the robbery, I preached against rum-selling. The house was crowded, many of the rum-sellers were there, and they were exceedingly angry. They sent threats to me during the week. Some of the officers of the Church thought it not best for me to be out on the streets after

dark; but I was fearless, and went when and where I pleased, and was never molested in the least.

We made it very hot for the rum-sellers that year, and they made it pretty hot for us. The church was dependent, to a considerable extent, on outsiders for support. Those who sympathized with the rum-sellers withheld their support, and we received about \$140 on our claim during the year. A donation was made, however, in the winter, and when the rum-sellers saw that they could not starve us out, they generously turned in and helped in the donation, the principal dealer in town contributing ten dollars.

During the year an intemperate man, after taking a drink of whiskey at his cousin's saloon, in attempting to cross a foot-bridge over the canal, fell from the bridge and, striking upon a pile of wood at the end of the bridge, broke his neck.

His brother, who was "nick-named" Robin, a thorough temperance man, invited me to officiate at the funeral. He told me there would probably be a number of the rum-sellers present, and he wished me to give them the truth, in the plainest terms. He said, "It is my house, and you can exercise your freedom." The attendance at the funeral was very large. The house was crowded, and there were a large number outside, about the open windows. The cousin, the old rum-seller who sold the deceased a glass of rum a few moments before his death, sat near me, at the head of the coffin. I took for my text the passages, "And his neck brake

and he died." "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

I argued that this was a clear case of "manslaughter," and that the parties furnishing the liquor were responsible for the death. I argued that they could not plead in justification that the deceased asked them for the liquor, for had he come with a spike in one hand and a hammer in the other, and asked them to drive the spike into his forehead, they could not plead in justification that he asked them to do it. Or had he called for rank poison, with expressed intention to swallow it, they could not plead justification, in the event of his death, that the deceased called for it. The old rum-seller at my left seemed astonished at my audacity, and as I turned squarely to him, and looking him steadily in the eye, said, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting," he seemed stunned, and returned me a steady, "far-away" gaze, without moving a muscle.

The wrath of the rum-sellers in town, however, was at white heat. They swore all sorts of vengeance on me, and went so far as to even threaten me with violence; to all of which I paid no regard, but made the battle as hot as possible.

The day following the funeral Robin was down town, and almost as soon as he made his appearance on the streets he was accosted by the rum-sellers, who said, "Well, Robin, if that minister had talked in my house as he did in yours yesterday, we would have kicked him out of doors," with similar expressions of indignation.

When Robin got a chance to speak he said, "Well, gentlemen, I have only this to say; the only fault I find with the minister is he was not severe enough. He ought to have given it to you hotter than he did." "Oh, well," said they; "if that's the way you feel about the matter, of course we have nothing to say. It was not our funeral." "Well, that's the way I feel," said Robin, and he had no further trouble with them.

During the winter the party whom we suspected of stealing my money made me a present of an immense turkey for Thanksgiving. The turkey was alive when presented, or we should have feared some design upon us.

A practical joke was played upon me by Dr. Burton, the leading physician of the place. He frequently invited me to ride with him, which I was glad to do, as it gave me some recreation—a chance to see the country and to make a great many acquaintances. On one occasion he invited me to ride with him the following day, and said, "We shall take a pretty long ride, and you had better tell your wife that she need not look for you until somewhat late in the evening." We had a delightful ride, over the hills and through the valleys, stopping here and there to dress a wound, treat a sore eye, look at and pity a helpless old lady, console a hypochondriacal middle-aged man, or to "pull a tooth" for some farm hand. Towards sunset we wheeled out upon an eminence, overlooking the beautiful Mohawk Valley. It was early summer time; the hills, forests

and fields were covered with the richest green, appearing in the distance almost black; the Mohawk River wound in graceful curves through the rich verdure of the valley, whilst by its side lay, in lazy beauty, the double tracks of the New York Central Railroad. Descending the eminence, we came suddenly upon a considerable cluster of buildings. As we drove into the open court yard I said, "What is this?" The Doctor replied, "This is the County Poor House. I am physician to the poor, and we shall have to stop here a while." Accordingly our horse was put out, and I accompanied the Doctor in his rounds through the different wards of the institution. I noticed other fine livery teams drive into the yard and well-dressed people pass into the parlors of the institution. It did not occur to me that anything unusual was to transpire, however, until I was invited into the parlor and found quite a company convened, the room decorated with flowers, and an expression of expectancy on every face. I ventured to inquire of a little girl who sat near me what the gathering meant. She said there was to be a wedding. "A wedding!" said I. "Who is to be married?" "The sister of the keeper, and the canal contractor of this section," was her reply. I concluded that I would not be expected to take any part or I would have been notified. However, knowing the Doctor's disposition to play practical jokes, I thought best to be prepared for the worst. In a moment more the parties to be married entered the room, followed by Dr. Burton, who mo-

tioned to me and said, "Come, Dominie!" (A phrase for minister in these parts.) I, of course, obeyed orders, and the happy pair were soon man and wife, and I received \$10 for the service of the evening. This was my first and last wedding in a poor house.

Quite a number of souls were converted during my pastorate in Fultonville, and I assisted brethren at different points round about, and during a part of the time supplied the pulpit of the Congregational Church, Sabbath afternoons, at a point five miles south of Fultonville. I assisted Rev. A. G. Diefendorf, in a wonderful revival at Meinaville. Scores were converted, and the whole country round about was moved. The large church was densely packed every evening, and I never saw such crowds of penitents at the altar as here.

CHAPTER VI.



Y experience was as varied at Fultonville as at any place in my ministry. There were many trials, and much to encourage. We expected to leave there, at the expiration of our first year, but in response to an unanimous request from the official board, we were returned at the Conference of 1859. This year our friends were numerous, and I was called upon for lectures at various points, and to attend funerals throughout the whole region round about. Many stupid and ridiculous things occurred at funerals during that year, and I came to the conclusion that some people ought not to die, for their friends did not know enough to bury them.

I did not keep a horse, and being frequently called upon to go long distances, I was obliged to hire a conveyance. At first I was a little modest, and said nothing to the parties inviting me, and consequently I had numerous bills for horse-hire to pay. In addition to this I almost invariably had to go without my dinner, which, as a religious fast, was of no value to me, as it was enforced entirely against my will. On one occasion I went a long distance into the country to attend a funeral. It was at the house of a wealthy farmer, who was not a member of my congregation, nor were any of his

family. They seemed to be very stylish people, and they were not ready for the services until considerably past the hour. It was nearly twelve o'clock before the services commenced, and we had a long drive before us to the burial ground, and the family were very desirous that I should go to the grave and read the burial service there. I was very hungry and faint when the services concluded at the house, but there was no chance for me whatever. But what added to my discomfort of mind as well as body, was the fact that I had met with a sad misfortune with a new silk hat, it being about the first occasion on which I had worn it. Just before the services commenced I was given a seat in a hall-way through which the mourners were to pass in coming into the room. I placed my "stove pipe" close to the little stand, on which lay the Bible. I thought it was safe. Occupied with solemn thoughts, appropriate to the occasion, I took my eye off the hat for a few moments. During those few moments the mourners passed into the room through the hall. The wide-spreading dress of one immense and stylish woman, caught my hat, gave it a terrific whirl, as though a tempest from a thunder-cloud had struck it, and quicker than thought my new silk hat was in the midst of the procession, from which it was vain for me to attempt, at that moment, to rescue it. To my utter dismay, the large woman stepped square into it, crushing it to the floor; but she marched right on, as though nothing had happened, though her feet and the hat were in bewildering entanglement for a

time. At length, escaping from the procession, my hat was restored to me in a thoroughly dilapidated condition. From that hour I discarded silk hats, and resolved on all such occasions to wear "felt," in commemoration of the agonies I felt on that occasion. Suffice it to say, I returned home, hungry and faint, with a ruined six dollar hat, a bill to pay for horse-hire, of three dollars, which the stylish people never offered to pay, nor did they even thank me for my services. I most sincerely hoped, as a matter of retaliation, that no more of the members of that family would be called upon to depart this life, at least during my pastorate in that country; and if that large woman has not gone to her account yet, she has not been called upon to answer for that silk hat she destroyed.

On another occasion I was called upon to attend the funeral of an old colored woman. She was buried at the expense of the town. When I arrived at the hut I found the remains had not been "laid out," nor put into the coffin. It was winter and severely cold. I was obliged to remain in-doors, in a little over-heated room, crowded full of colored people. The services over there, we proceeded to the grave and found that the old grave-digger, who was much the worse for liquor, had not quite completed the grave. We waited some time for him to complete his work and then lowered the coffin into the grave. The old grave-digger threw in a few shovelfuls of sand and, jumping into the grave, commenced to tread it down on the coffin, saying, "We'll

bury her good and deep so that she will not rise right away." Said I, "You get out at once, or I'll bury you alive!" He looked up at me with astonishment as I took up the shovel and thrust it into the sand, and exclaimed, "En fath, sir, and are ye the priest? And sure I didn't know ye were the priest. And, sir, will ye forgive me this time?" And reaching up his hands for the by-standers to help him, he soon scrambled out of the grave.

Being strongly urged by many who had read my fugitive pieces, I concluded to collect my poems and publish them in book form. I at once set about the work of transcribing them, and in a few weeks I had the manuscript ready for the press. I contracted with J. C. Butre, of New York, for a steel engraved portrait for the book. From that plate the copies are taken for this book. I fixed upon the title "Sunny Hours," and wrote a lengthy, new poem, under that caption, for the first piece in the book. Visiting New York City, I contracted with Pudney & Russell, 79 John Street, to print and bind the book. It was stereotyped and an edition of one thousand copies printed and sold. When there was a demand for a second edition, I found that the printers, in whose fire-proof vaults my plates were left, had failed and been sold out by the sheriff, and my plates sold with their other property. I did not know what my remedies were, under the law, and dreading a law suit, I was forced to pocket the loss, and so a second edition of the book was never published.

On returning from New York, after contracting for the printing of the book, I had the misfortune to take passage up the Hudson River on board the ill-fated steamer "New World," which sank opposite Yonkers.

A large number of steamers had been lost on the Hudson River, and multitudes had perished. It was an awful night on which the "New World" went down—cold, stormy and dark. There were between three and four hundred passengers on board, and when it became known that she was sinking, it seemed, for a time, that most, if not all, must be lost. The wildest confusion prevailed. We could see nothing of the officers of the boat. It was the first time in my life that I had seen people really frightened. The faces of many were drawn out of shape, their eyes staring wildly and vacantly about. Some fainted, others swore and some prayed. I was not conscious of being the least frightened, and in consequence of my apparent coolness, strong men came and took hold of me and begged me to save them. Women came to me, seeing I had on life preservers, and wanted me to jump over-board and let them cling to me. This I was not inclined to do. The steamer was entirely submerged, except the pilot house, but the passengers were rescued before she sank entirely out of sight.

I lost about fifty dollars worth of goods, besides a new overcoat. I wrote to Daniel Drew, who was one of the principal owners of the boat, and requested him to make good my loss, but he paid no attention to my

request. I lived through it and he endowed a Theological Seminary.

"Sunny Hours" was kindly received, and many encouraging and even flattering words were said about it, by the press, generally.

The following notices will serve to give some idea of the cordial manner in which it was received:

" 'Sunny Hours,' by J. Wesley Carhart; Pudney & Russell, New York; a book containing seventy poems on various and interesting subjects. The author is a young, enthusiastic, talented and handsome minister of the gospel, having in pastoral charge a large congregation in one of the busiest villages in the Mohawk Valley.

" The work takes its title, and, in fact, its tone, from the leading poem, 'Sunny Hours.'

" It is characterized by a fine religious sympathy, and yet the minister does not carry any dogmatic or sectional theology up those Parnassian heights, that are probably all the harder to climb with such a burden.

" Every man, no matter how coarse his nature or calling, carries about him a double life—the natural and ideal, the practical and poetical. The true poet—whether he writes in methodical measure and slaves his sense in shackles of rhyme, or strikes out his song in the strong looseness of prose—touches that hidden spring that wakes a harmony in us, the music of which we never dreamed ourselves to have held. He holds his glowing spark to the slumberous fireworks of the brain, and, lo! there burst forth those wondrous weavings and molten

splendors. The poet is a creator—on the common dirt of daily struggle he pours a warmth, drops his dews, and wakes the barrenness to blossom.

"Mr. J. W. Carhart, partaking largely of these powers, is not, nevertheless, ambitious of displaying transcendental transforming powers. His Muse is sweet and simple in the tones of her voice, and comes to the daily heart with unostentatious beauties to profit it with poetic pleasures.

"The typographical execution of the volume is excellent. It has not the parade of Ticknor's 'blue and gold,' but its accurate portrait of the author, and its brown lids, prettily and chastely ornamented, show its shell to be prophetic of the many pearls it holds within."

Canajoharie Radii.

The following complimentary notice appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for April, 1860:

(27) " '*Sunny Hours* : Consisting of Poems on Various Subjects. By J. W. Carhart.' 12mo, pp. 231. New York: Pudney & Russell, printers, 1859.

"This little volume, from the hand of a youthful aspirant, is the product of hours of interval amid the duties of a sacred calling. The time was not unworthily spent. The poems are not without poetry. The versification is easy and sustained, the command of language free and copious, the imagery natural, sometimes free and bold. The subjects and the thoughts are never unsuitable to the purest religious character. Of faults, merely mechanical and susceptible of avoidance, we may specify

colloquial contractions like 'I'm,' 'he's' and 'that's.' The two following specimen stanzas, not much above the average, may not be unworthy to succeed the extracts we have made from poets of more distant regions and more proud pretensions:

FLOWERS.

"Have flowers a spirit? They seem to possess
A power my bosom to move;
They seem to be pleased with a gentle caress,
Oft seem as if really in love.
They never can hate—they are often abused—
Or many their hatred would know;
But over the hand that would crush them they weep
And the fragrance of heart-pardon throw.

I look at their leaflets, so downy and bright,
With deeper or delicate hue—
Their sweet little dresses, all gilded with light,
Or honey'd lips moistened with dew;
They fondly return the fond look that I give,—
They cannot be strangers to bliss!
Then each little beauty I press to my lips,
And, will you believe it, *they kiss!*"

There was connected with the M. E. Church of Fultonville some excellent families, whose memory we shall always cherish.

We were quite intimate with a family there, who were our neighbors, by the name of Williamson. Their son John, who was then but a lad, and worked with his father at the stone mason business, has since been our neighbor in Oshkosh for six years.

From Fultonville, at the end of a two years' pastorate,

we were appointed to Stuyvesant Falls and Landing, Columbia County, New York. We resided at the Falls, about eight miles north of the city of Hudson, and about three miles south of the village of Kinderhook, the home of Martin Van Buren.

Stuyvesant is on the opposite side of the Hudson river, and a little south of my native town. Just before the conference session I made a request of my presiding elder, that he would not send me where I would need a horse, as I was not able to buy one. On reaching my new charge I found that a horse was indispensable, and I was obliged to buy one at once. My father-in-law gave me a carriage, and I got along comfortably as to a conveyance. The society at the Falls had just completed a neat church building, but had no parsonage. They hired a house which was in process of erection and was never completed whilst we lived in it. We were unable to occupy the house until several weeks after conference,—our goods and summer clothing were packed and stowed away in a barn. We suffered for want of the clothing, and the mice got into the boxes and made nests in the bedding. When we finally got possession of the house, there was no fastening to the front door, and I made a long wooden latch, which reached clear across the door, and hung a string on the outside to lift it with. In the day time our "latch string" was always out, but at night we pulled it in. We had neither cistern nor well, the house was fearfully

hot in summer, there being no shade about it, and everything froze in the cellar in winter.

The people of our charge, however, were intelligent, pious and warm hearted, and we became strongly attached to them.

My congregations were large, Sunday-schools interesting, and the Lord gave us gracious revivals at both the appointments. It was here I became acquainted with Timothy Case, now receiver and general manager of the Green Bay and Minnesota Railroad.

The country round about the falls is exceedingly beautiful. On the east is a mountain ridge, dividing Massachusetts from New York. On the west are the unsurpassed Catskill Mountains. The Mountain House was in full view from our chamber windows, and looked like a bank of snow in the dark green of the summer foliage. The roads are generally good, except in spring and fall, and the drives are as charming as in any place we ever lived. "Tindenwould," the home of Martin Van Buren, was only about two miles from us. It was the custom of the ex-president to ride horse-back during the summer months, and his excursions frequently brought him through our village. He was short of stature, erect, of beautiful figure and a graceful rider. We had the pleasure of making his acquaintance at a Fourth of July celebration at Kinderhook, the very day that Vicksburgh fell, on which occasion we read a poem for the delectation of the audience. John Van Buren was then living and was present on the occasion.

We wrote extensively for the local and church papers, and became a paid contributor to literary magazines. In the stream which runs through the village and just below the falls, is a beautiful island. It rises up boldly out of the stream, and stands in solitary grandeur, baring its precipitous and rocky sides to the thundering waters. It is covered with a beautiful growth of small trees, where the wild birds congregate in vast numbers and render the forest vocal with their charming melody. One Monday morning, being unusually weary from the Sabbath's labors, I crossed the narrow foot-bridge leading to the island, and seating myself in the shade of an overhanging pine, on the highest pinnacle of jutting rock, overlooking the Fall, I took out of my pocket an envelope and penciled the following poem, which appeared, soon after, in the New York Christian Advocate, and was widely copied:

THE WONDROUS ISLE.

There's a wondrous isle in a stream, love,
Where ceaseless billows flow,
And silvery spray, in wreaths above,
Is lit with a magic glow.

The thundering floods around it surge,
And lave the beachen shore;
My spirit lists the thrilling dirge,
The dirge of its endless roar.

Below are frowns from ancient rocks,
Where curling brooklets flow,
Like vagrant, soft and hoary locks,
That whiten an old man's brow

I'm wand'ring o'er this island, love,
And the May-breath mild I feel,
And around my path some shadows move,
And o'er my spirit steal.

There's a plaintive moan on the other shore,
Where pendant ivy swings;
And with it blent a ceaseless roar,
Like the rush of a thousand wings.

The morning dew-drops pave my way,
As toward the west I roam,
Through forests old, and deep, and gray,
The wild birds' sylvan home.

There is another island, love,
Just in the stream of time,
And ceaseless surges round it move,
With wild and plaintive chime.

I've wandered o'er this island too,
For many a cloudy day,
But now and then have hung a few
Bright rainbows on the spray.

I heard a song from ransomed souls
Upon the western beach,
Where Jordan's wave forever rolls,
Which we must shortly reach.

I hear the sweep of countless wings,
As death's dark waves divide,
And I hear the voice of one that sings—
A voice on the other side.

May, 1860.

Rev. D. Starks, D. D., was my presiding elder during my pastorate at Stuyvesant Falls, and for two years thereafter. He was a warm friend, and his visits were always occasions of pleasure and profit.

CHAPTER VII.

URING my pastorate at Stuyvesant, I visited the grave of Tom Paine, and wrote the following sketch for The Northern Visitor:

THE GRAVE OF TOM PAINE.

There is a profitable lesson to be learned from the history of infidelity, and the lives of its advocates. We do well to give attention to the contrast, apparent to every contemplative mind, existing betwixt the life of the infidel and that of the Christian.

What place is so well calculated to awaken memories of the past as the sepulchre? We stand, in the pensiveness and silence of evening, with a dim curtain of twilight about us, which seems a screen intended only to mellow and tinge the recollections of other days, as one scene after another flits before the mind; and oh! what emotions are awakened in the heart as we recall the dead. Do an enemy's ashes sleep beneath our feet—an enemy who would thrust the dagger to our heart, or have torn our dearest friends from our embrace, or have blotted the record of our deeds with sacrilegious pen, and have handed our name to contempt or oblivion; those ashes are harmless—voiceless—defenceless now, and in our heart where anger may once have lurked with deadly purpose, now pity and compassion dwell.

Do we linger about the resting place of friendship's

dust—dust once animated by a noble and generous soul, of holy and tender impulses? How sweet and blessed the crowding recollections! We look around us—we call the name of love and wait a response. Immortality carries with it its own evidence, in that we are ever conscious of mysterious presences. Do we linger for a painful moment about the monument of madness and folly? How painful are the emotions, how sorrowful the recollections! Of such character were our emotions and recollections as we stood, a few days since, at the grave of Thomas Paine.

His monument is erected not far from the village of New Rochelle, situated about twenty miles from the city of New York, on the line of the New Haven Railroad, and but a short distance from Long Island Sound.

The name of this town frequently occurs in the revolutionary history of our country. A desperate battle was fought not far from where the village now stands; and at one time the British army lay encamped between this place and White Plains, a distance of nine miles. "The war of the Revolution passed over these parts in successively advancing and retreating waves, for seven years, and a state of things existed which no historian has adequately delineated."

The education of the people during these unhappy times, and long after, was much neglected—the moral restraints loose—and religion at a low ebb. Deism readily took possession of the popular mind, for infidelity, in all its forms, is evidently the offspring of ignorance

and immorality. Having heard much of Tom Paine as an infidel of the vilest, most offensive kind, and being near the place of his burial, on a visit to a beloved sister, we felt a curiosity to visit it. We found it situated by the road-side, enclosed by a plain stone wall, with an iron gate to the road. A monument, consisting of a shaft of white marble, ten or twelve feet in height, stands within this enclosure. It was erected by an infidel club in New York City. On the side facing the highway is the following inscription:

THOMAS PAINE,
AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE."

Born in England, January 29, 1737.

Died in New York, June 8, 1809.

Just over this inscription is a medallion portrait in bas-relief, expressive of much intellectual strength and vigor. As we looked upon that portrait, and traced those strongly drawn lineaments, and read his motto—"The world is my country, to do good my religion"—regrets, unspeakable, arose in our mind that his energies were not devoted to the cause of Christ, that he was not as zealous in promoting the cause of spiritual as of civil freedom.

As we looked upon that monument, many important events in the history of our country came up in review before our mind, together with Paine's honorable connection therewith. We recalled the battle of Chatterton's Hill, and the retreat of Washington on that gloomy

and never-to-be-forgotten day, "from Fort Lee, surrounded by his officers, and with Tom Paine at his side, as he stood and watched through his glass the swiftly marching columns."

During the first term of Washington's administration, as president, the rumblings of a coming earth-quake were heard in France, startling Europe from her long repose, and Washington's eye was fixed upon the progress of events, and his great heart swelled with deepest interest for the fate of his friend Lafayette. "At length the Bastile fell, and Lafayette sent to Washington, through Tom Paine, the key of that strong fortress of tyranny and secret dungeon of oppressed men," not merely as a token of victory, but as an emblem of liberty. This circumstance was certainly an honor worthy of mention in connection with the life of one so universally despised. That key is now at Mount Vernon. As you pass into that spacious hall of what was once the home of the "Father of Our Country," at the left you will observe a little case, and in it a rough, massive key of iron. That old, ill-formed key represents the crimes of a great dynasty. It is the first fruits of the French revolution. By its side hangs the portrait of Lafayette. We might here speak of Paine's patriotic writings, which Washington so highly valued; but it is probably unnecessary, since with these, as a part of the history of our country, almost every one has become acquainted. We look upon him, in the next place, as the bold, blaspheming opposer of religion, and of all those holy sentiments so dear to every high-minded and virtuous individual.

Much has been said of the character of his infidel works, but these must be viewed in connection with his own character in order to form a correct idea of their real vileness.

The worst of Paine's life and character has never appeared in print, nor even been hinted at. We saw the house in which he lived, and should have visited the room he occupied as a study, and in which most of his works were written, had time permitted. We had several opportunities of conversation with the oldest inhabitants of the place, who retain a vivid and unpleasant recollection of this somewhat gifted, but unfortunate man.

He retired to his farm in the vicinity of New Rochelle, soon after his return from France, without friends or money. His house-keeper and constant companion was a colored woman; and his physician says that when he was called upon to attend him in his last sickness, he found him the most loathsome and disgusting object he ever beheld. He lay on a miserable couch in a small, dark room, his linen unchanged for weeks; and so wretched was his condition that he actually wallowed in filth. He was partially intoxicated at the time; and, indeed, it had been his constant habit for several years to indulge in the use of ardent spirits, even to helpless drunkenness. He would accuse his colored attendant of stealing his rum, and she would accuse him of stealing hers, thus they spent much of their time.

He died and was refused a place of burial by the dif-

ferent Churches to whom application was made, and his remains were finally interred on a corner of his own farm, a few feet from where his monument now stands, a rude pile of stones marking his grave. His funeral—if such it could be called—was private, and necessarily so, for no one who respected himself would mingle with Paine's admirers, even at his funeral. He was buried more as a beast would be—to get him out of the way.

Several years subsequent to his death Richard Cobbett had his bones disinterred to be sent to England. They reached the Thames, but no one claiming the consignment, it was supposed they were either thrown into the Thames or sold to the button makers. But it is now stated, and on good authority, that they were returned to America, and some years after, at a public auction, among other things that made their appearance in the rubbish hauled from a garret, were the bones of Tom Paine. They were put up for sale, but nobody bid on them. What then became of them? Nobody knows and nobody cares. How forcibly, while contemplating these facts, together with a multitude of others of a like nature, were we reminded of a saying of Paine's that when he died he wished his ashes scattered from the falls of Niagara, and he thought it would puzzle the Almighty to gather them up at the resurrection; and also of the declaration of inspiration, “The name of the wicked shall rot.”—*Prov. x, 7.*

After spending two pleasant, laborious and successful years at Stuyvesant Falls and Landing, and becoming

warmly attached to the people in that region of country, I was appointed to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. I was then but twenty-six years of age, and Pittsfield was regarded as one of the very first appointments, if not *the* first, in the conference. Rev. J. F. Yates preceded me, and had made himself very popular by the bold and eloquent utterances he gave in favor of the government and its war measures.

I cannot better describe Pittsfield than to copy from an article I wrote for *The Central Christian Advocate*, during my pastorate at Pittsfield:

"Pittsfield, Massachusetts, my field of labor for the present conference year, is a town of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated in a basin, surrounded on all sides by Berkshire hills, about fifty miles, by rail, from Albany.

"It is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful villages, if not the most beautiful, in entire New England, and is quite a place of summer resort for those who have been cooped up in cities until confinement is an affliction and freedom a luxury.

"Although we have not the mineral springs of Saratoga, nor her prices, yet we have what is as beneficial, perhaps, to both body and pocket—as pure mountain air as the world affords, with commodious hotels and reasonable charges.

"The scenery about Pittsfield is beautiful and often grand, but not, in point of grandeur, equal to the Green Mountain scenery of Vermont. One remarkable feature

of the scenery about Pittsfield is the number and beauty of her lakes. They strike the stranger with peculiarly pleasing effect, for the eye can scarcely turn in any direction, but here and there will appear a beautiful silvery sheet that sparkles like a diamond on the bosom of the mountains. The streets of our village are broad and regular and beautifully shaded by luxuriant maples. The soil being gravelly, is well adapted to roads, and the drives are the most delightful of any I ever knew. The Berkshire Medical College and the Maple Wood Young Ladies' Seminary are old and well established institutions, and enjoy an excellent reputation abroad as well as at home. The church edifices are nine in number, and for the most part are in a thriving condition. The oldest and most influential society is the Congregational, of which Dr. John Todd has been pastor for the past twenty years or more.

"He has acquired considerable literary fame and possesses an extensive influence, and I am happy to say, like wine, is improving with age; not perhaps as to strength of body or of mind, but in charity toward other denominations. The Methodist Episcopal Church may, perhaps, rank next in influence and position, and doubtless has more members than any other Church in town. The last conference report gives the number of members as 404. We have a large and convenient church edifice, and an intelligent and interesting congregation. Methodism here has been favored with some of the ablest ministers who have labored in New England.

"In the early part of her history such names as Ebon Smith, Aaron Hunt, Nathan Bangs, Billy Hibbard, Lewis Pease and others appear in the conference minutes in connection with Pittsfield circuit; and in later years we see such names as D. D. Whedon, D. D., Stephen Parks, Dr. Witherspoon, H. L. Starks, D. Starks and Erastus Wentworth, D. D., and others of eminence in the Church. A history of Methodism in the place is being prepared by the present pastor.*

"There is, notwithstanding all the beauty of the place and surroundings, and all the preaching and Sabbath-schools and other facilities for doing good, at least one drawback, and that is the amount of bad whisky used. Some months since the selectmen took the matter into consideration and invited the ministers of the different denominations to preach on the subject of temperance. They did so. A short time after Dr. Todd was inquired of by some one from an adjoining state how the temperance cause prospered in Pittsfield, and the Doctor replied that the ministers had all preached a sermon on the subject of temperance, and the result was, they had shut up every grog-shop in town, except one hundred and fifty, the same number there were before the temperance sermons. Rum-sellers do not mind preaching; they need the hand of the law put upon them. I will only say further, that we now have a camp of instruction in the village, called "Camp Briggs," in honor of Brig-

*It was published by order of the Quarterly Conference and at the expense of the Church.

adier General Briggs, who is a native of the place, and a son of Ex-Governor Briggs, who resided here for many years. The first tents were set up on Tuesday last, and they now have over seven hundred men on the ground."

I found the New England style in vogue in Pittsfield, two sermons and an intermission for Sabbath-school and lunch, and general prayer-meeting in the evening. I had never been accustomed to this method and found it very taxing, at first, to both mind and body. My pastoral work was very heavy, having over four hundred members, scattered over an area of country ten miles in diameter. The habits of the people, however, made pastoral labor very pleasant and, indeed, enticing. I made seven hundred pastoral visits the first year of my pastorate there, and although I went on all working days of the week, and at almost all hours of the day; as I was obliged to do, I never heard a lady make excuse because she was not as well prepared as to dress or condition of the house as she would like. When the pastor called, work was laid aside, religious and pleasant conversation and a short prayer were the order. I never knew a lady to do there what they have been known to do in certain places, viz: send the servant girl to the door and tell the minister that the lady of the house was not at home; and then, perhaps, berate the minister on Sabbath morning, in the church door, in the presence of the retiring congregation because he had not called on her. I was even with one such lady—if such she could be called—on one occasion. On a beauti-

ful summer Sabbath morning, as the congregation were retiring from church, this lady accosted me in a loud tone of voice, in the presence of a large number of persons, and said, "You haven't called on me yet. Why don't you come and see me?" (I had called at her door several times and had failed to find her in.) I resolved what to do. Monday was "wash-day," she would be at home. Accordingly, I called early in the forenoon, went to the kitchen door and found her washing. She was very glad to see me, but was sorry I had not come some other day. I was invited into the sitting-room. We sat and talked a long time. She was evidently uneasy. The wash-water grew cold and dinner-hour was approaching. She thought perhaps I would stay to dinner. I told her I would, certainly. I excused her to get the dinner and gave myself to reading up in my conference studies. She never accosted me before a crowd again in regard to not visiting her.

Another pleasant feature of the people on the Pittsfield charge was the fact that if any one was sick and the doctor was sent for, the minister was also notified, and we understood that he was expected to call. When he called there were no obstacles put in the way of religious conversation. I was sent for twice in one night to visit the sick, and rode several miles.

One, a young lady member of my Bible class, died of fever, and her death suggested the following poem, which I wrote soon after :

"WE ALL DO FADE AS THE LEAF."

The cold winds of Autumn were sighing,
As the grief-laden heart often sighs—
The pale leaves of summer were lying
Where much that is beautiful lies;
And around the cold brow of the mountain
The storm-cloud was gathering fast,
And the murmur of streamlet and fountain
Grew sadder as borne on the blast.

A beautiful maiden was twining
The crisp, fallen leaves in her hair,
While her brow, the fair morning outshining,
Was fanned by the health-giving air.
I saw her when fever had lighted
The lamp in the depths of her heart,
And lingering sickness had blighted
Each vital and delicate part.

A slow-moving train of the weeping
Wound sadly its way to the tomb,
Where many a fond form is now sleeping
'Neath the last rose's fast-fading bloom.
I saw many loving bow lowly,
'Neath burdens of unspoken grief,
And I heard, from aged lips, falling slowly,
"We fade, we all fade, as the leaf."

I quite frequently visited an invalid lady, who had been confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed, for years. She manifested a sweet and gentle spirit in all her suffering.

On returning from a visit with her on one occasion, I wrote the following poem, which was published in the Berkshire County Eagle:

TO AN INVALID.

Diseased, enfeebled, shut for weary years
From all the pleasures of an active life,
In silent sadness hast thou shed thy tears,
Yet uncomplaining borne thy heavy grief.

Caged like a bird, to narrow limits bound,
And fettered by the hand Omnipotent,
Thou hast in sorrow much of comfort found
In blessings God in mercy to thee lent.

Thy drooping spirit longs to spread her wings,
And soar abroad—forgetful of her pain,
And dwell where health her heavenly garland flings,
And tears and bondage cannot come again.

Child of affliction and of sorrow, wait,
Till God shall call thee to thy home above;
Then thy freed soul, with peace and joy elate,
Shall rise to worlds of endless life and love—

Shall dwell where saints can never, never die,
Nor say, “I’m sick,” but health’s eternal bloom
Each brow enwreath; old age ne’er dim the eye,
Nor lead the footsteps faltering to the tomb.

It was during my pastorate here that I received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, being but twenty-seven years of age. I had not anticipated such an honor, and it was entirely unsolicited by ministerial friends. I tried to wear the honor modestly and make myself worthier of it. The seminaries had not then taken to conferring such degrees, the colleges alone exercising this privilege, and more sparingly than now.

Some of the features of social and civil life in Massa-

chusetts were new to me, but I very soon came to appreciate and enjoy the most of them.

One morning, at about half-past eight o'clock, a town officer rode up to my gate and notified me that I was wanted at the City Hall to open the town meeting with prayer. This announcement somewhat amazed me at first, as I had never before heard of such a thing. I obeyed orders; found a large concourse of people assembled, and when the gavel fell all was perfect order and decorum, and, on announcement by the chairman, I invoked the Divine blessing on the meeting. The first draft of men for the army took place while I was pastor here, and I was drafted. I went down to Springfield, and, on examination, was pronounced sound in body, and it was my intention to go into the service; but the Church would not consent to it, believing that I could do more good at home, and, accordingly, they very generously paid the three hundred dollars and I received my exemption papers.

Fish of superior quality abounded in the lakes and streams in the region of Western Massachusetts and game was quite abundant in the mountains. Men of almost all classes occasionally sought recreation in fishing and hunting. I, of course, indulged my piscatorial propensities, and with good old Isaac Walton, mingled sweet and pious meditation with the diversion. Occasionally my good Brother Liffingwell and myself would take our guns and stroll off into the mountains, and spend the day in a most delightful ramble. On one

occasion, after a heavy fall of damp snow, which clung tenaciously to the trees, I became so impressed with the beauty of the forest that I penciled the following poem:

THE CRYSTAL FOREST.

Crystal trees afar are springing,
With their branches drooping low;
God hath clothed the ancient mountain
With a diadem of snow.
Down the long, dim aisles we wander
Where the frosty jewels lie;
Naught to break the painful silence
Save the pine trees' mournful sigh.

Every pensive bush is bending
'Neath its load of purest snow;
Every tree top tall, is waving—
Gently waving, to and fro.
Nature truly growtheth hoary
In these mild but wintry hours,
'Minding one of ancient story—
Ancient halls and ancient towers.

Ghosts are here among the cedars,
Ghosts of great and mighty kings;
List the half-heard, distant murmur
Of their soft and snowy wings.
Thrones are here, the richest, grandest
That the world hath ever known;
Crowns are hanging all around us,
One for each resplendent throne.

Here is pomp and here is power;
Here is pride in bright array;
Ancient princes, lords and monarchs
Never shone so fair and gay.
Fancy builds her wondrous castles

In this crystal forest fair,
Decked with domes and spires of beauty
Springing loftily in air.

Fancy peoples all the wild-wood
With a thousand fairy forms;
Elves and angels meet and mingle
As do flakes in frequent storms.
Now and then, like stars from heaven,
Drop the snow-flakes from the trees,
Spreading out a gauzy curtain
When disturbed by passing breeze.

What a temple is the forest
When bedecked with jewels rare;
When from pendant limb and tree-top
Hangs a fragile treasure fair.
Here we weave unnumbered fancies—
Fancies of the long ago;
Here we build our thrones and castles—
Build a mimic world of snow.

The young ladies of Maple Wood Seminary, generally attended Dr. Todd's church, as Professor Spear, the principal, was a Congregationalist. But the students of the Medical College generally attended the Methodist Church. They invited me to lecture before them, on one occasion, which I did, in the lecture room of the college, the public generally, being invited. There was a full house, and I lectured to them on PROFESSIONAL LIFE, ITS RELATIONS AND OBLIGATIONS.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Todd had always held himself somewhat aloof from Methodist preachers, I became acquainted with him early in my pastorate in Pittsfield, and our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, which continued until his death. Not long before his death I published an article, entitled "Side Tracks," in which I alluded to his mechanical tastes, and described his work-shop. Some time after, I received the following letter, which explains itself:

PITTSFIELD, July 29, 1873,

REV. DR. CARHART:

Dear Brother—I cannot write myself, as I have had a great sickness upon me for more than eight weeks, but I wish to ask your kindness so far as to send me a copy of your beautiful piece, called "Side Tracks," containing a flattering description of my workshop.

As I do not know your address, I can only hope that this letter will providentially find you.

By so doing you will greatly oblige your old and true friend,

JOHN TODD.

Per Martha C. T. Hill.

This letter did not reach me until months after it was written, and was accompanied by the following:

ANSONIA, Ct., December 19, 1873.

REV. DR. CARHART:

My Dear Sir:—The enclosed note tells its own story. It was one of the last letters father ever dictated. As Mr. Clymer (pastor of the Methodist

Church) was out of town, we could not ascertain, precisely, your address. Through my brother I learn that you are to prepare reminiscences of my dear father. I am sure you will value this note, taken verbatim from his lips. If you have "Side Tracks," perhaps you will send it to my brother, who is preparing a large scrap book entirely of articles, scraps, etc., relating to father and his books. Perhaps you may have an extra copy of your Reminiscences for me, though I know to beg of an author is as shabby as to beg of any one else.

Yours Respectfully,

MARTHA C. TODD HILL.

P. S.—I send this as a souvenir for you. It seems almost a message from the dead.

My brother asks me to acknowledge your letter and say he will greatly value your Reminiscences.

The following is the article referred to, and of which Dr. Todd requested a copy:

MINISTERS' SIDE-TRACKS.

"Mrs. Stowe says of her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, that he is always running his mind into side-tracks.

"There are many minds gotten up to run on an 'air line,' and some times narrow-gauge at that. The possessor of such a mind does well to confine himself to that narrow-gauge air line. There he is safe. There, and there alone, is success for him.

"There are other minds gotten up on an entirely different plan. They require a broad-gauge track with many switches and side-tracks. To confine such a mind to one main line, exclusively, is to insure the speedy destruction of the whole train. Ruskin has said, that every deep river has its shallow side where it loves to dally and

hide itself in the shadow of the grass-fringed and over-hanging bank.

"All great minds have their baby side; and that man has lost his manhood who has lost the child side of his nature.

"One great mind, swinging around at times to the shallow side, loves to rest in the perfume-laden shadow of flowers, and kiss their sweet lips, trickling with the morning's early dew. He loves to watch their unfolding beauty; for in their varied hues and forms and fragrance he sees—as nowhere else—displayed the handiwork of God and His infinite study to minister to the happiness of man.

"Another loves the farmer's hardy, healthful toil; and cheerily he goes to the quiet fields to be brought in contact with nature's God. Another delights in the workshop side of his mind, where are whirling wheels and slapping belts and grinding gears; where genius is embodied in material forms, and inanimate matter has come to life, and seems moving off on its own independent aim. Rest to such a mind is found in the cunning creations of the imagination, and the deft skill of the artist's hand.

"Some ministers, like some other men, have a mechanical side-track for the mind, a genius for mechanics. It is rest to such to swing over to this shallow side, and whilst disporting themselves here show the skilled mechanic where his art and true science meet and kiss each other.

"Of this mental cast is my venerable friend, Rev. John Todd, D. D., of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who is well known among students, the world over, as the author of 'The Students' Manual,' and is known to children through 'Truth Made Simple,' in which is found the inimitable 'Hafed's Dream,' and to young people through 'The Young Man,' 'The Angel of the Iceberg,' 'The Daughter at School,' 'Great Cities,' and several other works of a similar character.

"His life, I have no doubt, has been lengthened, and his mental vigor increased and perpetuated, by his love of science and the finer mechanic arts, and his occasional recreation with his well-selected and marvelous tools. To those of similar tastes, no museum in the land would afford so much pleasure and satisfaction as a peep into his laboratory and workshop; which, by the way, is a privilege the profane world outside need not expect, how fondly soever they might desire it. That room is not for exhibition, but for the pleasure of its owner, and the occasional delight of personal friends, of kindred spirit.

"You may go with me, in imagination, and just look at the beautiful little steam engine, of about one-half horse-power, ensconced in one corner of the room, on a cozy little shelf, where it holds itself in readiness to do the bidding of its master, and puff and sweat, like a small boy turning a grind-stone on a hot summer's day. A glass shade protects its delicate parts from the dust. Now follow that polished little 'line shaft,' and you

may trace that little round belt, about the size of a large pen-holder, down to a delicate circular-saw, that looks, for all the world, as though it might have been made for the express purpose of amputating ladies' fingers without pain, if they came too near; but which, in reality, was designed for cutting up the tusks of elephants, and of the wild boar of Africa, plenty of which may be found stowed away in their appropriate places. It seems to relish its work, when a bit of mahogany, leopard wood or African buck-thorn is presented to it to be blocked out for some delicate purpose.

"Now follow down another belt, a little heavier than the other, and it will lead to another saw, but of different construction. This is modeled after one of Mr. Greeley's western saw mills, and is a jig saw, of a very minute pattern. The saw, which runs with great rapidity, is like a silken thread for delicacy, but will cut through a bar of iron, or a plate of brass, or will serve admirably to do the finest kind of scroll and fancy work. It's a comical looking little jigger.

"Now, if you follow another belt, it will lead you to a small lathe in the corner, for wood, and another leads to another small lathe, for metals.

"But now go back with me to the opposite corner, by a window that admits a clear light, and as you pass, you will notice there is oil cloth on the floor, and all is neat as a first-class city barber shop. Now look at this wonderful piece of mechanism—a lathe and tools that cost a thousand dollars.

"You may only look at it, and then you cannot see it, for it is too wonderful and complicated for the unin-initiated to comprehend. This is an admirable machine. If you look across the room there, you will see rows of shelves, one above another, almost to the ceiling, protected from dust by glass doors. In these shelves are over five hundred tools, belonging to this lathe—of English manufacture, and of the finest quality. Each tool is numbered, and stands in a little socket with corresponding number, so that there is a place for everything, and everything in its place.

"Now, if you want a beautiful breast-pin for your lady, we will pull out one of those boar's tusks—cut off a block with that fine circular saw, put it in the lathe and turn it to the required shape and size. Now we will turn it out in the center, and in-lay it with a piece of African buck-thorn, as black as ebony, and for a little variety, we will in-lay that with a little of that hard and curiously spotted leopard-wood, which is susceptible of a beautiful polish, and now, if the Doctor does not object, we will lift up that glass shade on one of the shelves, and we will put into the lathe that beautiful gold ring, which the Doctor made from the last spike in the Pacific Railroad, and on which he has engraved, in raised letters, "The marriage of the Atlantic and Pacific," and we will cut off a thin ring, and in-lay that into the leopard-wood, and in the very center we will set a little piece of mother of pearl, in the form of a five pointed star. Now, having completed the work so

far, we will step to his chemical laboratory, where we shall find all manner of polishers, properly labeled; and after our work is polished, you will say, it is a pin fit for a queen to wear.

"There it is now, all completed on that wonderful lathe.

"Before you go, let me take your gold watch, I see the engraving on the case is about obliterated by time, and I will put the case into the lathe, and re-engrave the radial lines on either side, called the engine work, and make it look as good as new. Now we have made a very fine job of it, and you will have to use this magnifying glass to see the lines distinctly.

"But we may not longer intrude, as I see the Doctor has gotten up a good head of steam, and is sawing off a block from that huge elephant's tusk, and I perceive he contemplates turning it into shape, and then, by means of his ingenious chucks, he will carve and engrave it, in imitation of the fret-work of a cap to a Corinthian column, to adorn the head of one of those beautiful canes, a stack of which stands in the corner, and every one, he tells me, has a history. He will need his time, and we will leave him good-natured, for, to tell the truth, we are now in possession of one of the Doctor's lathes and a set of tools he used for years; and it is not impossible that he should remember us in his will when he ceases to be entertained with things like these."

My "PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN TODD," was published in The Ladies' Repository, Cincin-

nati, Ohio, March, 1874, and as this article serves to present a somewhat comprehensive picture of the character of this remarkable man, we give it to our readers.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF DR. JOHN TODD.

"The story of 'Hafed's Dream,' and the lesson it taught were fresh in my memory and heart when I was appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. My desire to see the author of that and of kindred stories, which had produced such a lasting impression upon me, was, perhaps, somewhat akin to that of the Wesleyan minister who, on leaving England for America, said there were two objects of interest he specially wished to see—Dr. Todd and Niagara Falls.

"Very soon after becoming settled in Pittsfield, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Todd, and soon felt that I was acquainted with him. Our acquaintance ripened into intimacy and an admiration of his great character, which I shall ever cherish.

"Dr. Todd was, physically, of large frame, tall and well proportioned; and when I first met him, in 1862, he was erect as a youth of eighteen, healthy and vigorous in appearance, and with an unusually light and elastic step.

"In conversation with him on one occasion, in reference to recognizing persons from their portraits, he said that when he was in Edinburgh, some years before, on stepping into a book store, he was at once recognized by the

bookseller from a picture in the 'Students' Manual.' He added, facetiously, 'It was undoubtedly owing to my good looks.'

"He was regarded as one of the homeliest men in existence; and yet, as one became acquainted with him, and saw his homely, furrowed angular face, lighted up with the flashes from his great soul, his features underwent a marvelous change, that made him, at times, sublimely beautiful.

"I have often heard him when it filled me with amazement that such gentle words, in such sweet accents, could fall from such homely and pouting lips. Often, on funeral occasions, his words seemed like the green foliage and bright flowers one sees hanging over the brow of jagged rocks, where the golden sunlight dallies and the bees hum as they sip the honeyed dew. To a stranger he might often appear cold and reserved, but to friend and acquaintance he was frequently the personification of cordiality, frankness, and even playfulness.

"During my pastorate in Pittsfield the pastors of the several churches were accustomed to meet on Monday mornings at nine o'clock in my study. Those were occasions of pleasure, interest and profit. An account of the previous Sabbath's labors was given, and occasionally the analysis of a sermon. A new pastor had been installed over one of the churches, and was fairly taking the town by storm and drawing heavily on all our congregations, and particularly on Dr. Todd's evening congregation.

"I asked the Doctor, one day, what he thought of the situation. He said he had been pastor there about twenty-two years, and during that time he had seen frequent occurrences of the kind, but that his people always came back when they got ready.

"The following Monday morning our new pastor gave an analysis of his Sabbath evening sermon, and I noticed some sly mischief creeping over the Doctor's face. At the close of the analysis Dr. Todd asked him where he got the account of the natural bridge of Virginia, with which he produced a marvelous effect in that sermon. After a moment's hesitation and confusion he replied, 'he found it in a school reader. 'Whom was it attributed to?' said Todd. 'Why, to Elihu Burritt,' said our friend. 'O, yes,' said Todd, bursting into a hearty laugh, 'but I wrote it when I was a junior at College.'

'But it is attributed to Burritt,' said our friend, blushing.

"'I cannot help that,' said Todd, 'I wrote it when I was a junior at College. It goes the rounds of the newspapers about once in ten years, and is attributed to Burritt and to others; but I wrote it.' The Doctor thought it was all right for the pastor to draw away his people and 'steal his thunder' to do it with.

"During the winter of 1862-3, union revival services were held in the Baptist, Methodist and the two Congregational churches of the place. Dr. Todd took a lively interest in the work. The meetings were largely attended, but the visible fruits were not great. On one

occasion, when the meeting was held in Dr. Todd's church, he said to me, 'Call on your Methodist brethren to pray, for it takes my men forever to get hold, and when they get hold it seems as though they would never let go.'

"He was appointed to address the children of the Sabbath-schools at a state convention, held at his church, at which there was a very large attendance of both children and adults. He was preceded by a speaker who seemed to think that the only way to interest children was to jump up and down, gesticulate violently by swinging the arms and by grimaces of the face and frightful contortions of the body.

"When Dr. Todd arose in his calm and dignified manner, he said: 'If I had some very precious essence which I wished to pour into a small vial, with a very slim neck, I would not take the essence and splash it all about at random. I would do it carefully.'

"The attention of the children, who had been exceedingly restive under the former speaker, was at once arrested and held; and all felt that a merited rebuke had been administered to the man who had played the mountebank.

"Though he did not visit his people much as a pastor, still he felt a deep interest in their spiritual welfare.

"I found him in his study, one day, seemingly very much depressed. In conversation in regard to the spirituality of the churches, he said, while the great tears coursed down his cheeks, 'I have been pastor here now

for twenty-two years. I see some who were in the strength of early manhood when I came, now coming into church with canes to steady them, their hair is turning gray and they are beginning to wear spectacles. I have been their spiritual teacher all this time, and they are yet unconverted. I know not how I can bear this load any longer.'

"Some of the probationers who, from one cause or another, were not received into the Methodist Church, joined Dr. Todd's church. Some weeks after, in conversation with him in his study, in company with other ministers, he said to me, speaking of the economy of our church, 'I am better pleased with it the more I study it. It has a wheel within a wheel, and you have something for every member to do. But there is one thing I do not like about it.' 'And what is that?' said I. 'Why, your system of probation. It is like having a back-door to all your churches, so that, as fast as you take them in at the front door, they slide out at the back.' 'Yes,' said I, 'Doctor, but we always manage to turn the back-door towards your church; so that, when we can make nothing of them we turn them over to you.'

"The custom in the Methodist church, during and before my pastorate in Pittsfield, was to have two sermons on the Sabbath, with an intermission, during which time the Sabbath-school was held, and then general prayer-meeting in the evening. During the second winter of my stay there a deep religious interest per-

vaded the church, and to some extent the community.

"I invited the Doctor to join me in Sabbath evening services at the Methodist Church and preach for me, which he very cheerfully did, for several Sabbath evenings. Contrary to his usual practice, he preached without manuscript, his notes being written in a small book, which he held in his hand most of the time while preaching. These sermons were masterpieces. The effect was wonderful. His own people told me they never heard such sermons from him before.

"He told me that when in Philadelphia, in the early part of his ministry, he practiced preaching in the morning from manuscript, and in the evening from notes. But, at the suggestion of a friend, he discontinued notes and used the manuscript altogether—a change he deeply regretted, as he had become so accustomed to thinking with his pen in his fingers that it had become indispensable to him.

"Dr. Todd was a voluminous writer, his published works numbering many volumes, besides his immense contributions to the newspaper press. He considered 'The Student's Manual' his greatest literary success. He told me that it sold, in the city of London alone, nine thousand copies. Though not a profound thinker, he was a philosopher, seizing upon useful, practical knowledge, and turning it to good account. He possessed a vivid imagination, which was carefully cultivated and held so completely under his control that, like the spirited horse, thoroughly broken to the rider's

hand, it seemed ready when called upon to do its master's bidding.

"He was a man of large knowledge, and a peculiarity of his knowledge was the perfect *method* with which it was stored. Method was one important secret of his success. He had to study hard to acquire knowledge, but when once acquired it was ever after ready for use.

"He says on this subject, in his book entitled, 'The Young Man,' the best book of the kind I am acquainted with, 'The man who has system will accomplish more by far, whatever may be his business, and he will do it with an ease and pleasure to himself which are astonishingly great. I very much doubt whether any man ever accomplished much, or can do any great things for himself or others, who is not systematical. With many this is thought to be an old-fashioned way of doing things; and of few acquisitions are young men apt to be so vain as to say that they can do a thing quick. The farmer can go over such a field so quick, and the mechanic can slip up a house so quick! I can only say that if any one who has this talent does a thing as it ought to be done, it is because it is accidental, or because he cannot, from the very nature of the business, do it otherwise than well. I can say, too, that when a man has acquired the power of great dispatch in business, he *may* have acquired a great misfortune. I would a thousand fold prefer to have the power of systematical and continuous labor. . . . When I hear that a man can plow an acre in a half-day, I know his harvest will be in

proportion; that a mechanic made such an article so quick, I am careful not to purchase that article. And when I hear a clergyman say he can write a whole sermon after dinner, I do not hesitate to tell him he ought to burn it before tea.'

"I had used his 'Index Rerum' for a number of years before my acquaintance with him, and sometimes feared that its use might tend to weaken the memory; but experience has confirmed what Dr. Todd said about it in reply to my question upon the subject, namely, that the memory holds the leading features of the facts indexed, while the 'Index' relieves the memory from the load that would be imposed in trying to retain book and page.

"Dr. Todd possessed great mechanical genius, and in its indulgence he found that relief so essential to students and men of letters, and which undoubtedly lengthened his life and perpetuated his mental vigor. I said, in an article in regard to his work-shop, published while the Doctor was yet living, 'To those of similar tastes, no museum in the land would afford so much pleasure and satisfaction as a peep into his laboratory and work-shop, which, by the way, is a privilege the profane world outside need not expect, how fondly soever they might desire it. That room is not for exhibition, but for the pleasure of its owner and the occasional delight of personal friends of kindred spirit.'

"His life was, in some respects, a model for all who

seek to attain unto eminence in knowledge and usefulness in the ministry, and to true honor among men.

"He has left behind him, in his published works, a monument that will not soon perish; and his memory, to those who enjoyed the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, will ever be a sweet fragrance, 'as ointment poured forth.' "

CHAPTER IX.

HE war spirit was very intense during my pastorate in Pittsfield, and regiments were going to and returning from the seat of war, and much was written of a more or less patriotic nature. Our regiments, as they returned from the war, with tattered banners, thinned ranks and scarred veterans, were tendered as hearty a reception as the warm-hearted citizens of western Massachusetts could give. The Forty-ninth regiment was a pet regiment, and on its return was warmly greeted, and I wrote the following poem, which was published in the newspapers at the time, and was afterwards published in the history of the regiment, entitled, "Life with the 49th Massachusetts Volunteers, by Henry T. Johns," and is found on pages 373 and 374.

IN MEMORIA.

The Fallen Brave of the Forty-Ninth.

Sleep, ye fallen, sweetly sleep,
Your work was nobly done;
Your names are written with the brave
Who fadeless laurels won.

Ye saw the vaunting foe advance,
With banners floating high—
Ye struck for freedom and the right,
Resolved to win or die.

Sleep, ye gallant fallen, sleep
Where winds your requiems sigh ;
Your memory lives in many a heart
And moistens many an eye.

No monuments of marble mark
Your places of repose ;
Ye sleep where southern violets bloom,
Or tangled sea-weed grows.

Sleep, ye sons of freedom, sleep
Where bugles never sound,
Nor clash of steel nor cannon's boom
Disturb your rest profound.

The glorious flag of fadeless hues,
'Neath which ye fought and fell,
Shall ever proudly wave on high
And of your valor tell.

The Church was favored with two gracious revivals during my pastorate there, in which many of the young people of the Sunday school and congregation were converted, the most of them uniting with the Church in full membership. Many of them have become prominent and influential members. The Troy Praying Band, under the leadership of Joseph Hillman, rendered us good service.

I was hard pressed financially during the two years I was there, owing to the fact that my claim was estimated at \$700 for the first year and \$725 for the second year, and I was obliged to keep a horse and we had to employ a girl in the house.

From Pittsfield I went to Cohoes, New York. This

is a manufacturing city on the Mohawk River, near its confluence with the Hudson. It was growing rapidly at the time of our appointment there, and has grown very rapidly since.

There was but one Methodist church there at that time, and the church edifice was new, beautiful and commodious. The congregations and Sabbath school were very large, and the spirituality of the church was deep and ardent. We had an able board, with good true men to look after the interests of the church. I had for presiding elder on this charge Rev. Samuel Merridith, an able preacher, a warm friend, and a Christian gentleman in every particular.

My relations with this church were of a pleasant character. Pastoral labor here was attended with more difficulty than in any other place I ever labored, owing to the fact that most of the people were employed in the mills, in one capacity or another, so that they could not be seen at their homes during working hours, and in the evening, in the summer, they were generally abroad upon the street. Many of them were boarders, and the ladies could be seen only in their private rooms, and, consequently, my pastoral labors were greatly hindered. However, I became very intimately acquainted with many of the families of the church, whose society I greatly enjoyed, and whose memory I still cherish. I felt, while here, the loss of communion with Nature, such as I had enjoyed at Pittsfield and elsewhere. There was no mountain scenery here to inspire the soul with

sentiments of the sublime. There were no deep, dark, old forests, into which one might rush from the busy cares of life and lose himself in holy meditation. But the clank of the cotton loom was forever on the air, and wearied, at times, my very soul. I longed to be where all was still as the hush of the sepulchre. Having some spare time, and not feeling inclined to devote it to literature, I took up the study of the French language under a competent teacher, who gave me lessons at my house. I enjoyed the study of the language, and regretted when extra duties compelled me to lay it aside.

During my year at Cohoes the legislature of the State of New York granted a charter for the establishment of Egbert Institute, a school for boys. A Mr. Egbert, a bachelor, and possessed of great wealth, donated a large brick building and a considerable sum of money for such an institution. The charter provided that it should be for boys only, and that the pastors of the four churches—Dutch Reformed, Methodist, Episcopalian and Baptist—should be the trustees. The institute was organized, and we set ourselves to make it a success. Rev. Mr. Brown (now Bishop Brown, of the Fond du Lac Diocese,) was then rector of the Episcopal Church, and Rev. Mr. Waldron of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Baptists, I believe, had no settled pastor, and, accordingly, the chief responsibility of the management of the business fell on the pastors of the other three churches. After running the school for a while, we became satisfied that it could not be made a success as a

school exclusively for boys, and accordingly we persuaded the old gentleman, its founder, to consent to such an alteration of its charter as to allow the attendance of girls. After a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together, we got the girls in, and the success of the school was at once insured. What its present condition is I am unable to say.

There was a debt on the church, and one mortgage of \$1,200 came due while I was there, and we raised the amount on one Sabbath, and took up the mortgage.

We had a good revival during the year and quite a large number were added to the church.

On my way to conference, Dr. William Giffin, Presiding Elder of Troy District, told me that a new man would be needed at the North Second Street Church, Troy, as Dr. E. Wentworth had served three years and could remain no longer; and that he should have me there the next year, if he could. I was not desirous of leaving Cohoes, at the end of my first year, and especially as there was a unanimous request from the official board for my retention. However, I did not seriously object, as North Second Street was regarded as the first church in the conference. I was accordingly appointed there, and on my return to Cohoes found the church in a state of intense excitement. The board met and were about passing resolutions not to receive my successor, and were about sending a delegation after the Bishop, to see if a change could not be effected, whereby I could be retained at Cohoes. I counseled moderation and

submission to the constituted authorities, and when the new pastor arrived I accompanied him to call on the people and introduced him as far as possible, and the excitement subsided.

The news of Lincoln's assassination reached us on the morning of my return from conference. I reached my new field of labor before the day appointed for his memorial services, and the first duty I performed, of a public character, in Troy, was the preaching of a Lincoln memorial sermon. "A Tribute of Respect by the Citizens of Troy, to the Memory of Abraham Lincoln," was published, in book form, being an octavo of 334 pages. It contains my sermon, which is as follows:

"SERMON PREACHED AT THE NORTH SECOND STREET
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY REV. J. WESLEY GARHART, D. D.

"Trust in Him at all times, ye people; pour out your heart before Him; God is a refuge for us.—Psalm Lxii, 8.

"Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, did the heart of any nation throb with such sorrow as does ours to-day. We have suffered great national bereavements before, in the death of Washington, Lafayette and others of less distinction; but these sorrows were under other and less aggravating circumstances. Then peace smiled on all the land. The great life-work of Washington and Lafayette seemed to be done. They went to the garner of the Lord, like the shock of corn fully ripe and ready for its master's use. They were permitted to die peace-

fully, surrounded by kindred and friends to soothe and comfort.

"Not so with the martyr, Abraham Lincoln. In the midst of years and usefulness he was struck by the hand of a cowardly assassin, one who dared not meet him face to face. Severer is the wound, since hearts were already bleeding over loved and lost ones, in every city, village and town throughout the land.

"We mourn to-day, not merely the chief magistrate of the nation, but each feels that he has lost a personal friend.

"It would seem as though in every house there was one dead. Abraham Lincoln was enshrined in the hearts of this great people as no other man ever was. Even his political enemies, how bitter soever they may have been, feel that a great and good man has fallen, and they hasten to pay that tribute to his memory which they feel his noble qualities merited, and are found mingling with the weeping multitudes everywhere. Tear-drops glisten in the eyes of the little children, as they reverently speak his name.

"Our sorrow is intensified by the peculiar combination of circumstances attending it. Four years ago, rebellion fired its first gun on Fort Sumpter. That gun echoed and re-echoed throughout the land. It was heard in every valley and was returned with added thunder from every hill-side, until the sons of freedom poured, in almost endless columns, from New England, from the Empire State, and from the boundless prairies of the

West, to avenge the insult offered to our flag, and to protect the altars of liberty. Never before did the world witness such an uprising of a great people. The strife raged longer, louder and more bloody, until the gory folds of war hung over all our hearts. It was war in fearful earnest.

“ 'Twas war, war, war, with blood and woe;
Widows in tears, and children without sires;
Uncounted, tramping hosts—a ceaseless flow;
Hearts burnt to dross by sorrow's quenchless fires—
Brothers erecting brothers' funeral pyres,
And lovers weeping o'er some portrait fair
That tells of one whose noble heart aspires
The victor's joy to know, his palm to bear,
And on his honored brow the crown of conqueror wear.

“At length, victory great and glorious, blesses our arms. The dawn of peace paints the eastern sky. There are rifts in the cloud of war. The sound of battle recedes. The air grows less sulphureous, and on every breeze is borne the victorious shout of freemen. Sutherland is again ours. Four years from the day it fell, the same old flag, so gallantly defended by Major Anderson and his brave band, is again thrown to the breeze of heaven about those battered ramparts, and the joyous acclamations of a delivered people. On the same day, when our hopes were so high and our joy so unbounded, the arrow enters our hearts again. The heaviest sorrow of the whole war falls upon us.

“What extremes sometimes meet in our experiences here? What contrasts sometimes appear in the his-

tory of individuals, and of nations? The news flashed on the lightning's wing to every home and every heart —'The President is assassinated.' The whole nation bows itself in sorrow, and is draped in mourning. Never was a nation's grief sincerer! Never was such a spectacle, on such a scale, witnessed before!

"Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. At an early age he removed with his father's family to Spencer County, Indiana, where, for ten years, he labored on his father's farm. His educational advantages were limited, he having attended school, in all, only about a year.

"On the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, in 1832, he enlisted as a private, and was elected captain of a volunteer company. This event, he said, gave him more satisfaction than any other success of his life.

"Such was his character for honesty, sobriety and intelligence, that he was soon called upon to hold important civil trusts. In such high esteem was he held by his countrymen, that, in 1846, he was elected a representative in congress, and took his seat on the first Monday of December, 1847. On May 16, 1860, the Republican National Convention met at Chicago, and on motion of the chairman of the New York delegation, the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, for the presidency of the United States, was made unanimous, and in November following he was elected by a large majority.

"He came to the presidential chair amid the threatenings of war and the greatest uncertainty as to who were

the friends or the foes of the republic. With his administration of righteousness and wisdom during those four terrible years we are familiar. Never before were such responsibilities imposed upon the chief magistrate of a nation. Never before were they met so manfully and discharged with such fidelity.

"With child-like trust in God, he was divinely led. Sustained by the prayers of a great people, he was made, under God, the benefactor of his race. Millions of freed men rise up to call him blessed. As the ages roll on, his name will brighten. His was a mind of superior power; his a character of beautiful symmetry. The circumstances under which he was reared, as well as the natural disposition of his heart, made him pre-eminently one of the people. He thought as the people thought, felt as the people felt, and was, in the noblest sense, our brother.

"The elevation of such a one from the humbler walks of life to the highest position in the gift of the people, shows the genius of our American institutions. Without material wealth, or family renown, without liberal advantages for learning, without literary attainments to distinguish him, enured to toil and hardship, he rose above his fellows by virtue of superior natural endowments of mind and heart. It is the glory of American institutions that they open the way to greatness and renown to all, however humble. 'All men are created equal,' shall be our motto forever. In what other land and nation could the elevation of one in such humble circumstances to such a position, have occurred? Trees

of such luxuriant growth and maturity are indigenous to no soil but ours.

"His was a noble and generous nature. He was true to the interests of his country, yet forgiving towards her foes. He was strict in his administration of justice, with no spirit of revenge to gratify. He shrank from war with all the tenderness of a maiden, and yet, when all other hearts faltered and grew faint, his was undaunted. When others were desponding, he was hopeful.

"He adopted no policy of his own, but with his finger on the popular pulse, he watched the sentiment of the nation, knowing that the evil would be as great to be in advance of his times as to be behind. He kept pace with the times, and was governed by the sentiment of the people, taking as his motto, "*Vox populi, vox dei.*" There were times when we thought him too slow and too lenient. But greater haste and severity might have ruined the nation. History will undoubtedly record, and indeed has already begun to do so; that his was the course of wisdom. His acts, as the chief magistrate of the nation, must live forever. Some of them—the crowning acts of his administration—are engrossed on the imperishable records of eternity. That act, whereby four millions of human beings were freed from bondage, is without a parallel in the history of sovereigns. The proclamation of freedom was like the angel in mid-heaven, crying. 'Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people!'

"Intensely interesting has it been to watch the onward

march of sentiment with reference to the sin and curse of human slavery. The strife was long and hard, but at length culminated, when God came in might to the rescue. It seemed that although atonement had already been made for individual sins, there could be no wiping out of our great national transgression without a further shedding of blood.

"The immortal utterance of President Lincoln upon this subject in his late inaugural, brought the grateful applause of the good and the scoffs of the vile and unappreciative. He said, 'Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh. If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both north and south the terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so it still must be said that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous, altogether.'

"It took a long time for the people to come up to that position where they could, without hesitancy, say, 'Let slavery perish, but save the nation.' When the people said *that*, Abraham Lincoln said, 'Open the prison doors and let the captives go free!' And the millions went forth, and the tramp of freedom's hosts will resound throughout the coming ages.

"One such act in the life of any man is enough for human greatness.

"The world had scarcely yet come to regard Abraham Lincoln as among the truly great men of the earth, when the murderer's hand hurled him to the grave.

"Now, as seen in contrast with the renowned of the world, he outshines them all, and yet it can with truth be said of him, he was only great as he was good.

"We wonder at the strange providence of God, that allowed such an event to occur at this time and under these circumstances; and well may we, for his providences are profoundly mysterious. We know nothing of God's processes in providence, nature or grace.

"The dew-drop that hangs in the bell of a flower, no less than the majestic mountain that rears its head above the clouds, or the mighty planet that whirls in space, is a world of wonder.

"Man is lost equally in the contemplation of the earth-worm or of himself.

"So in grace 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth, so is every one that is

born of the Spirit.' 'Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness.'

"We need not, then, expect to understand the purposes of Jehovah when friends sicken and die, when the most prominent and useful are cut off in the bloom and vigor of their manhood, and the pauper, the inebriate, the felon are spared to be a burden—a curse to society.

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

"There is one point connected with this subject upon which we would be especially guarded, and which we would impress upon all your hearts, and that is, God did not ordain this assassination. He did not, strictly speaking, permit, but *suffered* it. To say that he ordained it, is to say that the murderer committed no sin against God and no crime against humanity. To say that God permitted it, is to say that he sanctioned it. He suffered it. He does not see fit to prevent all that He may hate. With reference to many things, He doubtless sees it more to his glory to suffer them to be so than to interfere, and, by Almighty power, prevent them, and, consequently, He says of them, 'Suffer it to be so now.' So, when the hellish work of conspiracy against the President's life was going on, He said, 'Suffer it to be so now.' And when the cowardly assassin, bent on the accomplishment of his fiendish purpose, entered that private box and aimed the deadly weapon

at the head of the President, God said, ‘Suffer it to be so now,’ and it was done—the fearful deed was done!

“Abraham Lincoln’s mission to this people *may* have been at an end. His death may serve the purpose of God with reference to the nation better than his life. Not that his life was unimportant, but it may be that we had come to depend too much on him, and God suffered him to be taken away, to show us that the salvation of the nation was in His hands, and safe; that He can carry on His work though His workmen fall.

“Leniency to traitors was once necessary and unavoidable, to a great extent. And although mercy should be shown by the government to the mass of those in arms against us, yet the time has come when the leaders in the rebellion must be punished. Of them it may be said, ‘Mercy to the individual, would be cruelty to the state.’ Leniency to such would prove the curse of the country. We have not yet begun to punish treason. We scarcely appreciate the nature of the crime.

“All through the North as well as the South are men unpunished, who have not only expressed sympathy with traitors, but have rendered them aid and comfort. God deals with rebels in a sterner way. Every account in the Bible of His dealings with rebels, prove this. It is God’s purpose that treason against this government shall be punished. President Lincoln’s position of leniency seemed to be a necessity from which he could not well recede. He was suffered to be removed from that position, by means the best calculated to excite,

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not a spirit of revenge, but a desire and determination on the part of the people that the penalty of the law should be inflicted. Now justice can be measured out. I pray that it may be. The psalmist prays with reference to his enemies. 'Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell.' His enemies were incorrigible. He saw no chance for repentance, and that, in view of the mischief they were working, hell and the grave were the fittest places for them. Is there not an analogy between his enemies and ours?

"Let treason go unpunished, let the leaders be scattered, and these branches of the deadly Upas will strike themselves into the soil, become rooted, and again bring forth their hellish fruit.

"Andrew Johnson is President. Our duty is more plain. 'Trust in God at all times.' Such confidence will have the effect to calm our hearts and quiet our fears, to revive hope, to inspire confidence in our cause, and to insure the blessing of Heaven. It will nerve the national heart for nobler achievements, and, if need be, for deeper sorrow and intenser suffering and further sacrifice.

"We have trusted too much in men and generals, in numbers and skill. We have, to a great extent, ignored God. Let us now acknowledge Him. Our privilege is to pour out our hearts before Him. We are not merely to pray to Him, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but to wrestle with Him. Did you ever go to God with any great desire? Did you feel that that desire was all-

absorbing and uppermost in your heart? Did you feel that the granting of your request was in accordance with the will of God, and that you could not be denied? Did you allow no object to intervene between you and your God? Then you know what it is to wrestle with God. In like manner go to Him now. Pour out your heart before Him in behalf of the interests of this nation. God has already heard our prayer, and has averted many a sorrow that would otherwise have come upon us. He hath spared the nation for the righteous' sake.

"Let those who have vilified the President and cursed the government, go before their Maker and repent as in dust and ashes at His feet, if haply they may find Him, and be forgiven."

CHAPTER X.

HE church edifice at North Second Street was beautiful and convenient—was out of debt, and there was a large amount of wealth represented in the Church, and the board was made up of able men for the most part. The congregation and Sabbath school were large, and the spiritual interests of the Church, for the most part, prosperous. Every interest of the Society was faithfully cared for, and all went on harmoniously and grandly.. The three years I spent there as pastor were, in the main, years of pleasant satisfaction.

The pastoral labor required in this charge was very great, taxing one's time and energies to the utmost. In view of my large acquaintance, and the size and character of the Church I served, the outside calls were very great. There was no rest, week-day nor Sabbath. I endeavored to meet all these demands upon me—fill my pulpit creditably, and still have some time to devote to literary pursuits.

During my pastorate here—the first year—I revised and rewrote my work entitled, "Poets and Poetry of the Hebrews," which I had previously written, at least for the most part, and had delivered the chapters in the form of Sabbath evening lectures. The book was pub-

lished by Sheldons, New York, 1865. My great labors overtaxed me and brought on a brain difficulty, from which I suffered severely for several years, and from which I have never fully recovered.

"Poets and Poetry of the Hebrews" was more kindly received than I had any reason to expect, and met with a fair sale. The press commendations were numerous and abundant, one or two only of which we will give. The following is from the Troy Daily Whig:

"THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE HEBREWS."

This book is written by J. Wesley Carhart, D. D., a clergyman of Troy, who is at once a scholar and an inventor, a poet and mechanic, learned and ingenious. The subject is one that, considering that the Bible is the treasury from which every preacher in the country drains a text for one or two sermons every week, would seem to be common and trite. And yet we have no doubt that the perusal of the author's eloquent pages will, to the minds of most readers, disclose beauties of composition that they had never before seen in the Holy Book. By some, the Bible is regarded as a task, by some as a duty, by few with a critical study, and how many ever stop in the dry details of parts of Exodus and Numbers, and Leviticus, to dwell on some of the noblest poetry that ever fell from the lips of genius.

Dr. Carhart has sought to call public attention to the Bible, or the Old Testament, especially, as a book of Poetry. It is not in the Psalms alone that we find poetry.

After the Jews had escaped through the Red Sea on dry land, and Pharaoh and all his hosts had been drowned, Moses composed a grand song of triumph, which was sung by the people to the accompaniment of the timbrel. This song is sung in all our churches, in the fine paraphrase of Moore, but it is inferior in expression to the sublime strains of the prose translation. Moses was also the author of two of the Psalms. The song that he composed, after the overthrow of Og, king of Basham, is equal in majesty to any of the war-lyrics of the Grecian Pindar. The Prophets were all poets, as well as preachers, for the word Prophet, as used in Scripture, does not

mean one who foretells future events. Among them all Isaiah ranks first in the sublimity of his strains, and next Ezekiel, whose visions are the source from which Milton drew most of his inspiration.

The book of Job is strictly a poem, and critics and commentators have not agreed whether it shall be classed as an epic or a dramatic poem. It cannot be brought within the canons of criticism. It was probably written before Homer wrote the Iliad and is the oldest poem extant. Dr. Carhart is decidedly of the opinion that the book is not a fiction nor an allegory, but a poetical relation of the experience of a man. The author is unknown, and it is now supposed that it was first written in Arabic and then translated into Hebrew.

The book of Psalms is peculiarly Hebrew. No other nation of antiquity has anything like it. The hymns to Jupiter, by Calimachas, and some of the addresses to the gods by other poets, are in a high strain, but no language contains such noble ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving to the Deity as were written by David and other writers, to be sung in the Jewish synagogues. In our various translations and paraphrases, they still form part of the sacred Sabbath services in every Christian congregation.

We did not intend to write a critique on Hebrew poetry ourselves, but merely to notice Dr. Carhart's book. Our readers will find it a brilliant and appreciative treatise on the subject, by a man whose religious enthusiasm has been roused and exalted by his theme. It is a scholarly book. It will point out to the common reader beauties in the Bible that will give it interest as a literary work, in addition to its sacred character. It is remarkable that a people like the Jews, whose sacred writers have given the world the Bible, have not produced any other literary work to illustrate their history or character previous to the Christian era.

This work is published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

We give one more short notice of the book from *The New York Christian Advocate*.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE HEBREWS.

By J. Wesley Carhart, D. D. 12 mo., pp. 195, New York: Sheldon & Co.

This is a book of a class that will never get out of fashion, being made up of *studies* from the Holy Scriptures, adapted to popular instruction. It

is divided into ten chapters or discourses, each occupying an appropriate portion of the poetical parts of the Bible. The work is learned without display, critical but not skeptical, and appreciative without being fanciful. It is highly readable and can scarcely be read without profit. The publishers' part of the work is finely executed.

One of the greenest spots in my pastorate in Troy was the old ladies' class, which met at "Mother" Cannon's, on Wednesday afternoon. Mother Cannon was nominally leader, but she expected the pastor to take charge of the meeting. A number of elderly ladies met there and spent an hour in prayer and holy conversation and cheerful Christian song. Some were in comfortable circumstances, as to the things of this world, others were some times in want, and all had seen more or less of affliction, had passed the ambitious period of life and were beyond the spirit of show and worldliness and were spending their sunset hours in quiet godliness. I there learned many a lesson of patient trust in God, of hopeful resignation to the divine will, and became impressed with the vanity of earthly good. On returning from that meeting one day, I wrote the following poem, which was suggested by a remark of one of the "Mothers in Israel":

THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor., iv. 17.

Our light afflictions, which a moment last,
Oft bring the joys of future glory down;
They promise give of life, when time is past,
They bid us wait—the cross before the crown.

O'er quiet seas we sail not to our rest;
The skies above us oft with tempests frown,
Yet they who suffer with their Lord are blest;
He bore the cross before he wore the crown.

What though the rough winds shake thy fragile bark,
And many waters threaten thee to drown,
God speaks to thee in voice of mercy—hark!
Trust thou in him—the cross before the crown.

This little poem, of which I thought nothing at the time, was published in *The Advocate and Guardian*, the organ of the Old Ladies' Home, New York, and afterwards appeared in numerous publications, and finally obtained an honored and permanant place in a volume of poetry entitled "Cheering Words for the Master's Workers," published by Anson D. F. Randolph & Company, New York.

My pastorate in Troy embraced the year 1866, the centenary of American Methodism. Centenary services were held in the North Second Street Church, at which Bishop Janes, C. D. Foss, now Bishop Foss, and several other distinguished persons were present and spoke. I preached a centenary sermon to my own congregation, and wrote a centenary hymn, to be sung on the occasion, to the tune Zion. It was afterwards called for, being sung on various occasions, during centenary year, at various places. It was sung, by a chorus choir, at Cooper Institute, New York, on that memorable night when six hundred thousand dollars was subscribed for the enterprises of the church. We give the hymn as originally written:

CENTENARY HYMN.

Tune—“Zion.”

A hundred years!—O God we bless Thee
For the riches of Thy grace;
Deep the love and great the mercy
Flowing still to all our race;
We will praise Thee
For this hundred years of grace.

A hundred years hast Thou upheld us,
With the strength of Thy right hand;
A hundred years hast thou preserved us—
Still our Zion’s bulwarks stand;
God is with us—
God, who all our greatness planned.

A hundred years have borne us forward,
O’er time’s swiftly rolling tide;
Still we’re moving, moving seaward,
With our canvas spreading wide,
Toward the city
Of our God, beyond the tide.

A hundred years of toil and weeping,
Here at length their fruitage bring;
Millions now that rest are reaping
Of which oft on earth we sing—
Rest in heaven,
Where no heart is sorrowing.

A hundred years—Saints borne to glory,
From the cares and woes of time,
There to worship and adore Thee,
In seraphic strains sublime;
Pain and sorrow
Ne’er becloud that glorious clime.

I always had an irrepressible passion for mechanics, and during my stay in Troy I accidentally invented, and subsequently perfected, an invention in the form of an oscillating valve for steam engines, which I patented and out of which I made a few thousand dollars. But, like most Methodist preachers, I had no great acquaintance with business matters, and I was induced by sharper men than I was to invest what I had in unproductive property, which, in the course of its development, called for more money, and still more, which, together with my disposition to assist friends, brought me into business relations and complications, which afterwards resulted unpleasantly.

However, the experience was not wholly lost, for I acquired a business experience which has been of service to me.

It is a lamentable fact that Methodist preachers, as a rule, have neither business knowledge nor tact. Their calling seems to unfit them, to a large extent, for business life, and, for this reason, they almost invariably fail when, on account of health, age, or for any other reason, they turn aside to business pursuits. Most of them have no idea of the laws of trade, or of the necessity of equivalents for purposes of credit, or of the necessity of promptness and fidelity in meeting obligations. Hence they often suffer reproach and are blameworthy, and they are frequently found unfit to sit as jurors or committee men, to try their brethren, where matters of business are involved. Many of them do not know the

difference between a bank check and a draft. I know this will be regarded as somewhat severe, and it will be objected that no other class of men could live as respectably on as small incomes and be generally as free from debt. But I would remind the reader that the economy which borders on starvation, practiced by many of our preachers, of necessity, does not prove business acquaintance or ability. Starvation is one thing, the management of business is quite another.

Mr. Wesley was a man of one book and of one work, and yet he was a voluminous author, on a great variety of subjects, as well as publisher. He did not deem it unbecoming to do whatever seemed to be duty. Many of our bishops have been and are men of large wealth, which they have acquired, in the main, by fortunate or wise investments. The spirit of speculation of the age, however, is dangerous. Many a Christian minister has embarked in speculation, and although for a time prosperity may have smiled, the end has generally been disastrous. We would advise ministers of the Gospel, as a rule, to avoid speculation, whatever may be the proffered inducements.

At the end of our three years' term at North Second Street, Troy, we were appointed to Mechanicville, Saratoga County, New York. This, in view of our over-worked condition, and the burdens of heavy churches so long upon us, was a grateful change. Mechanicville is a beautiful little village, on the west bank of the Hudson River, about twelve miles north of Troy. The

inhabitants are for the most part intelligent and moral, and churches were prosperous. The church had no parsonage here, and as there was for sale a pleasant property near the church, the officials of the church urged us to purchase it, agreeing to buy off from it a lot immediately in front of the church, for which they offered a thousand dollars. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Mary Mumford, purchased the property and made it our home for three years. Soon after purchasing the property she executed a deed to the Church for the lot they wanted and voted to buy; but the deed was never taken, some parties in another section of the village desiring to have the church moved to their locality. The investment was larger than we intended to carry and proved unprofitable. My health grew worse, rather than better, the affection in my head being aggravated by constant study and care. At length I was unable to rely on my memory for the outlines of my sermons in the pulpit, and at the end of my second year at Mechanicville I took the appointment, from Bishop Ames, of agent of the State Temperance Society. This gave me considerable travel, without much study, and entire freedom from pastoral care. I improved rapidly in health during that year, but found that the Temperance Society was a moneyless institution, which expected me to work for nothing, take collections at my lectures and forward to them to pay their salaried secretary. I enjoyed the temperance work, and had the satisfaction of feeling that, although my work was unrewarded as to moneyed compensation, I

accomplished something for the cause of humanity and the glory of the Master.-

The Round Lake Camp-Meeting Association was organized during my pastorate at Mechanicsville, and I subscribed for about the first share of stock, of one hundred dollars, taken in the concern. I attended several camp-meetings there, among them the first national meeting for the promotion of holiness ever held there, and saw the grounds assume shape and proportions, which even the projectors of the enterprise had scarcely anticipated. My health being measurably restored during my year in the temperance work, in the spring of 1871 I was appointed to Waterford, in the same county, and only about three miles north of Troy. This is an old town, and Methodism was planted here at an early day. The society was not large but prosperous, and my congregations soon filled the house, almost to overflowing. A new and splendid pipe organ was put into the church soon after I went there; the parsonage was improved, and all the interests of the church were prosperous. Our stay in Waterford, though brief, will ever be remembered as among the bright spots of our ministry.

Through the courtesy of Levi Dodge, Esq., I was favored, this year, with a visit to Washington. We visited all the historic spots and points of interest in and about the city, and although our stay there was brief, it was brim full of interest and information.

In the autumn of this year I was officially invited to

transfer to the Wisconsin Conference. A serious thought of transfer to another conference had never entered my mind. I concluded that the invitation might be providential and, after prayer and careful consideration for some days, I concluded to accept the transfer, and at once set about disposing my affairs to enable me to make the change. Obtaining consent of my presiding elder, Brother Watson, I announced my purpose to my official board, and in a few weeks we were sold out, as to house-hold effects, etc., packed up and ready for the journey to our new home and field of labor. The Wisconsin Conference had held its session in Spring Street Church, Milwaukee, and I was informed by telegram that I was appointed to Racine. A little time was taken to bid our numerous friends and family relatives farewell. All seemed anxious to render us some assistance, and the tokens of friendship and affectionate regard were numerous.

On the 8th day of November, 1871, we left Cohoes, New York, by train to Schenectady, where we changed cars and took the New York Central for Niagara Falls. The conductor of the palace car being a personal friend, we were assigned a state room and all the conveniences of a drawing room.

The weather was delightful, nature was enwrapped in a soft, golden haze, the foliage of the forests had assumed its richest tints, and mountain and valley assumed a restful air, that characterizes the aged Christian when, his life-work done, he sweetly contemplates the coming

joys of another and a better life. The full glory of an American Indian summer lay upon us, when it seemed as though nature was loth to part with the splendors of the yellow harvest days, and called them back to take one parting kiss.

I had my family all with me, and we were starting out on a new departure and were, in some sense, beginning life anew. The field before us was unknown and untried, its trials and its triumphs could only be anticipated but in part; and yet, we felt that the change was in the order of providence and that God would own and bless our honest efforts to glorify Him.

We met with no mishap on our journey, were subject to no special annoyance, and the journey was rest, recreation, inspiration and a continued delight. We stopped over a day at Detroit, hired a carriage, and were driven to all the points of interest in and about that beautiful city. Chicago was in ruins when we reached there, the fire having occurred but a short time before. In many places smoke was still ascending, and, to our disgust, the first shanties erected were beer shops. On our way from Chicago to Racine, the autumn rains set in, with considerable violence, and the weather became much colder, and we noticed a very marked change in the condition of the atmosphere, owing to the effect of Lake Michigan.

We were in communication, by telegraph, with the officials at Racine, and were kindly met by two or three of the brethren at the depot, and were whisked away to

the hospitable home of Brother John F. Goold, where we were kindly entertained until the arrival of our goods, which were blockaded in Chicago by the immense accumulation of freight after the fire.

Winter set in unusually early that season and it became intensely cold in November, and before we were entirely settled.

CHAPTER XI.

NO spot in Wisconsin would have pleased us better than Racine. The city is beautiful for situation—on high bluffs, jutting out into the lake—the streets are, for the most part, broad and beautifully shaded, and most of the architecture was elegant and substantial, whilst the people are generally intelligent, kind-hearted, and seem to possess many of the traits of the New Englander, and the breadth and enterprise of the West.

The church was new, having been just completed, and its design was a gem of architectural beauty. The finish was inferior, in some respects, and the burden of debt was enormous, and there were bitter complaints on either hand, and on every side, in regard to its former administration, which some characterized as careless, and others as criminal. We took a charitable view of the case, however, and defended the administration so far as we could, in conscience, knowing that few pastors come out of a church building enterprise unscathed.

Our congregations soon grew to splendid proportions—the Sunday-school became large and prosperous, and the spirituality of the church steadily improved until a gracious revival developed and a large number of souls were converted and added to the church. It was a gracious work and God was in it.

I found the stewards' finances in an unfortunate state of deficiency, there being an arrearage or indebtedness of about six hundred dollars, from the preceding pastoral term.

As soon as possible, I introduced the envelope system, which had its origin in North Second Street Church, Troy, during the second year of my pastorate there, and which has since become familiar throughout the whole church, and is recognized as the best system of church finance yet devised.

I very soon became actively engaged in the temperance work at Racine, and the cause was pushed with great vigor and success. Temperance meetings were frequently held in Belle City Hall, on Sabbath evening, participated in by all the churches, and immense audiences there convened and much enthusiasm was awakened.

A society was organized for the prosecution of rum-sellers, and I was made chairman. We prosecuted several, under what was known as the Graham law, and among them was the leading druggist in town. He was convicted, and the case was appealed to the Supreme Court, and the judgment of the lower court was sustained. Judge Cole wrote the opinion, an opinion which is worthy to be read by all temperance workers in the land. The ardor of the Sons of Temperance was reviving in the State, and I was elected Grand Worthy Patriarch, and held that office for one year. I was frequently called upon to lecture, in different parts of the

State, and I thereby formed acquaintance with the leading temperance workers of the state.

The presence of Lake Michigan, such a vast sheet of water, apparently as boundless as the ocean, was a source of unfailing interest and of constant inspiration. Sitting on its bank one day, I wrote the following Song:

THE SOUNDING SEA.

I sit by the side of the sounding sea,
Whose billows are lashing the shore,
And I hear the voice of their maker—God,
In the deep and awful roar.
Day after day and year by year
The surges come and go ;
And the white-caps dance o'er the foaming deep
Like drifting heaps of snow.

The moonlight streaks the crystal waves
And the stars shine dim and cold ;
But the sea heeds not the glimmering lights—
The sea and the stars are old ;
They are old as the years of ancient time ;
And the lull and the light are one ;
They are twin-born sons of ancient days,
And their destinies parallel run

But hush—for the Sabbath day dawns afar,
And her golden gates are wide ;
And floods of heavenly radiance gild
The deep sea's sounding tide.

There's a song on the lip and a song in the soul,
As heaven's sweet minstrelsy
Is blent with the lofty peans of praise
That swell from the sounding sea.

Then clap your hands, ye rolling floods,
And swell your praises high ;
Your notes shall thrill the souls of men
And echo through the sky

A very bitter hostility was engendered by my work in the temperance cause, and those in the interests of rum sought to injure me in various ways. A very thin method adopted was to drop a bill on the sidewalk, against me and in favor of a liquor house in town. The bill was for two gallons of port wine at two dollars a gallon. This bill was picked up by some school children and handed to a lady, a member of the Church. She could not keep the secret alone, and called on several other sisters to help her. It soon reached me that this good sister was circulating the bill. I called upon her, in company with a brother, and asked to see the bill. She told me she did not believe I had bought any port wine, and that this was done purposely to injure me, and that she only showed it to let the sisters know that she did not believe it was a genuine bill. I gave her a little good advice and left her weeping, tears of penitence, I presume, recollecting that the disposition exhibited on this occasion was only what is practiced in a thousand other instances.

In the autumn of 1872, and a few weeks before the session of the conference, I was taken sick with fever, and was confined to my bed six weeks and to my room eight weeks, and so was unable to attend the session of the conference. It was a long time before I was fully restored to my usual health and strength. The greatest sorrow of our lives came to us during the second year at Racine, in the death of our youngest child, a babe of three months. Though a small bud, its plucking wounded us sorely, and the grief lay heavy and long upon us.

We were far from our relatives and the burial-place of kindred, and we were at a loss, for a time, to know where to deposit the precious remains. Brother Goold, however, kindly offered us a place in their family lot in the cemetery. We accepted his kind offer, and our treasure lies under the rose bush, where the waves of Lake Michigan forever lash the shore.

The pastors of the several churches of the city maintained a preachers' meeting during the three years I was there, and our associations were of the most agreeable character. At the close of my three years' term, and as I was about to leave for a new field of labor, the association passed the following resolutions:

RACINE, Wis., Nov. 10, 1874.

REV J. W. CARHART:

Dear Brother—At a regular meeting of the Ministerial Association at Racine, the following resolution was adopted and a copy ordered to be transmuted to you:

Resolved, In view of the departure of Brother J. W. Carhart to another field of labor, this Ministerial Association express their kindest feelings of regard towards him as a brother in the Christian ministry and an efficient laborer in all departments of humanitarian work; and we pray the Great Head of the Church to go with him and abide in him, and be propitious unto him and all his family in all their future.

I am yours fraternally,

T. P. SAWIN,
Secretary Ministerial Association.

The Woman's Temperance Union transmitted to me the following flattering testimonial:

RACINE, Wis., 1874.

MR. CARHART:

Sir—By action of the "Woman's Temperance Union," at its last session, a special vote of thanks was unanimously carried, tendering you the grati-

... - spoke, and in the n
ters, who, while shrinking from the orde
ones, the women of the Temperance Ur
thank you.

Per order

**At the close of my three ye
ence session was held at Osh
Foster, at the conference, ap
church of that city.**

**At that conference the Bis
Randolph pastor of Algoma St**

**It was, of course, understoo
connected with the First Churc
to that Church. But before the
suggested, the Quarterly Conf
and a board of trustees elected
First Church still held the title
at Algoma Street and the insura
ing. I suggested to Brother]
of a proper transfer of member
First Church who**





FIRST M. E. CHURCH, OSHKOSH, WIS.

ing room for them in the house, and I was assured that on some Sabbath evenings as many went away, unable to gain admittance, as got into the house. The ceiling was not high, the audience-room not properly ventilated, and the air was so oppressive at times as to seriously affect my health. The question of a new church began to be agitated, and various suggestions were advanced. Dr. Goe said that, without a new church and better accomodations for the people, "the grave of Methodism in Oshkosh was dug, and the only question was, whether the corpse was ready for the burial."

At about that time it was learned that the Wagner Opera House was for sale. This was a large brick building, on the corner of Main and Merritt streets, being one hundred and twenty feet deep, sixty feet front and fifty feet high. It was arranged for three stores on the first floor, with living rooms for a family in the rear. The walls were up—the floor timbers in and the roof partly on, at this time, and the family rooms were plastered. The plan for the auditorium, with slight modifications, would render it admirably adapted to church purposes, whilst the "green room" could be converted into a lecture room, and further changes would allow of pastor's study, choir room and five class-rooms, besides infant school room. It was well located, in the central portion of the town, and was well built and withal, a fine looking building. It was found that it could be bought for twenty thousand dollars. We had on hand the old church property, consisting of church

and parsonage, on Church Street, which was free from debt, and which was estimated to be worth, and that it would sell for, ten thousand dollars. The stores under the new building, it was estimated, would pay the interest on ten thousand dollars, which it was expected could be left on the property as a permanent loan, and also pay the taxes on the stores, which would not be exempt from taxation. Thus it will be seen that all the society would have to raise by subscription would be the amount necessary to complete and furnish the building, which amount, of course, was variously estimated, from five to twelve thousand dollars.

At a joint meeting of all the officers of the church it was voted, recommending the purchase of the property, there being but one vote in the negative. At a subsequent meeting of the trustees, it was unanimously voted to purchase the property, and the purchase was consummated, and we proceeded at once with the work of completing the building, which was done in the winter, the wages being very low, only one dollar a day for carpenters. Materials were purchased at low rates, and considerable was donated, and the work was well and satisfactorily completed. A contract was made with Mr. S. S. Hamill, of Boston, Massachusetts, for a pipe organ of fine proportions, and of splended tone. It was placed in the building and the concert took place before the dedication, and the night before the great fire, in April, 1875.

The dedication of the church took place one week

after the fire, and enough money was subscribed to meet all obligations assumed for the work and materials in completing the building. The dedication took place too soon after the fire, however, for the people to be really aware of how much they had suffered in consequence, and some subscribed more than they were able to pay. Others, under one plea or another, refused to pay—many who had subscribed failed or refused to give their notes, and, the interest accumulating on the debt of the church, it was soon apparent that there would ultimately be, not only a shrinkage in subscriptions, but an increase of the debt. Added to this was the fact that we were unable to realize from the old church property the amount we had estimated.

But the worst feature of all, and the circumstance that gave us our first great set-back, was the influence of the man who had been employed to collect the subscriptions. He was paid a percentage on the amount collected, and everywhere announced it as his opinion that the church never could be paid for. It had its influence and the payments ceased. He soon took his letter to Algoma Street Church, and afterwards pursued me to conference to secure my removal from the church as pastor.

At the time of the purchase of the property I was appointed on the finance committee, and on the building committee, and I furnished all the plans for the completion of the building, from the time the first blow was struck, and in addition to doing this work without com-

pensation, I subscribed three hundred dollars towards the church, on the day of dedication.

As subscribers were pressed to pay their subscriptions they began to develope prejudice against me. Several who were not in sympathy with the enterprise, fanned the little flame to see it blaze. Various reports began to be circulated, such as, I had obtained subscriptions with the promise that the parties need not pay, etc. I paid no attention to these reports but went on with my work. The prejudice became very bitter, and just before the close of my second year as pastor of the church. I was told that a certain man who had given nothing towards the church, would give a thousand dollars, provided I was not returned as pastor for the third year. I told the brethren that I should not return the third year, but that they had better secure their thousand dollars. I was not returned, and the brother in question, instead of paying his thousand dollars, took his letter and joined the Congregational Church.

The conference held its session in Waupaca in 1876, Bishop Bowman presiding. I knew that I was not to return to Oshkosh, as pastor, and being consulted by the Bishop in regard to my successor, I used my influence in favor of the appointment to the First Church of G. A. Smith. No intimation whatever was given me as to where I would be appointed. I had not the remotest thought that I would be appointed to a district. When the appointments were read out, however, I found myself presiding elder of Appleton District. I had





I am Yours,
Respectfully,
J. W. Carhart.

never had any desire for the office; in fact, I had always had an aversion for it.

The office was thrust upon me by authority of the Church, and I resolved to do the best I could, believing that the office afforded splendid opportunities for usefulness. I at once made out my plan from the scraps of the plans in my possession of my predecessor, and arranged the quarterly meetings as best I could, being ignorant of the geography of most of the territory embraced in the district. I afterwards found that my plan was very imperfect and that many changes had to be made.

My first trip was to Sturgeon Bay. The following account of it appeared in The Early Dawn, at that time published by my children, E. E. & M. T. Carhart:

"TWO HUNDRED MILES TO MEETING."

"The early train north left Oshkosh at four o'clock in the morning. I was obliged to rise at half past two o'clock in order to complete necessary arrangements and 'make' the train.

"Four o'clock in the morning is a dreary hour to ride. The passengers are mostly asleep, the atmosphere is heavy and soul in the cars, and unless you have a traveling companion to converse with, time hangs heavy on your hands as you can neither read, nor admire the landscapes through which you pass. When a little south of Wrightstown the train stopped. The conductor presently came through the car and said they had run over a man, and wished to know if there were not some

present who would go out and help bring him in. The writer volunteered. We first found the head, lying just behind the tender. A little further forward we found the body, terribly mutilated, with every thread of clothing torn off. Obtaining a blanket from the sleeping car the remains were gathered up and taken to Wrightstown.

"We reached Green Bay at about six o'clock and, as it was very uncertain at what hour a boat would leave for Sturgeon Bay, our destination, or whether she would leave at all, we preferred a certainty to an uncertainty and so mounted the stage, which was a long, open, democrat wagon. A gentleman occupying the seat with the driver, turned to us and inquired if we were not the 'new presiding elder,' and he received a reply in the affirmative. We learned that he was the principal of the school at Sturgeon Bay, a lawyer, and the chorister of the Methodist Church and proved quite an intelligent and companionable fellow-traveler.

"In the seat behind me were two Dutchmen who had the inevitable 'bottle,' and who soon became drunk enough to be far more offensive than two bear cubs would have been. Our stage ride of forty-seven miles lay along the east shore of Green Bay, afforded one of the most beautiful views it has ever been our privilege to enjoy. The whole extent of country through which we passed is wild and rugged. The dwellings are few and far between, and almost all of them are built of logs. The roads, for the most part, were exceedingly bad,

being in many places but little more than a trail, and for miles were corduroyed.

"We stopped for dinner at the 'Half-Way House,' and changed stages. It was a Dutch log tavern, no carpets, no chairs, rude benches for seats, plenty of lager and, I should judge, good tea. We relished our dinner as one of the most enjoyable we ever ate; and although our lawyer-teacher friend advised us to take mostly 'eggs boiled with the skins on,' we found the potatoes palatable and the cabbage delicious. Another ride of twenty-seven miles, this time on a 'buck-board,'—nine passengers—two of them very drunk; one of them having two bottles of bluing in his coat pocket was unfortunate enough to break one of the bottles and so got the 'blues' terribly, whilst the rest of us warmed ourselves, almost to perspiration, with laughter.

"I had no conception of the immense territory swept over by the fires in 1871, that destroyed Peshtigo and swept across Green Bay and laid waste miles and miles of the isthmus south of Sturgeon Bay. Our road lay through a vast extent of this desolated district. One thing that impressed me as remarkable was the fearful tornado accompanying the fire, which uprooted and prostrated the forests for whole townships. We passed in sight of the place now known as Tornado, where fifty-four persons perished in the flames, and where their charred bodies now lie buried. The terrible scenes of that Sunday night, when they thought the judgment

had come, are fresh in the minds of the people, and they narrate them with thrilling interest. I found Brother E. L. Alling, the pastor of the little Methodist Church, in waiting, and 'Grandma Young' ready to give the presiding elder a genuine welcome and a hearty supper.

"Good congregations greeted us on the Sabbath, and the day was spent most delightfully in the worship of God and with good prospect of a revival. The village of Sturgeon Bay is a place of about eight hundred inhabitants, is beautifully situated on high ground, overlooking the bay, which extends eastward from Green Bay for a distance of eight miles, nearly cutting the isthmus in two. A canal of one and a half miles will some day connect the head of the bay with Lake Michigan, and so make the northern part of the isthmus an island.

"The country, the scenes, the incidents were new and strange, and I shall not soon forget my two hundred miles' ride to my first quarterly meeting."

CHAPTER XII.



HE Appleton District embraces the Oneida Reservation, where is a Methodist church with several hundred members. We copy the following account of our first visit to the reservation from *The Early Dawn*:

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

"It was a beautiful day for November in this northern latitude. Indian summer seemed to linger as though loth to bid us a final farewell. We left De Pere a little after 12 M., and drove due west over the most execrable road it has ever been our bad fortune to travel. The mud was deep, stiff and rutty. For miles the old corduroy was worn and broken, presenting the roughest possible surface.

"A slow walk was the fastest gait practicable, and that was exceedingly to our discomfort as we tossed from side to side of our little buggy. Our Indian pony was wiry and tough, and very willing to gallop whenever we chanced to strike a few feet of road less horrible than the rest. At a little after 2 o'clock P. M. we drove up in front of the Methodist parsonage on the Oneida Reservation. Brother Ford, the missionary who has just entered upon his fifth year of service there, came out to meet us, and assured us that we had reached the heart and center of the Oneida Nation.

" We were made welcome and soon found ourselves at home in his hospitable family. Three o'clock, the hour for public service, arrived. A short walk brought us to the church, which is a neat and somewhat pretentious structure, capable of seating two or three hundred people. There are two doors, one for the men and the other for the women. They sit apart, and never come nor go from church in company.

" Quite a number of the dusky sons of the forest were assembled when we reached the sanctuary, and it was not long before the house was filled to its utmost capacity. It was a strange sight to one witnessing it for the first time. There were old and tottering men and women, whose black locks had turned to gray, and there were large numbers of young people, fresh, healthy and vigorous, and evidently interested in the services of the occasion. We confess to a degree of embarrassment we had never felt before, or rather awkwardness, as we essayed to take charge of a religious service for a people who required an interpreter to understand what was said. The hymn was announced and the whole congregation joined in a familiar tune in a manner to inspire the most formal and listless.

" The singing of these Oneida Indians is a marked characteristic. They are gifted by nature with voices of marvelous sweetness and power, and they sing with a wild touch of pathos that goes through and through one, like the cry of a wild bird at night on some mountain crag. They sing by note and carry all the parts—

the deep and unequaled bass strike the note first, the tenor follow, when the shrill, sweet soprano take it up on the further side of the house, and the whole house becomes vocal with the soul-inspiring praises of God. A certain abandon or *raport* possesses them, and their bodies sway to and fro under the influence of the tide of song, as a great forest is swayed by a tempest. Shouts of 'Glory!' and 'Hallelujah!' are, as it were, intoned amid the sweet cadences.

"Following the love feast was the sermon, which was given through an interpreter, or, more properly speaking, an interrupter. This was a process altogether new and strange, and somewhat embarrassing. The minister pronounces a sentence, and the interpreter immediately takes it up and renders it to the congregation, the preacher waiting the while, and the waiting is a considerable portion of the time, as the Mohawk dialect has but comparatively few words, and circumlocutions are indulged in to express the thought. The interpreter likes a full, round sentence, so that he can take in the complete thought. If the speaker stops at a comma, or in the middle of a sentence, it is difficult for the interpreter to take it up again. Sermons delivered thus must necessarily be brief, as so much time is taken up in interpreting. But few illustrations can be given, as they are apt to lose their significance in the rendering. There is a certain point in an illustration which is the only essential element of value, as in a joke. The precise point must be apprehended, or all is lost. This is what ren-

ders it so difficult to communicate a joke to a deaf mute.

"A part of our duty was to baptize an Indian baby, and since there was a chubby boy of seven months in the missionary's family, both were presented at the altar at the same time, and we baptized the missionary's boy and the Indian baby girl.

"The Indian women all bring their babies to church, and they all cry—just like Yankee babies.

"These Indians have now been on this reservation about forty years. They have a territory eight miles wide and twelve miles long, lying in Outagamie and partly in Brown County, rich and productive. They have nearly stripped it of its pine timber, and are fast stripping it of its hard wood. They prefer logging to agriculture. The Christian agents who have been appointed under Grant's administration have not been purchasable by the lumbermen. The log "ring" have therefore borne down upon them severely, securing at times their removal, so as to secure pine logs from the reservation. It is a violation of the law for the Indians to sell logs off from the reservation. There are now over thirteen hundred Indians here and the last census shows a slight increase.

"It is believed by those whose experience and observation entitle their opinions to consideration, that the best thing for these Indians is to make them citizens. Then white people would be in the schools, and their presence with the Indian children would materially hasten their improvement."

The winters in Northern Wisconsin are usually very severe, and much suffering sometimes occurs, especially to parties who are not accustomed to the climate and are considerably exposed.

The following sketch, published in *The Early Dawn* at the time, will serve to give some idea of "Life in the Presiding Eldership" in this latitude:

TWENTY-FOUR DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

"The mercury actually touched that figure on Saturday morning the 16th inst., when Brother Vessey and I started on foot for Zion, a distance of six miles from Oshkosh. As we passed the post office a young man met us with his ear frozen as white as chalk. On we went, our faces well muffled against the northwestern blast, that seemed a shower of thistles. Any exposed protuberance was sure to get frosted; and with the thermometer at that point one will freeze before he knows it. Such a degree of cold is cutting, but not penetrating as a milder temperature and moist atmosphere. You feel the biting frost but do not shiver. The atmosphere is a tonic—to those who can endure it. Such a degree of cold, however, is sure to find the weak spots in the constitution, and I have noticed that there is always an increase in the death rate after such weather.

"Zion is beautiful for situation, but you do not care to survey the landscape with Jack Frost tingling your ears. Brother Sampson, pastor of Zion, knows just how to welcome a presiding elder, having traveled the district himself, when it extended from Green Bay to

Whitewater. He has traveled these prairies on horseback with the mercury at thirty degrees below zero. A day and a night in his quiet Itinerant's Retreat, with all that his frugal and kind-hearted companion* could do for our comfort, is a treat long to be remembered.

"Services over with at Zion on Sabbath morning, we were whirled away, like a thistle down in the gale, to Utica. Here we preached and administered the Lord's supper; then mounted in a democrat wagon, behind two splendid and powerful steeds, for a ride of eight miles, through the intense cold and a driving snow-storm. We made the distance in an hour and fifteen minutes, all comfortable, except the pedal extremities, which are unfortunately so far from the fountain of circulation as scarcely to be able to keep up a living connection.

"We landed in front of the snug little Welsh parsonage at Nekimi. Good pastor Jones was watching for us, and thought this a rough introduction for the new presiding elder. By the side of a cheery fire, and after a warm supper, we soon forgot our discomfort, and in a few minutes were at the Welsh Methodist Chapel, where we preached to a congregation made up mostly of young people from the surrounding settlement. The singing was in Welsh, that language which of all others seems most to inspire song.

"The Welsh people are peculiar in their attachment to the Bible, and in their observance of the holy Sabbath. The young people are trained to respect sacred things.

*Since deceased.

In this respect they are unlike the typical American. The Welsh settlement in Nekimi was commenced about twenty-five years ago. A few families came here at that time, and the number has since been added to until they cover a whole township. They are industrious, frugal and generally moral, and are highly respected as a community."

The first number of *The Early Dawn*, a weekly newspaper, was published by my children, E. E. and M. T. Carhart, April 13, 1876. It was at first an amateur paper, but on January 4, 1877, it was enlarged to four times its original size, and was made a six-column paper. They also did job printing and conducted a stationery and book store. I gave them my library, consisting of several hundred volumes, reserving a few books, such as I would most need for my own use. They hired and occupied the north store in the First M. E. Church block, at a low rent, with the understanding that whenever the trustees of the church could get more, E. E. & M. T. Carhart would pay more or vacate the premises at once. Four of my children worked in the office, doing almost all the type-setting and press-work of the paper and job department.

They reduced their expenses to the lowest possible figure—proceeded carefully and made money, which they invested in their business. It was a good school for them, and as I review the matter now, I am glad they took the course they did.

The *Early Dawn* grew in influence, interest and use-

fulness, and I used it as my district organ, and found it valuable in that respect. I had my office in the editorial room of the paper, and did all my writing and business there. I wrote considerably for the paper during all the time they published it. I advised them in regard to their business, and assisted them in every way I could, as I was naturally bound to do. They boarded with me and clothed themselves.

I commenced to sell books on the district almost as soon as I commenced my district work. The discipline of the church enjoins that the presiding elder shall see that our publications are circulated among the people. I knew of no better way of seeing to this matter than by selling the books. I found the people generally destitute of Methodist books. In many cases there was not a Methodist book of any description to be found in the house. I found the children and young people in many of our families reading books of positively pernicious character.

As a matter of fact, our preachers are not book-sellers, as they used to be. Our books are not on sale in the book stores. The people find it inconvenient to get them. If a single book is ordered, in some cases the transportation costs nearly as much as the book itself. I made a practice of publicly announcing the books and then took them to the people. I sold several hundred dollars' worth of books in this way, at something of a profit, which greatly relieved me, financially, as the presiding elder of Appleton District has to provide his

own house and furnish it himself, and pay all other expenses, out of a meagre allowance which but few of the charges pay without a groan, and some fail to pay altogether.

Some of the lay brethren were opposed to my recommending our books publicly. One brother said to me that his neighbor had some white Cheshire pigs, and he had as soon I would recommend them from the pulpit as to recommend our books. I never was quite sure but that he had an interest in the pigs. I knew he had none in the books.

At the session of the Wisconsin Conference at Racine in 1875, Rev. T. F. Allen moved that the conference invite the National Association to hold a meeting, the following summer, within the bounds of the conference. The motion prevailed, and a committee was appointed to take the matter in charge. I was a member of the committee and was elected chairman.

The camp-meeting was held on the State Fair grounds at Milwaukee in July, 1876. Rev. J. S. Inskip and Rev. W. McDonald, of the National Association, were present and conducted the services. The meeting was a financial failure, but a glorious success religiously.

The following was published, editorially, in *The Early Dawn*, immediately after the meeting:

"The camp-meeting just closed at Milwaukee is, we believe, the twenty-eighth of a series of national camp-meetings, held under the auspices of the National Association. The distinctive object of the meeting was the

promotion of holiness, one of the cardinal doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and for the spread of which the church was organized. These meetings have been attended by thousands of people, in various parts of the country, and have been productive of great good to the church.

"The Wisconsin Annual Conference, at its last session, invited the National Association to hold a meeting within the bounds of the conference, and appointed a committee to carry out the arrangements. No other place appeared to offer as many advantages as Milwaukee, and accordingly it was held there. The arrangements were perfect. Owing to a combination of circumstances, the attendance was not as large as might have been expected.

"Strong influences were used by several of the ministers of the conference, and by others, to keep people away from the meeting, and, if possible, make it a failure. . . . There were some who entertained very grave fears in regard to order on the Sabbath. But, notwithstanding several thousand people were present, there was perfect order. There was not the least disturbance, not even the barking of a dog.

"The religious spirit of the meeting was remarkable. All who went with a desire to be profited came away thankful that they had attended the meeting. It is to be regretted that the whole Church was not there to enjoy the season of grace. What is needed in the Church to-day is more of the higher Christian life, which this meeting so evidently promoted.

"The Milwaukee National Camp-meeting will long be held in sacred recollection as a season of great blessing."

A conference association for the promotion of holiness was organized at this meeting, with Rev. Geo. A. Smith as president.

Soon after assuming charge of the district I conferred with several of the preachers—more particularly T. F. Allen, then at Fort Howard—in regard to another meeting of a similar character to the one held at Milwaukee.

All the brethren consulted seemed favorable, and Doty Island was selected as the place for holding it.

Our association was very simple in its organization, if indeed it could be said to have any organization. It was simply understood and agreed among certain brethren that they would unite to hold a camp-meeting, once a year, within the bounds of the conference, for the promotion of holiness. It was also agreed that any member of the Wisconsin Conference, in good standing, could consider himself a member and be entitled to all the privileges of membership, who chose to. There were no articles of association or by-laws, and no test of membership; but it was presumed that all the members of the conference were sound on the doctrine of holiness.

The National Association were invited to attend the meeting on Doty Island and labor with us, and Rev. J. S. Inskip and Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, were present.

The meeting commenced the 25th day of June, 1877, and held over the 4th of July. There were one hundred

and four tents on the ground, and the order was perfect throughout the meeting.

Sabbath was the great day of the meeting, so far as attendance was concerned, there being about five thousand people upon the ground.

Every team that could be chartered for miles around was there, and the multitudes crowded every aisle and avenue of the spacious enclosure.

The order was all that could be asked, and perfect, there being no riotous demonstrations, no jostling or rowdyism of any kind. To guard against any infringement of the peace, however, a police force of fifty men was organized and held in constant readiness for emergencies, under T. F. Allen as chief.

The camp was astir at an early hour on Sabbath morning, and the public services began with the administration of the Lord's supper at 8 o'clock. It was largely attended and was a season of great spiritual interest. Love feast followed at 9 o'clock, under the charge of Rev. Dr. Thompson. Rev. J. S. Inskip preached to a very large congregation, many of them being obliged to stand during the sermon. The effort was a masterly one and overpowering in its effects. It was a rare occasion, one such as few persons are permitted to enjoy in a life-time. Mr. Inskip proved himself a master of multitudes and a man of extraordinary power. The vast multitude hung entranced upon his lips, and were swayed as if by magic under the power of his eloquence and the influence of the Holy Ghost.

After the sermon I presented the matter of finance and raised three hundred dollars.

During the interim of the close of the morning services and the afternoon preaching, services were held at the stand, with good results. Rev. J. D. Cornelius, a local preacher of the Oneida Indians, addressed a few earnest words to the Oneidas, who were present in considerable numbers. Dr. Inskip preached again in the afternoon at half-past two o'clock, to a much larger congregation than in the morning, and with no less powerful effect. Prayer-meetings followed the public services until the evening preaching, at eight o'clock.

Rev. Dr. J. S. Inskip was the central personage in the meetings. He preached every day, and some times twice a day, besides conducting one or two social meetings. Whenever it was known that he would preach, large congregations greeted him, and on his appearance on the stand as the speaker the profoundest interest and attention were manifested.

At an early hour in the forenoon of the Fourth of July, the American flag was thrown out from the preachers' stand, and as soon as the ground and seating were sufficiently dry, the religious services began and were of an interesting character throughout the day. There were several thousand people present, at the afternoon services, and listened attentively to an able sermon by Rev. C. D. Pillsbury, of Fond du Lac.

The crowning service, however, was in the evening, when the interest culminated, and the occasion became

one of marvelous power, and inexpressible solemnity. A large concourse of people had assembled from all parts of the country and seemed eager to hear the word of God from Dr. Inskip, who is always at home and at his best when before the largest audience. The sermon was on the judgment. Never before did we listen to such a presentation of this awful theme. The sermon was logical and conclusive, and abounded with pictures of the scenes of that day for which all other days were made. No one who heard that sermon can ever forget it. The interest, power, solemnity and enthusiasm deepened as the speaker advanced, until it seemed as though the solemnities of the judgment were at hand. The silence became painful and the attention breathless. On he drove. Having reached one climax, which seemed the crowning excellence of sacred oratory, he struck out again for a still broader sweep and grander flight.

At the close of the sermon an invitation was given for all seeking the Lord to come forward. A large number came and knelt at the altar, and in a few moments several were converted and were happy in the love of God. Shouts of praise rose from many redeemed lips, and such was the manifestation of the power of God, that several were unable to stand, and one young man was so overcome by the presence of the divine glory that he had to be carried to his tent.

Marching around the ground, with singing and hand-

shaking, concluded the services, and the first camp-meeting on Doty Island was at an end.

Such was the general satisfaction with the grounds that preliminary action was taken with a view to their purchase. I drew up a subscription paper and obtained \$2,400 on subscription. The price asked for the ground was \$10,000. It could probably have been purchased for less than that sum, and it was thought that if Neenah and Menasha, the two cities between which the grounds were situated, would each give \$1,000, the purchase could be effected.

At that camp-meeting the association for the promotion of holiness, was called together for the election of officers. All the preachers on the ground, members of the conference, were present, and I was elected president of the association, for the ensuing year.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE amount of travel and labor required of the presiding elder on Appleton District is very great. The territory embraced in the district is large, extending from Marinette on the north, to Green Lake on the south, a distance of one hundred and forty miles. We travel through ten counties, one of which, Oconto, embraced, before the division, a larger area than the State of Vermont. On our northern trips we generally arose at three o'clock in the morning and took the four o'clock train. On returning we usually reached home at eleven o'clock at night. This frequent interruption of our rest affected us seriously in health, and we were obliged to abandon it, so far as circumstances would allow.

A few miles west of Peshtigo Village there lies a region of country, but recently rescued from a wilderness state, and which was almost entirely burned over in the great fire of 1871. It is known as the Sugar Bush, from the beautiful sugar maple forests which abounded there, a few of which only escaped the fire. It was a neglected region, morally and religiously. There was no Sabbath known there—no church—no Sunday-school, and it was said that there was but one family in all that region of country that had family prayer. All manner

of vices prevailed, and society generally was in a deplorable condition.

Rev. T. H. Walker, of Oconto, felt drawn, by the spirit of the Lord, towards that people, and sent an appointment up there for preaching. The school-house was filled to overflowing on the evening appointed, and many wept under the influence of the sermon. Brother Walker, who seems readily to apprehend the mind of the Holy Spirit, saw the indications of the presence of the Holy One amongst the people. He proposed to them to hold a camp-meeting in what is known as the Upper Sugar Bush, and wrote me in regard to it. I favored it, provided that, in his judgment, it would not interfere with the Pensaukee meeting, to be held the latter part of August. His meeting was appointed to begin the fourth day of August, 1877. My plan called for me at Marinette that day and the following Sabbath, and it was arranged that I should be at the camp-meeting on Sabbath evening, as the distance from Marinette was not great, and that I should remain a portion of the week following.

I felt deeply interested for the success of the meeting, and prayed much in regard to it. I reached Marinette by early train, was entertained at the house of Sister Vincent, and having the day to myself, I spent it in prayer and in reading a book entitled "Nobility at the Cross, or the Life of Baron de Renty." It was a solemn blessed day. I felt God very near, and that my soul

was sweetly communing with God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost.

All day long, as though some sweet angel voice was singing it in my ear, the following refrain ran through my soul like a heavenly doxology:

“I am coming, Lord, coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood that flowed on Calvary.”

That was a day of holy communings I shall never forget. God lifted me up to the visions of the unseen and touched my soul with hallowed flame. I did not go to the camp-meeting the next day, Sabbath, as I had intended, but Brother C. W. Brewer, pastor at Marinette, went in my place and I remained and preached there in the evening. I arose on Monday morning at about 2 o'clock and took the freight train south to Peshtigo. It rained hard, the morning without was gloomy, but that same sweet angel voice sounded in the depths of my soul:

“I am coming, Lord, coming now to Thee;
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood that flowed on Calvary.”

I waited a while at Peshtigo, in the rain, until Brother J. Banta came and took me out to the camp-ground. I learned from him that Sister Walker, wife of Rev. T. H. Walker of Oconto, was very sick and not expected to live, and that Brother Walker had not been upon the ground. Brother Eugene Hayward, of Omro, son of Brother R. S. Hayward, of the Wisconsin Conference, was there by arrangement with Brother Walker, and he took charge of the meeting.





REV. E. R. HAYWARD.

He had never preached but one sermon in his life until the Saturday of that camp-meeting. God anointed him for the work, and he did marvelously. When I reached the ground on Monday morning it was raining quite hard. There were three leaky old tents on the ground, in one of which Brother Brewer was holding service. There was quite a company gathered there, all apparently melted under the influence of the Divine Spirit; and I learned that about twenty-five had already been converted. The weather cleared up; the people came in crowds from great distances; God was in the midst of us, with great power and glory, and multitudes were saved. Brother Brewer was tired out, being of feeble health, and the preaching fell mostly to my lot and I preached three times a day for several days. Brother Hayward led the singing and conducted the social meetings, mostly. When the invitation was given for penitents to come forward for prayers, scores would flock to the rude altar and cry for mercy. There were only two or three of us to pray for them. The scenes there witnessed will never be forgotten, and if half of them were written they would fill a volume.

Brother Hayward, by the grace of God, acquitted himself in a remarkable manner. He won the hearts of all. Never did I witness such eagerness to hear the Word of God and to be taught the way of life and salvation. Perfect order prevailed. Hundreds were present, and every one seemed convicted by the Spirit of God. One little girl came to the altar leading her

grandmother. Both were converted. A party came out from town on Friday before the meeting and set up a shanty for the sale of liquor. The owner of the ground, who was not a Christian, said to his boys in the evening before the saloon was opened, "Boys, go down and try the water they have in their barrels, and if you don't like it you may turn it out." The next morning there was a promiscuous pile of lumber where the shanty stood. Brother Banta, of Oconto, was constantly in attendance and rendered valuable help.

Sister Walker died on Thursday, the 9th of August.

Brother Hayward continued the meeting in the grove until the weather became too cold to allow of their continuing longer, and then removed to the school-houses. Over two hundred were converted before the revival closed. A society was organized and a circuit formed, and Brother Hayward was appointed there as junior preacher the following conference year. Brother Walker was preacher-in-charge. A church was built, of which we give an exact cut on the following page:



three other camp-meetings there, all of which were largely in great good. Eternity also of that first camp-meeting

Several features and incidents of camp-meeting are worthy of notice and may be glorified.

The manner in which the spirit moves upon the hearts of men is fully illustrated in multitudes here with this meeting. Many who were not moved upon the meeting became so by the influence of their work that they had no desire to come to the meeting and ask for baptism. It is not unfrequently however that people reached the ground through the influence of others and instead of coming at once forward to the platform back in the congregation for baptism, expressed their hostility to all divine influences.

One man, whose wife was a profane, ungodly woman, himself entertained infidel notions, and was profane, became so deeply converted

the rear of the ground, from which position he watched the proceedings. Each night, on returning from the meeting, he swore that he never would go again; but the next night found him behind the big maple tree. He became desperate in his feelings. He felt as though everyone was against him, and that there was no mercy for him. He finally became so distressed that he went to the barn one night to sleep on the hay. But there was no rest there. He now came to feel that unless he sought God for himself he was a lost man. He yielded the struggle and was soon happily converted. He was soon after appointed class-leader, and for a year or two has been a local preacher, doing good service for the Master.

The people through this region of country were great tobacco-users, and without much allusion to the matter on our part, one after another of the converts threw away his tobacco and announced his determination never to use it again. Some took out their tobacco before the congregation and throwing it as far as they could into the woods, proclaimed themselves free from the miserable idol. In a number of cases there was positive testimony that God had delivered them instantly, in answer to prayer, from all desire for the weed. Many had tried hard, in their own strength, for years to free themselves from the miserable habit, and had failed. God released them at once, in answer to prayer. The same was true of several who had been addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

that they promised God they would spare them, they would in every instance the vow was in a life of sin.

Most of the converts had and, in some cases, they were sentatives of their families; making allusions to the scenes, awful night were truly heart-

It not unfrequently happened that when a sermon was in progress, some one would leave the congregation and come to the pulpit for mercy. The sermon at once would be stopped, and all seeking Christ were invited to come forward, where they were offered for their salvation.

There probably never was a country where there were not by old feuds and quarrels than of kin were often at variance, had existed for years the bitterest animosity.

Many of these feuds disagreed in the same family, between brothers and sisters, between sons and daughters, between uncles and nephews, and so long as the enmity

demons, so the bitterest strifes of which men are capable occur in a backslidden church, where warmest affection ought to prevail.

The revival at the Sugar Bush was not confined to any particular class. It embraced those of all classes, of every age and of both sexes.

Such was the struggle of soul for salvation frequently, that Brother Hayward was constrained to accompany penitents to their homes, a distance of five miles, to pray with them, after the close of the evening service.

A noticeable effect of the gracious work, was in the liberality of the people. They were not accustomed to giving. They were, for the most part, poor; and yet they met the demands upon them with a promptness and generosity that were refreshing; some giving until it was felt that they were exceeding the bounds of reason. They gave generously and nobly for the building of their church, which cost about twelve hundred dollars.

This has for years been a lumbering region, and there were at the meetings large numbers of rough lumbermen, and yet, notwithstanding we had no police force, the order was perfect, so much so that we never had to speak a word on the subject during the weeks that the meetings continued in the grove.

Another feature of the meeting was the fact that there never was an invitation given to seekers, but some came forward for prayers.

God was in this work It reminded us of those wonderful outpourings of the spirit of which we had read

that occurred in the days of Wesley, and of the fathers. Brother Hayward was the chief instrumentality, in the hands of God, in accomplishing this great work, and it was mainly through him that the society was organized and the work was given shape and permanency, and through his indomitable energy that the church was built and the parsonage secured.

But to God the praise belongs, and we glorify His blessed name for all His glorious grace. Quite a number of those who were saved at the Sugar Bush camp-meetings have already entered into their reward and their rest, and others are rapidly following on.

We transcribe the following particulars, in regard to the great fire of 1871, from the columns of *The Early Dawn*, of August 16, 1877:

"We never cease to be interested in the details of the great fire of 1871. We have listened for hours to the recital of individual experiences, on the very ground where the scenes of horror and death occurred, and each recital develops some new feature, and brings some new incident to life. Our camp-meeting, just closed, was held six miles west of Peshtigo, in the very heart of what was, on that ever memorable Sunday night, a literal *Terra del Fuego*. Along the road running north and south, just west of the camp ground, there lay, on the morning after the fire, thirteen charred and blackened human bodies. A whole neighborhood, with the exception of a few souls, were swept away in a single night.

"Mrs. A. Newton, at whose house the writer was a

guest for two days, gave us a graphic account of the tornado of fire that fell upon them, and the incidents of that awful night—a night measuring up, in some of its features, to what may be expected when men 'shall call for the rocks and mountains to fall on them.'

"There were in the family that night, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, the mother of Mrs. Newton, and a little grand-daughter.

"When, at about nine o'clock in the evening, the heavens in the south west began to be lurid, and an unearthly roar presaged the coming storm. Mr. Newton took the family all to the barn, where he thought they would be safer, that being a firmer building. In a few moments the fiery billows rolled over the tree-tops, and burning cinders fell in the straw-stacks about the barn. Mr. Newton told his family it would not do to remain there a moment longer, but fly for the nearest water. He attempted to secure his horses, when the family became scattered. The old mother was lost in the darkness, and Mrs. Newton and the little grand-daughter fled with all possible speed, to a shallow brook, some little distance from the house. The fire overtook them as they reached the brook, rolling down in an avalanche of flame, as though poured from the very heavens, the atmosphere itself being in a blaze. They threw themselves into the brook, but the water was not deep enough to cover them. They lay for a while with their faces downward, until they felt the clothes on their back to be on fire. Mrs. Newton says she turned over in the water to put out

the fire on her back, when she inhaled the burning atmosphere, which, as she describes it, was like taking a lid from the stove, when there is a heavy fire on, and holding your face over the flames, she almost instantly became unconscious, from inhaling the flames, and when she awoke it was all dark and still. The little girl had perished by her side—probably had became unconscious from inhaling the heat, and drowned. Mrs. Newton crawled out of the water and tried to stand, but could not. She tried to call for help, but her voice was gone. She sat on that lonely bank until two o'clock in the morning, and the principal suffering she endured was from cold. She thought she should chill to death. Her husband came in that vicinity at two o'clock in the morning, calling and searching for his family.

"She did not speak a loud word for seven weeks and was badly burned about the back and limbs. What was remarkable about the burns, however, was the fact that they were not accompanied with smarting and pain, like ordinary burns, except a few small burns about her fingers. She declares that if her other large burns had pained her in proportion to the small ones, she could not have lived. She also says that instantly, upon inhaling the flaming atmosphere, she became unconscious and was entirely devoid of suffering. Others testify to the same experience. Some of the dead lay with their faces in their hands, others lay upon their backs, and it is the general opinion that they all became instantly unconscious, on inhaling the burning atmosphere, and knew

no suffering thereafter. To the writer it seems more than probable that the gases of the atmosphere were recombined in proportions to produce unconsciousness. We attribute the unconsciousness to the recombination and not to the heat. That there was such a peculiar state of atmosphere there can be no doubt.

"It is harrowing to learn that drunken men were employed to bury the dead in many instances; that in one case they went into a marsh where thirteen or fourteen dead bodies lay, and, hitching teams to them, drew them out, tearing several of them to pieces. We feel justly indignant that the authorities should have employed such irresponsible parties, instead of using the funds sent them to secure the decent burial of the dead."

A camp-meeting was held that same fall (1877) at West Pensaukee. The grove was naturally beautiful, but the brethren did not seem to have interest and enterprise enough to clear it properly. There was a well on the ground, but the water was poisoned with surface drainage and everybody was sick. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we had a good meeting and people were saved. During that meeting Brother E. L. Alling, pastor at Sturgeon Bay, died. His wife, whom he had married but a few weeks before his death, took up the work and preached until conference, to the satisfaction of the majority of the church and congregation, and, at their earnest request, she was appointed by me, the following year, to the pastorate of the church, and served as pastor during the whole year. So far as I

The bishops decided ag
women as ministers of the
Conference sustained their
law of the Church.

CHAPTER XIV.



HE Doty Island and other camp-meetings held within the bounds of the Appleton District had given a wonderful impetus to the work of Christian holiness. Multitudes in the churches were in the conscious enjoyment of the blessing, and many could be found, in almost every charge, who were earnest seekers after it. We made the subject prominent in all our ministration, as did also many of the preachers on the district. God gave us great success, and the prejudices which had long existed against the doctrine, among the preachers, seemed to be giving way, and the indications were that the "great salvation" would sweep the conference. The opposers were silent for a time and the advocates were multiplied.

But it was soon apparent that the feeling of hostility was only smothered, not annihilated. Having been a prominent advocate of the glorious doctrine, and largely instrumental in organizing the efforts for the promotion of the great work among us—having had charge of the camp-meetings for holiness, and being president of the association, I became a conscious mark for the arrows of Satan, and it was evident that certain parties were allowing themselves to become the subjects of jealousy towards me.

Added to the facts above named, there were other circumstances which tended to awaken a feeling against me in the conference.

I was a "Transfer," and, unfortunately, had some reputation for acquaintance with Church law. For a year or two prior to my transfer to the conference a vast silver-mining speculation had involved a large number of the preachers of the conference—leading men, whose "business abilities and experience" have since been made a prominent fact to their credit in the Church papers.

At the conference of 1873, held at Whitewater, the first session of the Wisconsin Conference I attended, having been detained from the session by sickness the year previous, I was appointed by Bishop Merrill as chairman in what was known as the "White Case," to try the Presiding Elder of Fond du Lac District for irregularities in the silver-mining speculation. The case was a long and difficult one and involved me in great labor. Some of the questions were new and intricate, the feeling ran high in the conference, and the position of chairman was a difficult and delicate one. I sought help from God and did the best I could, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the conference, in the main, approved my work. I had the decided approval and commendation of Bishop Merrill. There were some, however, who took exceptions to my rulings, and I was attacked, most unkindly, in a published document which was widely circulated, and a copy of which was read

before the conference at its session at Oshkosh the following year. Rev. S. White was suspended for a year. He had his friends in the conference, some of whom were prejudiced against me.

At the next session of the conference, in 1874, I was appointed, by Bishop Foster, chairman to try the Jenne case—a case of maladministration. At the next session of the conference, held at Racine in 1875, the case of Rev. J. M. Craig came before the conference for trial. Soon after his appointment to Ripon, the previous year, he was arrested in Milwaukee for stealing books, and, the books being found upon him, he was locked up, but subsequently released, through the efforts of influential members of the Ripon church. Dr. George M. Steele, of Lawrence University, was appointed chairman to try the case, and I was nominated as prosecuting attorney for the church. I begged to be excused from so unpleasant a duty, but it was forced upon me and I did my work, faithfully and conscientiously, and Craig was expelled. He had a few friends in the conference, and there were parties at Ripon who were determined to resist the action of the conference and sustain Craig. The result was that Mr. Craig was employed to preach in the Unitarian Church, and quite a number of his admirers in the Methodist Church withdrawing from that organization, an independent society was organized, with Mr. Craig as its pastor. His friends were very bitter against me, and lost no opportunity to stab me, in the

newspapers, in private conversation, and in public assemblies.

At the session of the conference in Oshkosh, in 1874, the case of Rev. George C. Haddock, Presiding Elder of Fond du Lac District, at his own request, went before a committee of inquiry, there being grave reports against his moral character, touching his relations with a Miss Jennie Chase, a school teacher at South Byron, in Fond du Lac County. Bishop Foster appointed me as one of the committee in the case. There were also on the committee Dr. H. Banister, Dr. Geo. M. Steele, Joseph Anderson and H. C. Tilton. In view of the facts presented to the committee, I was impressed that he ought to be tried for immorality. The other members of the committee favored a report charging him with "decided imprudence." He came before the conference and confessed decided imprudence, and on his confession his character passed. I signed the report of the committee with great reluctance. I would not have signed it but for the fact that the other brethren were my seniors in years and were older members of the conference. I felt ever after, however, that I ought not to have yielded my judgment in the case.

My position in the committee was known to many of the brethren, and to the party accused, as I have reason to believe.

Towards the close of the conference year, a terrible scandal prevailed in regard to Rev. R. Henry, one of my preachers, at Dartford. It became my duty to

attend to the matter, which I did immediately—Henry resigning his charge until conference, which was only a few weeks. His case was tried at the ensuing conference session at Waupun, and he was expelled.

He appealed to the Judicial Conference and the case was sent back for a new trial, and, on a rehearing of the case, he was acquitted, and the committee that tried him recommended in their verdict that he ask for a location, which he did, and the conference granted it.

I was severely censured, by certain parties, for my action in this case, although I did only what the duties of my office absolutely required of me for the purity of the church. Various false and damaging statements were made in regard to me, by prejudiced parties. However, many who had taken a position against me became convinced that I had only done my duty in the case, and that such was the gravity of the case that, had I done less, I would have merited severe censure.

My work on the district was somewhat out of the ordinary line of presiding-elder work. I resolved before God, when I assumed the work of the district, that I would neglect no duty, and that I would leave no work undone that I could do for the glory of God. I faithfully carried out that resolve. I not only attended, as a rule, all the quarterly meetings, visiting each charge four times a year, but I assisted the brethren in revival meetings and in evangelistic work, spending much time and traveling hundreds of miles to accomplish it. God's

blessing attended the work—many souls were converted, and believers were built up in holiness.

The success seemed to awaken the jealousy of my brethren, in other parts of the conference, and frequent statements were made, calculated to belittle the work. I paid no attention to these little developments of bad spirit, and went steadily on with my work.

Now and then an editorial or communicated article would appear in our church papers, reflecting upon the efforts made for the promotion of holiness, and sometimes alluding, in direct terms, to the association for holiness.

It became more and more evident that the spirit of opposition to holiness was not as nearly dead in the conference as I and others had been lead to suppose. One writer in The Northwestern Christian Advocate, writing on the subject of an association for the promotion of holiness, said:

"If Satan has power on earth to complicate sacred things, he must be doing his best to fan this flame."

Other statements of a similar character were made, by the writer of the article, from which we quote the above paragraph, charging the brethren engaged in the blessed work of "spreading scriptural holiness" with doing the work of the devil.

The writer claimed that we could not refer to the fruit of our labors as proof that the work was of God, because men who had advocated strange and dangerous doctrines had done the same thing. The charge was a severe one,

and brought to our hearts great grief, and drove us to God in more earnest prayer for His blessing, and for guidance in our work. The spirit manifested in these attacks was such that I felt constrained to write and publish the following in reply:

“NOTHING IF NOT KIND.”

“Religion is nothing if not kind. The claim for it is that its spirit is unlike the spirit of the world; that it is long suffering and kind. One essential feature of our holy religion is charity, which, so far from being unkind, ‘thinketh no evil.’

“All the precepts of Jesus teach kindness as one of the essential elements of true piety. He commanded, ‘If they shall smite thee on one cheek, turn the other also.’ ‘When ye are reviled revile not again.’ ‘It was said by them of old time, an eye for an eye.’ He taught us to love our enemies, and to ‘pray for them that despitefully use us.’ In this spirit is great power for God and His cause. ‘The world will love its own, but because ye are not of the world, the world will hate you.’ Well shall we fret under it—shall we show fight? Then we are on a level with the world. Our superiority is manifest in patiently enduring those things which unsanctified men do not patiently endure. We are to seek and obtain of God the needed grace to endure the cursing and unkindness, the force of which we fully and keenly feel.

“We admit that the hardest thing to bear is the reproach sometimes given by Christian brethren. It is hard to

have one's motives impugned, and acts wilfully misconstrued, and to be assailed by bitter and unkind denunciations. And yet, all this, and more, can be patiently borne for Christ, when the soul is fully baptized with His spirit.

"We cannot resist the conviction that the Methodist Episcopal Church is suffering more to-day at the hands of her professed friends than from all the assaults of Infidelity.

"The unkind, uncharitable, unchristian spirit manifested on the part of many of her members, and even her ministers, is doing more to destroy the faith of men in the Christian religion than all other agencies.

"These thoughts are suggested by the publication, in the Chicago Northwestern of July 16, of an article entitled 'Two Dangers of Methodism,' by a deceased member of the Wisconsin Annual Conference, written a short time before his last sickness.

"The article is published with editorial commendation. We have reason to believe that, had the author of the article been consulted about its publication a short time before his death, he would not have consented.

"The author was to us a personal friend, and in our allusions to the article, which unfortunately has now become the property of the public, we make no allusions to the deceased, and since it goes to the public with the endorsement of the editor of the journal referred to, it can be dealt with as coming from a living author.

"We most deeply regret the most untimely publication

of the unfortunate article, both from considerations of respect for the author and his memory, and because of the harm it is calculated to do, as it goes out with the editorial endorsement of an official journal.

"The most unfortunate feature of the article is that it attributes the recent efforts for the promotion of the blessed doctrine and experience of holiness to Satan. It claims that Satan has chosen the men and methods to break down this distinctive doctrine of Methodism; it says:

" 'If the orthodox theory concerning the existence, character and personality of Satan is correct, then we are compelled to believe that he is constantly devising and executing plans for the overthrow of all Christian agencies.

" 'The logic of our teachings on these points, applied to the case in hand, is almost frightful, for then we must concede that 'the mystery of iniquity doth already work,' that demoniacal influences are already permeating the very life of the Church.

" 'In view of the fact that the whole body is committed to the doctrine [holiness], and so organized as to make its propagation one of its principal purposes, there are widest possible opportunities for any member or minister in good standing to labor to the fullest extent of his abilities for the promotion of the higher life, without organizing any new methods. In the holiness associations, which have recently sprung up among us, we see all the elements of a first-class disaster to Methodism

in general and to the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular. *If Satan can have power to complicate sacred things, he must be doing his best to fan this flame.**

"We are met right here with the assumption that in the wonderful success of the extra-holiness movements the divine approval is evident. So with that most miserable spiritual abortion of Free Methodism."

"These are hard lines, and it gives us great pain to quote them from one for whose abilities we had the greatest regard. It pains us to find them printed as posthumous matter in an official journal, with the commendation of its editor. Of course the plain English of it is, that the holiness meetings and efforts and revival are of the devil, that the brethren who are specially interested in this work are instigated by Satan. The holiness associations are the work of the devil; that what are claimed as the manifestations of divine power in the awaking and conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers under these special 'extra-church' efforts are all a delusion. These are hard lines indeed, and yet the editor of *The Chicago Northwestern* speaks of them 'as almost an admonition from the better land'

"Suppose it should turn out that this work was not of Satan, but of God. Suppose it should turn out that those men who are laboring in the use of extra-churchly methods were moved of God, as Wesley was in his extra-churchly methods. Suppose it should turn out that the manifestations spoken of were really divine,

*The italics are our own.

and that God was in the work, would it not be an unfortunate thing to be found 'fighting against God.' Would it not be safest to be kind and cautious? Would it not be as wise and well to withhold judgment? Are not the feelings of brethren, who stand unimpeached before their conference, entitled to consideration? How can man, angel or devil thrust, wound and lacerate a Christian heart with equal vehemence and cruelty than to affirm to him that he is moved by Satan in all those things which, to him, are the most sacred and precious, and dearer than his life? How can it be said that an association for the promotion of holiness is exclusive, and 'has in it the elements of a first-class disaster,' and that those who are connected with it are 'spiritual judges' of their brethren, at whose feet they are expected to bow and confess their sins, when all the members of the conference who chose to join are recognized as members without any condition whatever?

"Is it right and brotherly to charge Christian ministers with disloyalty to the church, and with laying the foundations of disruption simply because they preach holiness, which is admitted to be the doctrine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or because they preach it at a camp-meeting for that purpose? If those who are written and spoken against so freely were to retort and say to those who so bitterly oppose what they are pleased to call extra-churchly methods, 'You are of the devil; Satan is instigating you; you are honest, but deluded, and the devil is making a cat's paw of you.'

How severe that would sound! How unkind that would be and how unchristian! The earnest prayer of the writer is that no one who professes holiness will so far forget himself and dishonor his profession and the cause of our blessed Lord Jesus as to use toward any of God's dear children such language as we have quoted from the most unfortunate publication above referred to. Dear brethren, let us bear all things in charity rather than run the risk of 'offending one of God's little ones.' Let us, in our forbearance and charity, show our superiority over those who attack us with bitterness."

In his last hours the writer of the article above referred to sought and obtained, as we are informed, to his conscious satisfaction, the fullness of the blessing of perfect love.

It was charged by certain brethren that the "Holiness Movement," as it was termed, would rend the Church; that we were approaching a stormy time; that the Conference Association was connected with the National Association, which contemplated a division of the Church, as they already had a book concern and a missionary society of their own. These charges were reiterated whilst we were steadily pushing forward the blessed work, with no thought of any effort to bring on a crisis or to achieve any result save the glory of God. Our allegiance and fidelity to the Church, her polity, doctrines, usages and interests generally, we felt could not justly be questioned; and we felt that our motives ought not to be impugned, at least not by brethren of

limited experience in the Church and the ministry, and who had not distinguished themselves, particularly, for usefulness. As expressive of our views of the spirit of opposition, we wrote and published the following article:

OPPOSITION TO HOLINESS.

"That there is intense and bitter opposition to the doctrine of holiness cannot be doubted by those who have given the least attention to the matter.

"This opposition to holiness in the Church is more decided and pronounced than the opposition to justification in the world. There is a feeling of hostility towards those who are at all prominent in the advocacy of the doctrine and experience, as though they were teaching some new doctrine; and they are sometimes held up to reproach as 'no better than other people,' and as 'no better than they ought to be.'

"Those who profess to have entered into the experience of this blessing are spoken of as making a 'high profession,' or 'a loud profession,' etc.

"Now we apprehend that all this grows largely out of the fact that there is a misapprehension as to the nature of justification by faith, its relations and obligations.

"The notion prevails very largely in the Church that a profession of religion implies but little; that those who make it are not expected to live without sin. It is practically held that one may be partly innocent and partly guilty—partly forgiven and partly not, at the same time. It seems to be the common notion that, if one only professes justification, they are at liberty to sin

some, or at least it is expected of them that they will, that only those who profess holiness, or, as they say, 'make a high profession,' are expected to live without sin.

"When there is the slightest deviation on the part of these from what the objectors regard as the standard of right, they are full of reproaches, and say, 'There, that's your *holiness*!'

"Now, the fact is, so far as we can gather from the Word of God, that he who professes justification is under as much obligation to live without sin as he who professes holiness, so that it would be as consistent to deny the fact of justification by faith because some dishonor their profession as to deny holiness because some of its professors do as some persons do who profess justification.

"The Word of God on this point is explicit. John says, in his first Epistle, 1, 6, 7: 'If we say that we have fellowship with Him and walk in darkness [that is sin], we lie, and do not the truth, but if we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship, one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Then again, he says, in chapter iii, 6: 'Whosoever abideth in Him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen Him, neither known Him.' Then it would seem as though the apostle was unable to satisfy himself that he had expressed the mind of the Spirit. He says: 'He that committeth sin is of the devil, for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He

might destroy the works of the devil.' Then, in the next verse, he puts it stronger still, and says, 'Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for His seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.' In the 18th verse of the 5th chapter he says: 'We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not; but he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not.'

"We see from these few passages that one who is only *justified* is expected to live without sin. 'He that committeth sin is of the devil.' He is not justified.

"It is evident that he who makes a profession of religion at all—that is, of justification—makes a 'high profession.' He professes that *all* his sins are forgiven him; 'For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'—James ii, 10."

One serious embarrassment in district work I found to be the meager allowance of the presiding elder, and the methods adopted by most of the churches to raise the claim. There were certain persons on the Board of Stewards who were determined to cut down the allowance to the least possible sum—a sum wholly inadequate to support my family. The Appleton District has neither parsonage nor furniture, and the presiding elder is obliged to provide both at his own expense. One or two of the district stewards seemed so exercised lest the presiding elder should receive enough to support him, that they were in constant trouble. One steward was so exercised over the matter that the first time I called at

his house he commenced at once to complain about former assessments to the charge he represented, and declared that if they were assessed one cent more that year they would repudiate the whole. I tried to explain to him that I had nothing to do with the matter of estimating the presiding elder's claim or of apportioning it among the charges. But he kept right on, in an angry and excited manner, until I felt that I was insulted in his house, and but for the presence of the preacher-in-charge, who had taken me there, I should have left at once. But his wife, coming in at that moment, took up the cudgel and said, "I have heard you this half-hour going on in this way without any reason, and I have had half a mind to come in and cuff your ears. The presiding elder is your guest, and is in nowise responsible for the amount assessed to this charge; besides that, I guess the charge can pay the assessment without breaking them." This little gush of eloquence stopped the tide of abuse. But that same brother managed to be present in the Board of District Stewards each year, or to have some one there from that charge who was in favor of putting the presiding elder on the shortest possible allowance.

The custom prevailed generally on the district of raising the presiding elder's claim by public collection at the time of his quarterly visits. This made it very embarrassing for one of any delicacy of sensibility. At first we thought the crucifixion would kill us, but we learned to shut our eyes and think of something else whilst the

begging was going on. The law of the church is that the presiding elder shall share, pro rata, with the preachers in the amount contributed for the support of the ministry in the various charges; but in a few instances the preachers interfered with my claim, and by active measures prevented my getting my allowance. The Lord will "reward them."

At the conference at Waupun, at the close of my first year on the district, I presented the following report of my district:

"The past year has been one of great labor and corresponding success.

"The Appleton District embraces a larger extent of territory than any other district in the conference, except the Norwegian; but fortunately is traversed mostly by rail. There is embraced within its limits parts of ten counties, one of which has nearly as great an area as the whole State of Vermont.

"The discipline requires the presiding elder to travel through his district. I have traveled through mine, visiting every charge four times a year, with the exception of two or three. In several instances I traveled two hundred miles—one hundred of it by stage—to attend a single quarterly conference.

"So far as the preachers on the district are concerned, they have labored, with scarcely an exception, with great fidelity, zeal and devotion to their work. Some of them have had hard fields to cultivate, and nearly all have suffered, more or less, financially. It has been a most

fearful struggle, in the case of some of them, to obtain a subsistence for themselves and their families. One brother supported, for a considerable length of time, himself and wife and four children, on forty cents a day. The trials have been borne with scarcely a complaint. Indeed, those who have suffered most have complained the least. God gave to the preachers on my district, in the main, the noblest women for wives I have ever met. Some of them have manifested heroism that deserves to stand by the side of the record of the heroism of the martyrs.

"So far as the churches are concerned, there has been a general improvement throughout the district. I do not know of a charge on the district—excepting perhaps one or two—that is not in a better state, religiously, than it was at the beginning of the year. The three camp-meetings were seasons of great power. The meeting at Doty Island was the largest ever held in the state, and was, altogether, a most remarkable meeting. Its benefits to the preachers and the churches can never be told.

"As the result of the three camp-meetings more than three hundred have now professed conversion, and multitudes of believers have been sanctified.

"There have been improvements in church property at Seymour, Ripon, at Utica and at Kewaunee. The debt on the parsonage at Manitowoc is provided for, and Brother Smith has matters well under way towards liquidating the indebtedness that has accumulated on the First Church of Oshkosh, since the dedication. An

enlargement of the church at Algoma Street, Oshkosh, will doubtless be made the ensuing year.

"Brother E. L. Alling, appointed to Sturgeon Bay last conference, died during the year. He was greatly beloved there, and in his death the conference sustains a great loss. He was married but two months before his death; and when he fell his wife took up the work and has filled the pulpit since with great acceptability to the people, and with profit to the church.

"Sister Walker, wife of T. H. Walker, died during the year, at the time of the great revival at Peshtigo. She died as she had lived, in the triumphs of faith. She was of a quiet disposition, thoroughly devoted to her family and the church, and possessed a most amiable, sweet christian spirit. She endured the hardships she was called to meet, with an uncomplaining fortitude and bravery that evinced the spirit of her Divine Lord.

"The preachers on the district, as also the people, have received me with cordiality, and have treated me with kindness and consideration that has humbled me, and has led me to love Methodist preachers as never before. Should any of them, in the providence of God, be parted from me this year, I should ever bear with me the kindest feelings towards them, and I shall not cease to pray for their prosperity.

"The Lawrence University is the only literary institution, under the patronage of our church, within the bounds of my district. It is in the usual condition of prosperity, and is doing a grand work for the church. The

standard of its scholarship is high, and its alumui are making for it an enviable reputation.

"The eyes of all aspiring orators are now upon it, and it is expected that the Lawrence University will retain the laurels so gloriously won in the late state oratorical contest, and also in the inter-state contest.

"We have attended to all the interests of the work of the church, great and small. We have made it a rule to neglect no interest of the cause, and no requirements of the discipline. God has greatly blest our labors, for which we are devotedly thankful."

My first experience in the stationing room was at the conference session at Waupun, in the autumn of 1877. In accordance with the strongly expressed wish, or of the positive demands of several churches on the district, I made changes in pastoral relations, as it seemed to me wise and best.

The wish or demand of the churches were expressed to me privately, and, as I supposed, in good faith. In a few instances when the preachers returned from conference and complained that they were removed, the officers of the church, who had expressed a desire for a change, assured the preachers that they expected them to return. This threw the responsibility of the change upon me, and I was blamed when I should have been sustained. This taught me a lesson, and I resolved that when such requests should come to me in the future, I would notify the brethren that I would communicate the fact to the preachers. I made it a point thereafter, as a

rule, to carry out this purpose, and found that it relieved me from much embarrassment and trouble.

The appointments on my district, made at that conference, gave general satisfaction. In intellectual ability and scholarly attainments, the preachers on my district, as a whole, compared favorably with, if they did not surpass, those on any other district in the conference.

Many of the preachers had a hard time, financially, the previous year, being scarcely able, in some instances, to keep soul and body together. Several were obliged to run into debt in order to procure the necessities of life. I sympathized deeply with them in their trials, and such was my anxiety at times as to almost dishearten me. There was but little complaining, however, and all bore their trials heroically. I made it a practice to inquire, on the occasion of every quarterly visit, how they were provided for. The usual reply was, "We have enough to eat yet." This reply frequently came from the devoted wives of preachers, when I was satisfied they were not comfortably clad, and it not unfrequently happened that, although there was enough in the larder for the present meal, they had to trust God for the next one.

Some of them were the most devoted men of God, and the most zealous and faithful in their work of any I ever knew.

Brother I. Wiltse, of Ripon, was distinguished among this class. He was appointed to Ripon when the affairs of the Church there were in a most deplorable condition,

owing to a division in the society, occasioned by the expulsion from the Church and Conference of J. M. Craig, already noticed. There was great excitement in the Church, which was participated in largely by the outside community. Demoralization had taken the place of prosperity, and a very bitter and unkind spirit possessed many of the members. Brother Wiltse was a man of peace. He did not seek peace at the expense of other valuable interests of the Church, however. He was kind and decided. The enemies of Christ and the Church fought him hard, but by a firm trust in God and zealous devotion to every interest of the cause, he succeeded in building up the kingdom of Christ, and had a blessed revival as the fruit of his toil. It soon became apparent that his labor, accompanied with care and persecution, was wearing upon him and making sad inroads into his health.

He labored in revival services through almost the entire winter of his second year. I became satisfied that he was fast wearing himself out and entreated him to desist, but he seemed pushed by an irresistible infatuation to carry on the work, and lead men from sin to God. I warned him that he would kill himself; but his reply was: "I had rather wear out than rust out."

On Sabbath evening, March 17, 1878, he was taken severely ill, having preached twice that day, as usual. His evening sermon was descriptive of the Heavenly Jerusalem, and was a sermon of unusual power. He described the New City, and spoke of its inexpressible



REV. I. WILTSE.



glory and his longing to be away, and with Christ. He was assisted from the pulpit to his home, and failed rapidly until the morning of the twenty-ninth, at two o'clock, when he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. He was completely triumphant in Christ through all his sickness. He said to the writer, when asked if there was anything he could do for him: "No, nothing, only take care of my work." I replied, "Do not worry about your work, Brother Wiltse." "No," said he, "Nothing disturbs me." A few moments later he beckoned me to him and said, "There has been only one thing through my sickness." "What is that, Brother Wiltse," "Jesus and the Blood," was his reply. He said to a friend who attended him during the early part of his sickness: "I did not suppose such peace and joy were possible as I have experienced during my sickness." He was not only fully prepared for his change, but he was gloriously triumphant.

The following extract from the resolutions presented at his funeral, from the Baptist Church, present some leading points in his character:

As a preacher of the Word, he was, in our judgment, earnest, clear and forcible; and he possessed, to a high degree, that grand requisite to a successful minister of the Lord Jesus, viz: Perfect surrender of self to the work of winning souls to Christ. In this last respect, how closely he followed the example of Him who is the great head of the church. Holding up Christ to the very last, he plead with those he loved to be reconciled to God. Seldom do you find one possessing so fully that admirable quality of Christian character—self-forgetfulness. Surely he, if any, could use the language of Paul: "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," for it seemed to be the one great aim of his life to save his fellow men.

Not only in his more public ministry, but in his social and pastoral work he manifested the same unselfish spirit, willing to go any distance, at any hour, at any sacrifice, if he could comfort a suffering one, strengthen some weak faith, cheer a desponding soul. How admirable and soul-stirring such a character!

And yet no less marked was his perfect and unflinching devotion to truth. His *integrity* was even as strong as his *sympathy*. For no cause could he be induced to sacrifice principle; willing any moment to yield if conscious that he was wrong—*truth* being more valuable to him than his own opinions—yet he was decided in all that he thought *was* right. He might have again said with Paul: “I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.” Love for his brethren, on the one hand, and adherence to truth on the other, characterized the life of our departed brother. He possessed none of that shallow sympathy which would cause him to sacrifice principle to please men, nor was he stubborn and cynical. But he was true and yet tender, firm and yet yielding and unselfish—a most excellent pastor, because of his whole-souled example, earnest work and judicious management. You have truly met with a great loss. For this reason we give you our sincere sympathy in this your hour of affliction.

Why God sees fit to call away at this moment, one whom you so much needed, we cannot tell, but seeing his self-sacrifice for the Christian cause, and his thorough preparation for the higher home, the Master said, “Come up higher.”

Let us say, however, that we as a Church and community, have also sustained a great loss. Brother Wiltse was a noble example to us all, and an inspiration to the whole community.

We all feel the loss. But as his work is finished, may you as a Church, and we as a community, pattern after his virtues and follow his admonitions, and thus through the influence of his life and memory, may we become true servants of Christ, doing that which, if he were living, would be the most pleasing to him whose loss we mourn.

Nor can we forget in our sympathy our dear sister Wiltse and her family, in their deep affliction. Certainly no one can feel the loss of our brother, as she who was his companion in life, who bore with him his cares and depended on him for support and comfort. Truly, cold is the world to such a one, for no one can fill the place of a partner in life. While there may be great consolation derived from the fact that her husband was a true man,

and performed patiently, faithfully, and nobly, his work while here, and was fully prepared to be called hence, yet this very fact makes the loss the greater to bear.

With sympathy for our sister, our prayer is that Jesus, whom she and her husband have faithfully served, may sustain her in this truly sad bereavement.

The following summary of his appointments will be of interest to his friends:

He was received on trial in the Wisconsin Conference at its session held at Sheboygan Falls, May, 1859, and appointed to Wautoma charge, Stevens Point District. That was a six months conference year. At the conference at Whitewater, held October, 1859, he was continued on trial, and appointed to Amherst. In 1860 he was admitted into full connection, and ordained a deacon, and appointed to Kingston, Beaver Dam District; in 1861 to Door Creek; in 1862 he was elected to Elder's orders (in a class of seven, he being the first to gain the other shore) and stationed at Lowell in 1863; in 1864-5-6, Liberty Prairie; 1867-8-9, Dartford; 1870-1-2, Berlin; 1873-4-5, Beaver Dam; 1876-7, Ripon.

His funeral took place at Ripon, on the afternoon of April 2, the spacious church being filled to its utmost capacity, with a weeping congregation, made up of citizens and members of all the denominations of Ripon, and friends from abroad, and brethren from charges Brother Wiltse had formerly served. There were present about thirty of his brethren in the ministry, to weep together around his grave. Rev. Dr. Carhart, presiding elder of the district, took charge of the religious services, and made a few remarks in regard to the life and

character of the deceased, and his relations to him. He was followed by several other brethren who had known Brother Wiltse for a long time.

The Congregational Church and the temperance organizations with which he was connected presented resolutions of respect, which were read at his funeral and published in the local papers.

CHAPTER XV.

 E V. L. H. C A R H A R T, presiding elder of Denison District, Texas, having completed a beautiful church edifice at Sherman, in that state, invited me to be present at the dedication and preach on the occasion, April 7, 1878. We clip the following from *The Early Dawn* of April 4, 1877:

Rev. Dr. Carhart, of this city, left for Sherman, Texas, last night, to be absent about four weeks. The dedication of a new church at Sherman takes place on Sabbath next. Bishop Bowman preaches in the morning and Dr. Carhart in the evening. The church cost five thousand dollars, and is said to be a model of architectural beauty. Dr. Carhart will make a tour of the state, and our readers may expect correspondence, and copious notes of observation from the "Lone Star State."

I attended the dedication, and traveled about thirteen hundred miles in the state, visiting the principal points and objects of interest. I studied up the history and geography of the state, and enjoyed the four weeks spent there as I never enjoyed the same length of time spent anywhere else. I was happily disappointed in many respects, with what I saw and learned of that great and growing state, and its inhabitants. I found the country more beautiful, the inhabitants, as a rule, more intelligent and enterprising, and products of the country more varied and abundant, and the internal improvements vastly in excess of what I had reason, from the reports,

to expect. I found the Methodist Episcopal Church, though but small, a vigorous and healthy plant, and in a prosperous condition, with every prospect of a glorious future. I wrote out my impressions for the newspapers, and extract from a few of my published letters:

"In looking over the map of Texas, the first thing that impresses us is its size. It has an area greater than New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and the six New England States all combined. She embraces within her borders, 274,366 square miles of territory. This immense area, large enough for an empire, lies between the twenty-sixth and thirty-sixth degrees of north latitude, its northwestern 'Pan Handle' extends to the border-line of Kansas. It will some day, without doubt, be divided into at least three states, conforming, it may be, somewhat to her topography, as follows, viz: The Seaboard, embraced between the Sabine and Rio Grande, about a thousand miles long, and from two to three hundred miles wide. The uplands or Middle Texas, lying from five hundred to eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The Great Plains, including the Plano Estacado, or Staked Plains, which are yet the almost unmolested home of the savage and the buffalo.

"A view of a state so vast cannot, of course, be presented in a single picture. It requires a panorama to do it justice.

"The natural resources of the state are varied and great. What is most needed now is an increased popu-

lation, with intelligence, energy and morality, to develop the immense resources. The rush of immigration hither from the Northern, Middle and Western states is great, amounting last year to about 200,000. It will undoubtedly be still larger this year. As might be expected, and as always occurs under similar circumstances, there are not only a great many dissatisfied and discontented people here, but the population is of that heterogeneous kind that does not readily assimilate, and makes a society and good government difficult.

"There are evidently many erroneous and damaging impressions afloat in regard to the inhabitants of Texas.

"They are regarded as a kind of nomadic race, mounted on fleet, half-tamed mustang horses, and sporting a revolver on one side of the belt and a bowie-knife on the other, whose chief employment is horse-stealing and chewing plug tobacco. There are culture, refinement and piety here among the people of Texas. It is true that no one, accustomed to ordinary privileges of northern society, would prefer the best society here to that, and yet, one may select here, as he should always do, so as to feel safe, comfortable and at home.

"That there is a larger proportion of degraded people here than in Wisconsin, no observer can for a moment doubt. The condition of society in the Church is always a fair index of the condition of things outside. Dancing, card-playing and wine-drinking are vices commonly indulged in by members of most of the Churches. The rum-seller is allowed membership in most of the Churches.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is an honored exception, and maintains her record as clean and fair as at the North.

"The peculiar climate of Texas, together with the ease of procuring a living from stock-raising, has contributed to make the native Texan thriftless and idle. Until the influx of northern immigration there was a general lack of enterprise. There is still a great lack in this direction, which manifests itself in a variety of ways: For example, there is in this city what is known as "an ox mill," and which has been in operation here for fifteen or twenty years. My curiosity was awakened in regard to it and I have just returned from a visit to it. It is a grist mill propelled by oxen. The oxen, seven in number, are placed upon an immense treadwheel, fifty feet in diameter, precisely like an old-fashioned dog-churn power. The oxen walk on the rim of this immense wheel, which slowly revolves and drives the mill. The whole mill is covered with a kind of shed; the posts being firmly set into the ground. Fourteen oxen in all are kept; and they serve in relays. Three large steam flouring mills, however, within a stone's throw of the ox mill show the coming of mind, thrift and power.

"Farming implements of every description are sold here, in large quantities, with a constantly increasing demand.

"Before writing you again I shall have seen some of the southern portions of the state; until then, adieu."

"Your correspondent has 'done' Dallas, Fort Worth

and Houston since writing you last. Dallas is on the line of the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, just seventy-four miles south of Denison, or seventy-five miles south of the north boundary line of Texas. It is a city of about the same number of inhabitants as Oshkosh, but is in advance of Oshkosh, in that it has street cars and three daily papers. It is a very thriving, growing town—quite a railroad center and is destined to be the metropolis of Northern Texas. We visited a large number of objects of interest about the city, such as are common to all large cities, and some that are peculiar to southern cities. Among these is the cotton compress. The bales of cotton, of ordinary size and weight, as they are shipped from various points, are here placed in a press and, by means of machinery of immense power, reduced to about one-half their original size, and are thus much more convenient for large shipment. Speaking of cotton reminds me that Texas land is ahead as a cotton-growing state; she produced last year one-seventh of the entire cotton crop of the United States, or over six hundred and eighty thousand bales. It is estimated that, one-fifth of the territory of the state is capable of producing an annual crop greater than is now gathered from all the cotton fields on the globe. There is still a hundred millions of acres untouched by the plow.

"We took a run out of Dallas, on the Texas and Pacific Railroad, to Fort Worth, a distance of about thirty miles. In this short ride we saw some of the finest country we have yet looked upon. We were constantly

enraptured with the beauty of the country and the evident fertility of the soil. The Texas and Pacific Railroad is a new road, extending through a beautiful region of the state; is well equipped and a delightful road to travel on. The day we passed over it there was some nervousness experienced, in view of the recent train robberies that had been perpetrated. We were not molested, and had a short time in which to see Fort Worth, which is altogether the newest and most sprightly town we have seen in the state. The town is spreading in every direction over the beautiful rolling plains and presents a very picturesque appearance. They have street cars, gas, and have just completed a magnificent court house, from the dome of which an enchanting view may be obtained of the city and surrounding country.

"The weather is so mild here that the rudest dwelling that will protect from the sun, will answer for a temporary residence. Consequently these shanties are springing up like magic to a great distance about town. One serious drawback here is a want of good water. Water is taken from the river and peddled about town, but as there is no ice, it becomes so warm and insipid that no northerner can drink it.

"We found our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bedal, formerly of Oshkosh. Brother Bedal is at work upon the new church edifice for the Methodist Episcopal Society. He will probably go to the new colony in Donley County.

"On Wednesday night the seventeenth of April, a

company of us, consisting of ye reporter for The Early Dawn, Rev. L. H. Carhart and lady, of Sherman, the founder of the colony in Donley County; Prof. Herdsman and son, of Binghampton, N. Y., and a nimmense lunch basket, took the train on the Houston and Texas Railroad, for a trip to Houston, San Antonio, Austin and, perhaps, Galveston, to 'see what we could see.'

"The Houston and Texas Central runs through the center of Eastern Texas, the finest portion of the state, in many respects. No northern man visiting Texas can afford to return home without taking a trip over the whole line of this road. If he goes no further, he will see a good deal of Texas. It seems really wonderful that one can ride for three hundred and fifty miles on a stretch and remain wholly within the limits of a single state. Such is the immensity of Texas. In passing over the line of this trunk road, you may look out on either side and see the vast prairies, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, covered with the richest green, and affording pasturage for thousands of cattle, roving these vast fields with perfect freedom. This is the paradise for cattle. An energetic man may soon acquire a wealth in cattle here almost beyond the power to compute. This immense scope, such as northern men never see except here, enlarges the view, expands the conception and gives to one new inspiration and appreciation of life's possibilities.

"As we approached Houston, the yellow pines became numerous and beautiful. We saw also for the first time, the pendent gray moss on the limbs, principally of oak

trees. This moss is curious, and hanging in great, swaying masses from every limb, like grey beard from an old man's chin, gives to the forest a most weird and grotesque appearance. Speaking of trees, the umbrella-china is the most beautiful and interesting of all the trees we have seen. It is shaped like an umbrella, whence its name, and is covered with a profusion of small leaves of the deepest green. It is cultivated in the yards and affords a delightful shade.

"The palmetto is here in all its glory and here are the beautiful sycamore, the magnolia, cotton wood, fig and the mountain ash. The leaves of the magnolia are large, thick and of a waxen appearance. The trees are now laden with buds and occasionally a full blown flower may be seen. The honey-suckle climbs the tall verandas, spreading its perfume through the house; and roses, of greatest variety and marvelous profusion, fill the front yards, whilst the mistletoe spreads itself on the top of the oak, and gives to the front yard or the forest a most bewitching aspect.

"The dwellings here in Houston, are many of them, neat cottages with broad verandas, completely embowered in foliage, vines and flowers, surrounded with sweetest fragrance and inviting to the weary, dust-covered traveler.

"Houston is a city of about twenty-six thousand inhabitants. It is beautifully located, its streets are broad, and, for a southern city, quite clean; and run at right angles. Street cars traverse them in almost every direc-

tion. In enterprise, the city is somewhat northern, but in its prominent features is altogether southern. In our rambles about town we visited the Market House, which is the finest we ever saw. It far surpasses the market houses of eastern cities, so far as our observations extend. A splendid armory occupies the main hall, and the city offices are on the second and third floors.

"Northern enterprise and capital are doing wonders here, and will do greater things in the near future. We are now in the midst of the palmetto, the cotton and the cane. Negroes abound, of every age, of either sex and of every shade of color. An excursion of colored people left this forenoon, April 18th, by train for Galveston. They will return sometime to-night. They were mostly well-dressed, and many of them gave evidence of intelligence. They had with them a colored band, which discoursed sweet music. To-morrow morning, April 19th, we leave for the old, classical city of San Antonio, of which you may expect some account in our next."

During the night of April 18th, while in my room at the hotel, a spirit of wakefulness came over me, as the strong odor from magnolia flowers floated in at my open window and almost overpowered the senses. The air was warm and balmy as the breath of June, and the mocking bird sang all night long, as he hid himself in the branches of a magnificent palmetto near by. I could not sleep amid so much beauty and song, and so I wrote the following little poem:

UNDER THE PALMETTO AND PINE.

In the long, long ago, when the fancy was wild,
And we acted and spake as an innocent child,
We dreamed of magnolias, palmetto and pines;
Of the bright mistletoe and kindred sweet vines,
That hang in festoons where mosses abound,
And gracefully sway as they sweep towards the ground.
We dreamed of white cottages, hidden from sight,
In roses and jasmine, and buried outright,
Except the tall chimney that stands out of doors,
As though independent of siding and floors.
We dreamed of the south wind, with spices oppressed,
That fans the hot forehead and quiets the breast,
And sighs through the pine trees, like voices at prayer,
When vespers are rung on the still evening air.
Beneath the palmetto and whispering pine
To-day, in the south wind, at ease we recline.
And recall the sweet visions of passionate youth,
When we longed for the pine, in the soft, sunny south.
The pine and palmetto will wither and die,
The mistletoe berries fall red from on high,
The Mexican dagger turn crisp in the sun—
No longer the ivy o'er trellises run,
And the mocking bird cease his soft notes in the night,
And the red bird will die or forever take flight;
The rose leaves lie scattered, and faded, and dry,
And the stars become dim in the arch of the sky;
But the memories sweet of this idle'—full day
Shall ne'er from my spirit in cloud pass away,
But brighter and dearer, while life shall be mine,
Will be the remembrance of palmetto and pine.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE were delighted with quaint, classic, beautiful San Antonio, and said repeatedly, while there, "If I had my family here I should not return to the north." We hope at some future day to revisit this romantic and beautiful place.

The following account of the old missions was published in *The Early Dawn*, May 23, 1878:

THE OLD MISSIONS.

"We were in San Antonio at the end of Lent. Roman Catholics, of all nationalities, were in high expectation in regard to Easter, and elaborate arrangements were made for its observance.

"At an early hour in the morning we made our way to the Cathedral of San Fernando, from whose dome waved the blood-red flag when the Alamo fell. It fronts on Military Plaza, and is a beautiful and imposing structure. The principal part of the building is modern in architecture, but the dome that surmounts the sacristy is ancient in appearance, having been built in 1736, and is a model of venerable antiquity.

"The new, and main part of the edifice, is joined on to the old so as to make one building, and cost \$36,000. Father J. M. Troucy, the priest of the cathedral, received us very kindly, and showed us all through the

1736, which gave evidence solid stone of enormous size in one corner, protected by sum, quite soft; the priest our pocket-knives.

"A little Mexican wood elevated position in one corner of very great antiquity, but represent, we did not learn venerated.

"We were shown in the same nearly two hundred years old wrought out entirely with originally four of these crosses stolen. We were shown the old part of the building, with its ancient furniture, and with ments.

"Father Troucy showed us a room covered with gold of exquisite

"The old part of this building was erected by the Franciscan Friars, who were paid by the king of Spain. It is built of clay and gravel, the walls being eight feet thick. There is a central dome over the altar, of great symmetry and beauty, and on the four sides, four magnificent arches. The roof is of the same material as the walls, and resists like a stone, the action of the elements. All the Mission buildings about San Antonio are of the same material. This old church and the Mission buildings were designed both for worship and defense. Around the top is built a parapet, which served an important purpose in the war of 1836. Around this old church the battle raged furiously. The sides of the wall, on the south and east, bear numerous bullet-marks and the edge of the parapet, flecked off by bullets, has been repaired. About one hundred soldiers were buried about the old church who fell in its defense. Father Troucy said, that in digging recently, near the wall, for the purpose of planting a tree, he came upon numerous human bones. A number of persons of distinction were buried under the old church; on the walls were several tablets of stone to their memory, on one of which was the following inscription: '*Aquie Yace Da Ma Gertrudis Peres Espasa de, D. Y. Cari, ano.*'

"The room of the old sexton was a regular curiosity shop. Everything was covered with dust, and in complete confusion. The furniture, once rich and costly, was antique enough. Quite a library filled an old book-case, a musical instrument, of some description, lay

bottom up, evidently undergoing repairs. An old clock had been entirely dissected, and the parts scattered about a sofa which looked as though it might have constituted a part of the furniture of Noah's ark.

"Numerous small doors and narrow passages, leading, we knew not where, invited our inspection; but time would not allow us to gratify our curiosity. The priest showed us a small door of cedar, richly carved, lying out in the yard against the wall, once the door to the old sexton's room, which was constructed by the Franciscan monks, evidently without a jack-plane. He said he was offered ten dollars for it, not long before. We brought away a sliver of it for a pen-holder.

"The most remarkable of the Mission buildings, is the Alamo, situated on Alamo Plaza, in the center of the town. Running off at right angles from one corner of the chapel is a long, narrow building, in which is a family, and a flour and feed store, but which was originally the cell of the monks. This building was erected in 1744. The battle of the Alamo is the distinguishing fact or incident in its history, and has rendered it historic. It stands the monument of a battle greater than Thermopylæ, for while one Greek lived to tell the story of the heroic defense, not one Texan ever opened his lips to relate how his comrades died. One hundred and eighty-three men perished at the hands of a relentless Mexican soldiery, driven on by that fiend in human form, old Santa Anna. Lovers of liberty in centuries to come will gather from afar to kneel on the spot where

Travis fell; to gather a stone in memory of the chamber where Bowie was slaughtered on his bed, and to see the place where old Davie Crockett, the heroic bear-fighter of Tennessee, shed his blood for the freedom of Texas. A monument is erected to the memory of these gallant men, in the vestibule of the State House at Austin, from which we copied the following inscription: 'Blood of heroes hath stained me; let the stones of the Alamo speak, that their immolation be not forgotten. March 6, 1836, A. D.'

"One face bears the name of Bowie, the other, Crockett, the third Bonham and the fourth Travis.

"The history of the Jesuit Missions of San Antonio has never been written, and never will be. The secret workings of the institutions they represent are without the range of history—so dark, so secret, so weird and strange, that they must ever remain unknown to the outside world, unique and unfathomable. But few facts concerning them have ever come to light. Their designers are unknown, and their founders and builders have long since passed away, and their names are unknown to this generation.

"Vast amounts of money were expended in the erection of these Mission buildings, and the very best skill of the age was employed in their design. Those who built them, built wisely and well, for time has touched lightly on some of these structures, and unless violence shall rob them of their present stability, they are likely to remain for hundreds of years to come, as they have

endured through hundreds of years past. No one, in the least given to reflection, or to the admiration of the beautiful and ancient, can contemplate these structures without something of awe, and a measure of veneration for the men who, in a land so remote from the home of their nativity, and in the midst of a stupid and barbarous race, should spend their lives and leave such splendid monuments of genius, skill and devotion, behind them. Could these massive walls speak, what tales could they tell of strange, ignorant, perhaps at times, acceptable worship; of song, sermon, stupid idolatry; of crosses borne, penances done, consciences benumbed, and the darkness of ignorance made more intense in the minds of the poor, enslaved aborigines, who counted their beads for acceptance with Heaven, and kissed the crucifix for pardon and everlasting life. These walls could tell, indeed they still speak, of desperate conflicts, when battles raged round about them, and priests turned generals, and monks commanders, and fought with a desperation and bravery which strong religious enthusiasm alone can give. Hundreds, if not thousands, around these Missions fell, slaughtered, at times, in the most brutal manner. The walls still bear the marks of battles, and one can almost imagine blood-stains on the roofs and parapets where the grass now grows, and the Texas moss finds a congenial foothold.

"After the Alamo, an account of which was given in our last week's letter, we visited the Mission of La Parissima Concepcion Acuna, which is two miles below the

city of San Antonio, and has, like the others, a style peculiarly its own. It has been characterized as Christianized Moorish. The front is a square, flanked on either side by a dome-covered belfry. The whole outside of the building is covered with a coat of cement or mastic, which was painted in various geometrical forms, somewhat after the form of tiles.

"One contained a room in which the sacred vestments and articles not in daily use were kept. The other was the baptistry, which also had an altar. The walls of this room are painted with various emblems, among which the cord of the Franciscans, a serpent and the seven dolores or sorrows, which pierced the heart of the Virgin Mother, are conspicuous. The entrance to the church is between the towers and through a vestibule.

"The auditorium is not large, but is lighted by a dome of remarkable symmetry and beauty. The altar is still furnished with the gaudy decoration of a barbaric Christianity, upon which the doves who inhabit the sanctuary, have deposited their litter. The cells of the monks are inhabited by a German family which is said to be the filthiest family in Texas. The entire building is composed of adobe, or clay and gravel, mixed in certain proportions, and as solid as a rock.

"The gallery stairs have disappeared and a very slender ladder furnished the only means of access to it. Up this ladder our two female traveling companions, Mrs. Dr. Jones and Mrs. Rev. L. H. Carhart, were easily persuaded to climb, thence by a flight of adobe stairs as

solid as stone, we ascended to the roof of the building and to the dome. The height was so great as to make one reel on looking over the parapet. The roof is of the same material as the walls, and is arched, the adobe being eighteen or twenty inches thick. Over the door may be clearly seen, carved in the solid stone, the date of the erection of the building, 1694.

"The Mission of San Jose is on the west side of the river, and four miles from the city. This is the grandest of them all. The principal doorway is a wonderful work of sculptural art. It is about thirty-five feet high. Fronting the door which is semi-circular, there is a sculpture of foliage and scriptural emblems intermixed. On the right stands a statue of St. Joseph and on the left, of the Virgin Mother and infant Savior. Above the key-stone of the arch is the statute representing the Virgin in the posture which, in ecclesiastical art, indicates the doctrine of the immaculate conception, the arms partly raised and extended, with palms of the hands turned outward. Above this is a large window, with ornamental surroundings of sacred emblems, flowers and foliage. There are also three statues of friars in the habit of their order.

"The baptistry window is almost equal to the main door, in beauty of sculptural art. It is quite evident that this immense building was never quite completed. An old Mexican woman living near, unlocked the rear door to the chapel containing the baptistry and admitted us, for which service she piously expected and received a small

fee. A smell of mould was on the air. Everything betokened age and a grandeur which had long since passed away. We were carried back in fancy to the days when these halls, chapels and cells were filled with priests, monks and converts to Romanism, from the thousands of ignorant and degraded Indians inhabiting this splendid and fertile country, who were never made any wiser or better for the mummeries of their new religion.

"It was sunset before we left San Jose for home, and as we watched the lingering sunbeams aslant across the dome and spires of this marvelous edifice, and saw the dirty Mexicans lead their mules out of the cells of the monks, we could but feel that the condition of these Missions after such splendid opportunities, and years of magnificence and power, is but a prophecy of what Rome shall be hereafter. The flap of the dove's wing and the squeak of the bat, tell the tale of her coming desolation."

CHAPTER XVII.

N returning at eventide, after visiting the Mission of San Jose,* I wrote the following poem:

The sun wheels low in the western sky,
And aslant are his farewell rays
Across the parapet, dome and arch
Of the Mission of by-gone days.

Across the plain where the cactus grows
And flaunts its golden flower,
We have come, through perfume-laden breeze,
In the pensive vesper hour.

Around the Mission of San Jose,
Where gowned priest and friar
Once led the Indian hordes to toil,
Now grow the musquite and briar.

The swarthy Mexican stables his steed
In cells where monks have prayed,
And Texas cattle, hybrid and wild,
Browse free in the beautiful shade.

No soft-toned bell rings out the call
From the lofty and quant old tower,
For the monk that swung it in palmy days
Heeds not the vesper hour.

The arches, once springing so lofty and grand,
Are a broken and shapeless mass,
And they echo the sound of unsanctified feet
As in mute meditation we pass.

* Pronounced Sanoza.

The silence of death in the chapel prevails,
Where candle and altar remain,
And the odor of mould fills the ancient, dead air,
As if swept from the bones of the slain.

The grizzly bat squeaks in crevices nigh,
And doves flap and whirl in the dome,
While the striped great lizard crawls over the floor
And the baptistry claims as his home.

The mother and child, with apostle and priest,
Their station maintain at the door,
And the shattered and moss-covered basso-relief
Tell the tale of the grandeur of yore.

Over the doorway is "Ichabod" writ—
The glory of San Jose is no more,
And the history traced in each column and arch
Must ever repeat itself o'er.

Returning from Texas about the first of May, I resumed my duties on the district and applied myself to my work with greater earnestness and enthusiasm, in order to meet the conferences not held in my absence.

It became necessary to complete arrangements at once for the second Doty Island camp-meeting. These arrangements were soon perfected, and the second meeting was held on the Island, commencing Monday, July 1, 1878. Bishop Merrill preached the opening sermon, on Monday evening, to a large congregation. The sermon was an able one, and the Bishop expressed his delight at being again at a Methodist camp-meeting. Dr. Inskip and wife arrived on Monday evening, also Rev. J. A. Wood and wife. The attendance upon this meeting was very large, there being about one hundred tents and an

"The weather came off
Tuesday morning and the
condition. The first servi
Rev. J. S. Inskip preachin

"Rev. J. A. Wood prea
a sermon of wonderful clea
and interested audience. I
of several valuable works c
and is widely known in the C
of 'the truth as it is in Jesus
the sermon, wherein a large
wholly to God.

"Those who heard Brother
ago, on those great national
when an audience of five or s
be convened, felt that he ha
power and enthusiasm, but th
many years drop a few flecks
brow catches a little mor

large. Tents continue to be erected, and by the last of the week will not fall far short of one hundred.

"Waupaca District is largely represented, there being seventeen tents in all from there, and almost all the ministers of the district have been present.

"It is something of an undertaking to run a camp-meeting over the Fourth of July, with a celebration taking place a few rods off. To hold the attention of the people and maintain order and quiet, and keep up the religious spirit of the occasion whilst cannon are booming and martial music fills the air, would seem to require skill and talent of no mean order. But such was the evident presence of the Holy Spirit and the overwhelming power of God manifest on the occasion, that matters seemed to regulate themselves and no special effort was needed to preserve order, and the religious fervor increased as the day progressed. A praise meeting and love feast constituted the opening service of the day. It was conducted by Brother Inskip, and was a most delightful meeting. Brother Inskip preached in the morning, on 'The Blood of the Lamb and the word of your testimony.' It was not quite up to his usual efforts, but was a good sermon.

"Rev. J. A. Wood preached in the afternoon—a clear, forcible and precious sermon. The Holy Spirit fell on the people. The Lord was evidently in the midst of the congregation and the whole mass seemed moved as when the winds sweep the waves of the sea.

"In view of the intense interest awakened, it was

Christian life. —
forgotten by those who
— embracing lay
teachers and farmers—all
Holy Ghost. The cry for
new-born soul mingled in
the evening air. Many were
hour from one o'clock until
pied. Sister Inskip held
and children in the Men
largely attended and profi
the Germans held a service
a fair attendance.

"The record of the Dead
already a part of heaven'
recording angel has made
book of the chronicles of the
is now a thing of the past, :
lessly wandered over the ha
the sacred and inspiring sc
wide."

deterred and thousands filled the immense auditorium at an early hour. In fact Saturday night brought large numbers from abroad to spend the Sabbath with friends on the ground. Dr. Inskip preached in the morning of Sabbath, Rev. G. A. Smith, of Oshkosh, in the afternoon, and Rev. J. A. Wood in the evening. The day was a successful one, and before the fires went out on the light stands many souls were converted to God and multitudes were rejoicing in entire sanctification to God.

"All the sermons preached were of a high order. Never was a camp-meeting favored more highly in this respect.

"Rev. J. A. Wood endeared himself to all who heard him. This was his first visit to Wisconsin, and the universal wish was expressed that it should be repeated under similar circumstances. Brother Wood is the author of 'Perfect Love,' 'Purity and Maturity,' and kindred works, which have had a very large sale. 'Perfect Love' has now sold 27,000 copies. He is a clear-headed, sweet-spirited, godly man. His face and voice are sufficient to enchain an audience.

"Mrs. J. S. Inskip has a wide reputation as a worker among children and young people. Possessed of an interesting face, a sweet voice and a warm Christian heart, she works earnestly and with great success. She held a large number of meetings on the ground, at each of which souls were saved. At one tent-meeting there were twenty-seven converted in a few moments. God was with her in a most gracious manner and used her for his glory.

"The writer was the last to leave the ground on Tuesday evening. All was silent, save the beetle's hum and the night bird's song, and the holy hush that hung over the place left a shade of sadness and begot in our heart an infinite longing for the harps and habitations of the blest."

SECOND PESHTIGO CAMP-MEETING.

"This meeting commenced on the twenty-second day of August, under very favorable auspices. The weather was fine, the people in good spirits and a large number in attendance. The first service of the meeting was held on Sabbath evening. Rev. Victor Charroin, of Kewaunee Circuit, preached from Matt. xxiii, 12: 'And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'

"The sermon was timely and profitable, and was followed by a love feast that was sweet and encouraging.

"Brother S. H. Couch preached on Friday morning from the text: 'The fervent, effectual prayer of the righteous availeth much.'

"Brother R. S. Hayward preached in the afternoon, from the text, Matt. vii, 8: 'For every one that asketh receiveth.' Some thirty or forty came forward, after the sermon, as seekers of the blessing of holiness, and many entered into rest.

"Rev. C. R. Pattee preached in the evening from the text: 'Many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in and shall not be able.' A most blessed after-meeting followed, in which many were profited. The testimonies

were most remarkable. During Friday night some embers fell from one of the fire-stands and communicated with a large pile of dry pine faggots, and, there being no one on the watch, there was soon a large fire, which threatened the preacher's stand. Brother Allen soon aroused the brethren and the fire was extinguished. An eight o'clock meeting was held in the Peshtigo tent, and was one of those seasons of remarkable melting power which sometimes comes to the people of God. Professor Olcott is here and leads the singing with his usual sweetness and ability. Brother J. Banta preached on Saturday morning a sermon of power and blessedness. A very large gathering is anticipated for to-morrow, Sabbath. The meeting is already a success, and many are praising God for it.

"Rev. R. S. Hayward preached, on Saturday evening, a sermon of great solemnity and power, to sinners, from the text: 'He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.' The large audience listened with marked attention, and when the invitation was given for seekers to present themselves for prayer, near a score came forward and about a dozen were clearly converted. The altar meeting was one of those awfully solemn seasons which sometimes occur under the power of the Divine Spirit. Cries of the penitent, shouts of victory and united prayers rolled out upon the night air. The meeting lasted until a late hour and will long be remembered by all who were there. The Sabbath opened beautifully,

and the public worship was begun by a song service, led by Brother Olcott, which was merged into a love feast of almost unprecedented power and freedom. There was not a moment lost, and frequently there were three or four upon their feet at once, and not unfrequently two or three were speaking at the same time.

"The presiding Elder preached the morning sermon. After the sermon, several men were called upon to testify, who had been converted a year ago. The experiences were of a very remarkable character. Two of them had been scoffing infidels, and three of them were profane and intemperate men. It was a singular feature that those who had been lead to full salvation had, by the Divine Sririt, been constrained to abandon the use of tobacco. All testified that what they had vainly attempted a number of times in their own strength, the grace of God had so helped them to do that they had been entirely saved from the appetite by the grace of God.

"Brother C. R. Pattee, of Fort Howard, preached in the afternoon, to a large and attentive congregation. His text was Romans, i; 14, 15, 16.

"Just before the morning sermon the presiding elder stated to the people that about thirty dollars were needed to pay the expenses of the meeting, and quarterly claim etc., and that all raised over and above this would be applied towards the new church being built near by. In a few moments fifty dollars was raised. It was cheerfully and handsomely done

"The attendance on the Sabbath was large, and the audience orderly and devout.

"There was a large congregation Sabbath evening, and Brother T. F. Allen preached from the text, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.' The sermon was admirably adapted to the necessity of the hour. A deep solemnity prevailed the whole assembly, and it was evident that many were 'struck under conviction.' Brother E. R. Hayward followed the sermon with a rousing exhortation and a large number came to the altar as penitents, and many were happily saved to the Lord.

"The meeting was one of great power and glory. The Spirit came down in mighty power. Some were utterly prostrated under His influence. At a late hour the congregation dispersed with a deep and awful solemnity resting upon the people. The Sabbath of this camp-meeting is a manifest success.

"At about 10:30 P. M. a number of drunken loafers from Peshtigo came into camp with the avowed determination to tear down every tent on the ground. They saw that an organized force was prepared to meet them, and after a little noise and threats, they withdrew. A strong police force was kept up all night.

"An amusing incident occurred at the close of the Sabbath evening service. A young man from Chicago by the name of —— came rushing upon the preacher's stand with a broken lantern in his hand and demanded pay for it. He had placed it under a seat and sat down upon it. The seat broke down and his lantern was

crushed. Brother Hayward gave him fifty cents for his lantern. It was believed that such cheek could have found development nowhere save in the low places of Chicago."

The following account of the first Green Lake camp-meeting is copied from the local prints, published at the time:

THE GREEN LAKE CAMP-MEETING.

"This meeting, which commenced September second and closed September ninth, was in every respect a glorious success. At the very outset of the meeting there was a decided manifestation of divine power in the awakening and conversion of sinners and in the sanctification of believers.

"The meeting was largely attended and the best of order prevailed. There was no rowdyism or disposition to disturb or annoy.

"The subject of holiness was made a specialty and was constantly insisted upon as the privilege of every believer. The Church was urged to seek the higher life, and almost with one accord the brethren and sisters sought this great salvation.

"The experiences and testimonies were clear and satisfactory. There were a large number of conversions, and they seemed to be after the old-time sort. The preaching was with the demonstration of the spirit and with power from on high. The brethren in the ministry who were there devoted themselves to the work with wonderful spirit and energy, and God blest their labors.

There was no preaching for show, but for positive effect.

"Friday night of the meeting will never be forgotten by those who were there. A sermon of unusual directness and power was preached by Rev. E. R. Hayward, of Peshtigo, followed by an exhortation by the presiding elder. In the altar prayer meeting that followed the Holy Ghost fell on the people. The scene was one of those occasions of awful power that sometimes comes to people under similar circumstances. The united prayers of the people went up to God. Cries for mercy and shouts of victory mingled before the throne. Strong men were completely prostrated under the mighty power of God. Some in the congregation arose and fled. Others, attempting to do so, found themselves suddenly bereft of power to walk or stand. The glory of God shone everywhere.

"A multitude of people convened on the Sabbath, and under the efficient police force were kept in perfect order. There was an early prayer meeting at half-past seven in Brother Russell's tent, of Brandon, followed by a general love feast at the stand, at nine o'clock, in which one hundred and two testimonies were given in sixty minutes. It was one of the most spirited, delightful and powerful love feasts we have attended, far surpassing Doty Island. After a sermon by Brother Hale, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, and was a season long to be remembered, on account of the power of God that fell upon the people. One hundred and fifty-five partook of the communion.

The interest increased throughout the day, and the evening services were largely attended and were characterized with amazing power. The services at the stand were closed prematurely on Sabbath evening on account of a heavy shower. The meeting in the Brandon tent (Brother Russell's) continued nearly all night with great interest. The number converted and of those wholly sanctified was something over one hundred. The meeting was a wonderful success. Its influence for good cannot be estimated. To God be glory, forever and ever!"

The success of this meeting was largely due to the efficient services of Rev. F. F. Teeter, the preacher-in-charge of Dartford and Green Lake charge, in perfecting necessary arrangements for the meeting.

Absorbed in the great work committed to my hands on the district, I was not aware of the gathering storm that was to break on my devoted head. I had shunned conventional paths, and my success on the district was decided and well known and awakened the jealousy of certain of my brethren in the conference.

I was laboring for God whilst they were plotting against me. The preaching and advocacy of holiness seemed an offense unto many who, at the bar of the conference, when asked, "Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life?" answered, "Yes." "Are you groaning after it?" "I am." The fact of an association in the conference for the promotion of holiness seemed a great stumbling-block to some, notwithstanding-

ing the plan of association was so simple and so free from anything that could reasonably offend a Methodist preacher who sincerely believed the distinctive doctrine of Methodism, and who was honest in the answers to the questions above quoted. I was at that time in blissful ignorance of the fact that such bitterness of spirit could be entertained towards any of God's creatures as some of my brethren have manifested towards me.

I knew that one layman in the Church, whose record was not of a character to bear the light--whose name was a stench in business circles; who, some years ago, failed in business for a large amount; was imprisoned at the time and bailed out of jail by a prominent Methodist man of Central New York; but who came to Wisconsin, put his property out of his hands, except a magnificent mansion, worth ten or twelve thousand dollars, which the law of the State exempts from execution, and who is reported to have the income from twelve thousand dollars which he has carefully concealed--was strongly opposed to me and was seeking opportunities to injure me.

I gave the matter little attention, however, thinking that his gray hairs would, ere while, suggest to him the propriety of abandoning his tricks, and devoting himself to a preparation for a world where shams are unknown. But the sequel proved that I was mistaken--that the ruling passion which becomes strong, even in death, still possessed him, and that he was relentlessly pursuing me, not openly, but covertly, using other men as a cat's paw for the accomplishment of his purpose.

It must be remembered that I had never come in collision with this man—that not one unfriendly word had ever passed between us—that no occasion, whatever, on my part, had been given him for his enmity, except the encouragement I had lent to the building of the First Church of Oshkosh.

I was entirely ignorant of his plans to remove me from the district until our District Conference at Fort Howard, held September 9—12, 1878. I had scarcely reached the seat of the Conference, before brethren came to me with the intelligence that Rev. George C. Haddock, pastor of Algoma Street Church, Oshkosh, was organizing a movement to remove me from the district, at the approaching session of the Wisconsin Conference. I had no desire to remain in a position I had not sought, if the majority of the preachers did not desire me returned to the district. I knew not in what manner the antagonists were to strike.

It was, however, intimated to me that their chief effort would be to complicate me, in some way, with the affairs of the First Church, of Oshkosh. I accordingly armed myself with original documents, or with certified copies of them, and calmly awaited the attack. False reports, damaging to my reputation, were industriously circulated, and every effort was made to awaken a public sentiment against me.

The conference session was held that year at Fort Atkinson, Bishop Foster presiding. My enemies were industrious and had access to the Bishop, making grossly

false and injurious statements, in regard to me and my work.

A committee on the First Church affairs was called for in the conference, and P. B. Pease, C. D. Pillsbury and O. J. Cowles, were appointed such committee. All who knew anything in regard to the affairs of the church, were invited to appear before the committee. I did not go before the committee, preferring to let them work out the problems themselves. I knew that the real object in asking for the committee, was not so much the aid of the First Church, as it was to strike a blow at me. Representatives of the Board of Trustees of the church were before the committee, with all the facts relating to its financial condition, and after a number of protracted sessions, the following report was presented and adopted; not, however, until I had been put upon the witness-stand, before the Conference, and was subjected to a severe course of interrogation by all who wished to ply me. My answers were almost entirely from undisputed documents in my hands, to which I called careful attention:

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

The committee to whom was referred the consideration of the financial condition of the First Church, in Oshkosh, present the following as the facts in the case, so far as they have been able to gather them:

The original cost of the building, furnishing and fitting up for occupancy, is \$32,375; the whole amount received up to date, from all sources, including loans, is \$24,930; the whole amount of indebtedness at the present time is \$22,875; of this indebtedness, the sum of \$10,000 is funded at the rate of about 9½ per cent. interest, leaving a floating debt of \$12,875. Resources: —One lot of land, valued at \$600; notes and accounts, supposed good,

\$1,275; total, \$1,875; leaving \$11,000 unprovided for; \$6,000 of this is drawing 10 per cent, \$5,000, 8 per cent.

Connected with the building, and included in the property of the church, are three stores, the rentals of which, it is supposed, will pay the interest on the funded debt of \$10,000.

Four members of the Board of Trustees are personally responsible for the sum of \$18,000 of this indebtedness.

Of the amount received, \$4,260 of new subscriptions have been raised during the two years, last passed.

PLANS FOR RELIEF.

Three plans for relief have been suggested: First, some urge, earnestly, that the conference assume, or resolve to make an effort to raise \$5,000 of this sum, upon condition that the churches and citizens of Oshkosh raise \$6,000, with which to pay the floating debt of \$1,000, leaving the funded debt of \$10,000, to some future time.

(The second and third plans were united and adopted by the Conference as follows):

Resolved, That the conference recommend that the funded debt be increased to \$12,000, if practicable, and that special effort be made by the churches and citizens of Oshkosh to provide for the floating debt, and to aid them in this, the conference authorize the pastor of the church and the Presiding Elder of Appleton District, one or both, as the trustees of the church may direct, to visit churches wherever they may think advisable to solicit aid for this purpose.

Your committee present these facts and suggestions leaving it wholly to the wisdom of the conference to adopt either of these plans, any other one, or no plan at all.

Respectfully,

C. D. PILLSBURY,
O. J. COWLES,
P. B. PRASE.

It will be seen that the committee made no reference to me or my connection with the Church, and the facts elicited fully exonerated me and set at rest the false reports, which some of the brethren, not knowing the facts in the case, supposed might be true, and I was returned to the district, the Bishop being assured by the

preachers that my work on the district far surpassed that of any other presiding elder they had ever known.

My complete and triumphant vindication at the conference and my return to the district was a grief and a sore affliction to my enemies. They saw that it was necessary for them to make a new attack and to adopt new methods of warfare in order to crush me out. Accordingly, when the Board of District Stewards met, at the First Church, Oshkosh, October 29, 1878, the representative from the Algoma Street Church introduced a resolution from that board, calling for a heavy reduction in the presiding elder's claim for the year and also the amount apportioned to Algoma Street Church. The paper was "ruled out of order," as the established custom was to first fix the presiding elder's claim, after due consultation, and then proceed, according to the requirements of the discipline, to apportion the same among the several charges, according to their ability. The representative from Algoma Street Church at once gave notice that that church would rebel against any other action, and that they meant revolution, and that any higher assessment to that church than was proposed would result in their repudiation. The Board of District Stewards did place the assessment to that church above the amount named by their district steward, and the church repudiated and failed to pay the amount assessed.

Lying and slanderous reports in regard to me began to be more extensively and persistently circulated. Every possible effort was made to draw away my friends

from me and to blacken my character. A suit at law was instituted, into which I was necessarily drawn in order to protect the property of my children, E. E. and M. T. Carhart, from being sold to pay illegal and unjust claims against me. I was attacked in religious, semi-religious and secular journals, in a most bitter and malicious spirit. These newspaper attacks were mostly over assumed names, but were known to come from certain members of the Wisconsin Conference. I paid no attention to these attacks, as they were unaccompanied by the writer's true name, and as they were so low, profane and vulgar in their character as to render it unbecoming in a gentleman and a Christian to reply to them. I felt humiliated to think that, for any cause whatever, a brother in the Christian ministry could sink so low as to attack another in the columns of the secular press, over an assumed name, and in the use of such epithets as were freely applied to me.

In my distress I cried unto the Lord that I might be graciously sustained, and that I might be kept from a spirit of retaliation. God heard my prayers and the prayers of my brethren and sisters for me, and my soul was kept in constant peace.

I did not feel, at any time, that I had been altogether wise in my public administration or in my private affairs. Whilst I professed to love God with all my heart, I did not claim to be above the possibility of error in judgment. I knew that Christ's was the only absolutely faultless life the world had ever seen, or ever would see.

I believed it possible to live without *sin*, but not without *fault*; that we never should be faultless until we should be presented "faultless before our Father's glory with exceeding joy." I also knew that my persecutors lived in "glass houses," and that it was not wise in them to throw stones.

AN organization, known as the "Board," had been formed for the management of the Church, ostensibly for the benefit of the Church, but really to effect the removal of the Methodist churches from the sessions, at least in its early removal from the district. I was cautious, but was at length induced to go to the board, when several exhorters came to countenance the measure.

A new opportunity, however, soon presented itself. I was invited to spend a Saturday evening in Oshkosh, to aid in reducing the session. I consulted by the pastor of the church, and he gave his consent to the arrangements for the meeting.

informed me that he was requested to say to me, from the Union Advisory Board, and the pastor of the First Church, that I was requested to "keep in the dark—to take a back seat" on the following Sabbath. I inquired the reason for this request, and was informed that, certain parties would not give a cent towards reducing the debt if I was present. I replied that, I was entitled to be present by virtue of my office, that I had not proposed to be officious, or to take any part in the exercises of the occasion. I further told him that, neither the First Church nor the Union Advisory Board could afford to treat me with such courtesy; in view of my official relation to the Church—in view of my former relation—in view of the money I had contributed to the church, and the time and labor I had bestowed upon it, as architect, and as a member of the finance and building committees. The pastor of the church called upon me in the evening, at my house, and informed me that I was not wanted at the services the following Sabbath. I told him that I should be there, the Lord willing, and that I should sit with my family in the pew they had hired for their use. I went to church on Sabbath—sat with my family, and was not recognized either by the Bishop or by the pastor of the church, but my children subscribed and paid fifty dollars towards the reduction of the debt. The pastor of the church came to me on Sabbath noon and informed me that he became satisfied at the meeting held the previous night that, those who professed friendship for the First Church, and wanted

me insulted on the occasion, were not the friends of the First Church, "and that," said he, "there is an anti-Carhart coalition to break you down, and the First Church with you."

I am willing my enemies should know that this outrage stung me to the quick, and although I forgive the insult, yet such were the peculiar circumstances attending it, that I shall not soon recover from the blow, nor have that respect for the parties involved which I should be glad to entertain.

The following account of the Third Doty Island Camp-meeting is taken from the columns of *The Early Dawn*:

"The fourth annual camp-meeting for the promotion of holiness, within the bounds of the Wisconsin Conference, was held at Doty Island, commencing July 2. The meetings have been held under the auspices of the Association for the promotion of Holiness, and have resulted in great good to the cause of God. The meeting just closed was one of unusual power and blessing. It was not as largely attended as last year, owing, doubtless, to the fact that three camp-meetings had previously been held this season in the southern part of the conference and one in the northern part; and also to the fact that the Green Lake meeting is to follow next week, thus keeping away many who would otherwise have come to this meeting. The attendance, however, was large, and the number of tents in excess of the number the first year of the meeting on the Island, and the congregations

were immense. Rev. A. Lowrey, D. D., of New York, editor of "Divine Life," and his wife were present throughout the meeting and rendered valuable services, and by their sweet and gentle spirit won all hearts to them. Dr. Lowrey is certainly the ablest and clearest expounder of the great doctrine of holiness that has visited these parts. He is so free from censoriousness, and from all that would repel, and so completely filled with the spirit of the Master, that it is impossible not to love him. Mrs. Lowrey is a beautiful, sweet-spirited, intelligent and godly woman, and aided the women and children in their search for Christ. She will long be held in sweetest memory by those who enjoyed her society and listened to her inspiring words.

"Rev. B. W. Gorham, of Evanston, rendered valuable services. He is an evangelist of recognized character and power; a clear thinker and a forcible speaker.

"There was a large number of preachers on the ground during the whole meeting, and many did heroic work for the Lord.

"The very first public service held at the stand was signalized by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in a wonderful manner. There was not a service held on the ground but was characterized by the divine presence and glory. There was a large number of conversions, clear and satisfactory, and multitudes entered into the enjoyment of full salvation. At almost every meeting some one entered into this perfect rest of faith.

"It is manifest that the preaching of holiness has in it

a power to awaken the conscience and arouse the church that no other theme has. Where this doctrine is made prominent, the work goes on in the church and among sinners. Where it is opposed, the cause of God languishes.

"The progress of the meeting was somewhat interrupted by the shower of rain that came upon us on Sabbath noon, which continued into a settled rain, until many of the tents were completely drenched, bedding and clothing were saturated, and the ground made pools of water. On Sabbath evening an immense assembly of people were upon the ground, but before the sermon had fairly begun the blackness of the clouds and the muttering thunder sent the congregation flying to their homes. After the sermon, while the rain was pouring down, prayer meetings were carried on, in two tents, and continued until a late hour. A number of souls entered into the enjoyment of full salvation. The rain continued all Sunday night, accompanied with terrific wind, which threatened to demolish the tents. The clouds brushed away on Monday morning, and the sun came out bright and hot during the forenoon, and although some left for home, the larger portion remained and the morning meeting was characterized by the presence of the Holy One. Just as the afternoon services were about to begin a shower came up, which completely drenched everything again and somewhat dampened the prospects for a successful continuance of the meeting.

"The order of this camp-meeting was such as to com-

mend itself to all who attended. Rev. L. F. Cole proved himself an efficient and splendid officer, and as chief of police handled his force with consummate skill.

"The association voted to hold the next meeting at Byron, on condition that the boarding tent could be run in a manner acceptable to the association."

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT DOTY ISLAND.

"The camp-meetings held on Doty Island for the last three years have held over the fourth of July. When first appointed to be held there were grave fears entertained and expressed in regard to the wisdom of the arrangement. It was thought by some that the various celebrations would interfere with the attendance upon the meeting, and that the order of the meeting would be disturbed by drunken roughs; whilst others thought that the general excitement of the day would interfere with the solemnity of the meeting and would have a depressing influence on the spirituality of the services. It was believed by those having the planning of the meeting that the occasion would increase the attendance and that roughs would find entertainment more to their taste elsewhere.

"It was felt that should the services of the day assume a little more of the patriotic character it would do no harm.

"A trial for four years has proved those to be correct who planned the services. The fourth of July on Doty Island the past three years has been a grand success in all respects. None was more so than the last. When

to make the address, w
manner. The attendanc
several thousand people
beautiful, and every circ
render the occasion one o

"It was impossible to
idea of the lecture by Br
and altogether new in
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into rhetoric and poetry a
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"He held his audience s
ture, and all seemed to br
closed. Rev. G. S. Hu
Brother McGregor in a sho
importance of temperance
Mrs. Lowrey was called ou
saders" in Ohio, and gave
account of that remarkable

"The morning and eve

Many hearts are divinely moved, and enter into sweet and blessed communion with God. It may be that for the first time some realize in their souls sweet transforming power. They have lived in the comparative neglect of duty, and devoid of that uplift of soul which comes of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. At the camp-meeting under all the spiritual forces, and with all the precious surroundings, they come into possession of this new life. The meeting closes, and they return to the cares, duties and trials of life, and often to new temptations—temptations growing out of the very uplift of soul they have obtained, and out of the peculiar weariness resulting from unusual labor. Such a condition of things requires peculiar wisdom and grace. Many, for want of requisite wisdom, fall into temptation and are made a prey by the adversary. It is with a view to aid such that we make a few suggestions:

"First—After the camp-meeting do not suffer yourself to be alarmed in view of any possible spiritual exercise. You may be unusually filled with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost, or you may be the subject of depression and darkness. Do not distress yourself, but rest. Give both body and mind a chance—wait. Look steadily and constantly to God in prayer and faith and He will bring all out right.

"Second—Should you be subject to peculiar temptations, as you doubtless will be, do not undertake to defeat the enemy by reasoning with him, but by constant faith in God.

Do not chafe under this.
and seek help from God,
out of your own soul.

"To retain the grace of
experience, it will be ne
has done for you. Do it
and to the glory of God.
the blood of Christ, tell
Christ nor of his words.
you enjoy will be irritated,
but firm. You may eve
allusions may be made to
the Master and you are sur

Following the Doty Islar
held a second camp-meet
attendance was larger than
meeting was a season long
participated in the blessed
troublesome elements pre
embarrassment, but God ovi

calamity to a camp-meeting; but that is not necessarily the fact. Those who have had extensive experience in such matters prefer a rain at some time during the meeting. The physical effects are beneficial, and it almost always affects favorably the spiritual interests, especially after the meeting has got fairly under way.

"In the case of the Sugar Bush Camp-meeting, the rain commenced on Wednesday, the day the meeting commenced. In the case of several parties, their canvas and clothing were wet through when they reached the ground. But nothing dampened the ardor of the worshippers. The big tent was on the ground and soon erected, and afforded a shelter and a rallying place for the worshippers. Tents went up rapidly, and by night the ground presented quite a camp-meeting appearance. The first service was held in the evening, the presiding elder preaching. There was an audience of about two hundred, and the service was characterized by the presence of God and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. The rain fell in successive showers, accompanied by terrific thunder and flashes of lightning, which, ordinarily would have terrified those unaccustomed to such manifestations in a dense forest. All day Thursday the rain poured down, but the meeting went on, increasing in power and glory, the public services being held in the big tent. On Friday morning it was evident that the storm was over, and, though the ground was saturated in every direction, the people were cheerful, and, for the most part, comfortable. Saturday witnessed a large

was experienced from any
fect. There was nothing
about the meeting. All
the services during the day
preaching was of a most
the people were profoundly
were at the altar seeking
seekers of full salvation.
This is the third camp-meet
years. At the first meetin
hundred and ten souls conv
saved here last year. Sco
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the presiding elder and said,
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and in the social meetings for prayer and testimony. Sister Johnson was also present and labored with her accustomed zeal and success. Brother E. R. Hayward, who labored here so successfully two years ago, was here, and, like an earnest and skillful worker, was everywhere in the thickest of the fray. Ministers and people labored with great unanimity. The spirit of criticism seemed utterly unknown, and when a minister preached all the others prayed for him.

"The blessed doctrine and experience of holiness were preached with great sweetness, clearness and power, and, so far from creating dissensions, it united all hearts, and proved a "first-class disaster," not to the church but to sin.

"On the close of the meeting here the big tent goes immediately to Wrightstown, where a campaign is to be opened, in the name of the Lord, with Brother T. H. Walker in charge, assisted by E. R. Hayward and Prof. Olcott and wife; Sister Johnson also expects to be there. We are asking for fifty souls at Wrightstown.

"This third Sugar Bush Camp-meeting ranks fully up to those that have preceded it, and will be remembered as the brightest spot in the experience of multitudes. Eternity will reveal the grandeur of the results of this camp-meeting."

Notwithstanding there were so many great camp-meetings held on the Appleton District, all under my immediate supervision, I attended to all the interests of my district, great and small, met all my appointments

...designed
who set it at naught and

The large tent, fifty feet
seating three or four hundred
people for use on the
three private family tents,
Sugar Bush to Wrightstown
a class but no regular pr-
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work at that point. Accor-
menced, the following being
time to time in the service
preacher-in-charge; E. R.
B. Clark, J. W. Carhart, L.
W. W. Olcott and wife an
with others whose names do
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building is well under way, and it is expected that it will be dedicated before the ensuing session of the Wisconsin Conference.

The following reflections on "Summer Resorts *vs.* Camp-meetings" appeared in the columns of *The Early Dawn* soon after the Wrightstown Camp-meeting:

"The summer resort maintained by Christian people and under Christian influences, where those who are worn with the "hum drum" duties of life can go for rest and recuperation, is undoubtedly a wise and beneficent arrangement.

"These resorts, by sea-side and lake-side, in forest and field, are rapidly multiplying. They have the sanction and patronage of the Church.

"Free from the vices of the popular watering-places, families of children and youth may be left to the communion of nature and be morally and physically benefited. All workers need relaxation and entire change in surroundings, occupation and modes of living, for a while at least, once a year.

"Those who cannot afford the summer resort, should at least seek some sheltered and quiet spot that nature has made beautiful and attractive, and there, in a good duck tent, enjoy that sweet repose of body and mind so essential to health and power.

"But we feel constrained to say that, as the result of long experience and careful observation, we are compelled to believe whilst religious services are essential at the summer resorts for moral and physical health, they

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" Efforts are sometimes
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purposes. Just in so far a
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" There is more need t
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occurring in our churches..
entirely lost the old-time j
preaching is too formal, sc
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the blessed work of saving sc
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are educating our children
Church without a knowled
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religious fervor, where hearts glow with the fullness of God's love.

"We should live in tents, in the simplest manner—make the one great business of the week the building up of the work and the salvation of sinners.

"The young people should be there—sought out—got into the tents—prayed for until consciously saved. God help us to revive these old methods."



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Street Church,
presiding. I w
extra labor and
ference illy prepared for
session.

The following extracts
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"At the last session c
seven appointments left to
District I supplied them

"The past year has been
respects, of the three I hav

"In church building, r
church debts, a good work

"A new church, parsonage
during the year at Peshtigo

"The church, parsonage
there is money enough on l

"The church at Marinette has been rejuvenated and the entire indebtedness upon it, amounting to \$500, paid the past summer in the use of what is known as the 'Long Roll Call.' We now have a beautiful church property there, free from debt, and one of the most prosperous societies on the district.

"The church at Oconto has been repainted and the property otherwise improved and, I believe, all paid for.

"The society at Fort Howard purchased, during the year, a parsonage, and have made various and valuable improvements on it.

"The parsonage at Green Bay has been thoroughly overhauled and improved and the entire church property there is free from debt. The title to the parsonage lot there has been perfected during the year.

"The parsonage at Seymour has been completed and improved during the year and is nearly, if not quite, paid for.

"The church at De Pere has had a new foundation of stone put under it and has been thoroughly overhauled inside and reroofed, and is now a neat and beautiful structure and is all paid for. Our Oneida Indian brethren have replastered and otherwise improved their church property and are out of debt. Other improvements in church and parsonage are in progress.

"The Appleton Church, which has stood for several years in an unfinished state, is now about completed, and is one of the very finest churches in the State. The cost of completion, including a \$1,000 bell and a \$3,000

estimated value of the c

" Menasha has reroofed
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" Green Lake Church h
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" The First Church of O
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him to that church

per cent. and the balance at seven per cent. In addition to this I obtained, from my friend Mrs. D. L. Carrick, of Troy, N. Y., a donation of one hundred and fifty dollars from the interest on her mortgage of five thousand dollars, which had already accumulated. She has since subscribed two hundred dollars more. The matter now stands as follows:

Liabilities	\$22,663 67
Assets, old subscription notes	1,031 75
" " " " "	807 50
Lot on Jefferson Avenue	700 00
New subscription	12,930 00
New subscription, to be applied on last \$10,000	900 00
<hr/>	
Total	\$16,369 25
Paid on new subscriptions	2,587 62
Deducting this amount from the entire subscription leaves the gross available assets	\$13,781 63
The present indebtedness over the available assets is	\$8,882 04

" The present rentals of property amount to \$786, which more than pays the interest on the funded debt. The property is insured for \$17,000.

" Manitowoc has paid two hundred and fifty dollars on her debt.

" The health of the preachers and their families has generally been good.

" Sister Sampson, wife of Brother W. H. Sampson, died in the Lord at Appleton on the morning of the 22d of September.

" The pastors were urged, throughout the year, to the faithful presentation of all our benevolent interests. I

year has been of a most glorious character. We have held three camp-meetings, a large tent, which resulted in a multitude of souls, exactly how many we do not yet know. Nearly a thousand souls were converted at the Bush, known as Beaver Creek, the instrumentality of the last meeting being the labors of Brother J. C. Jackson, two years ago, who is now pastoring at Beaver Creek.

"The churches on the district have been greatly quickened spiritually and many revivals have taken place. A few seem to have lost their spirit and continue to sing "I

"In some portions of the country the church has suffered somewhat from worldliness. But all the work of infidelity against religion compares with the utterances of some of the infidels. The work of Jesus, made through the secular press, the religious press,

"Throughout the year, the

"We shall add three new circuits to the district this year. To God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, be everlasting praise."

A desperate effort was again made to remove me from the district. False representations were made to Bishop Andrews, who was led to believe that the large majority of the preachers on the district desired my removal. This impression was not removed until the preachers, of their own accord, presented a petition for my return to the district, signed by twenty-four, out of the twenty-eight men under my charge.

I was returned to the district, and entered vigorously upon my work for another year—the fourth and last. I had only just got fairly at work, when an "Open Letter" made its appearance in *The Daily Northwestern*, of Oshkosh, addressed to me and signed by George C. Haddock, and dated Milwaukee, October 13, 1879. The letter was of the grossest character, charging me with "crimes against religion, morality and law," and claiming that there were and had been charges in readiness to be preferred against me for fourteen months. He says:

I cannot positively swear to the truth of these allegations, but I most sincerely believe them to be true; and so firm is my convictions of their truthfulness, that I am ready to sign them, and be responsible for an honest offer to prove them before the proper tribunal, whenever two of your ministers shall take the disciplinary steps, or whenever you yourself shall ask your colleagues, the presiding elders, to take it up. I am honest and in earnest in this matter, but I bear you no personal ill-will. I do not believe you are fit to preach, much less to be a presiding elder. I believe the cause of religion, and especially of Methodism, is receiving great curse, and the cause of Bible holiness, I fear, will be retarded for years through the prom-

some one to lay hands on you,
upon myself the unwelcome ta-
ted. Your friends wanted to
cation." It occurred to me the
about general conference asterv
cate you. Let them present me
proceed against you on these cl
come out like pure gold tried by
should want to keep you in the

Milwaukee, October 13, 18;

The next day I publis

Editor Daily Northwestern.

Your issue of yesterday conta
George C. Haddock, of Milwauk
threat than an epistle.

You will allow me to say in
report of my district, to the late se
Mr. Haddock makes the pretext for
"In some portions of the district t
from what is known as Ingersoll's
efforts of infancy against religion &
utterances of some of the profes
secular. the com: - - - ."

In the third place, I am *now* ready to meet any charges that Mr. Haddock may bring agains' me.

I am glad to know that the preachers on my district, who know me best, could not be induced to sign his charges.

I write this, not to reply to Mr. Haddock, or to contradict his false statements, but simply to inform the public and my friends, upon whom the "open letter" has been inflicted, that I am ready to meet the charges at any time.

I am yours, respectfully,

J. W. CARHART.

The charges related to business matters mainly.

On my return home, after a long and weary trip, my attention was called to a newspaper containing the published resolutions, passed by the leaders and stewards of the Algoma Street Church. This was the first notice I had of such resolutions.

It will be remembered that certain parties in that Church had rendered themselves conspicuous in stirring up strife, and in circulating reports damaging to my reputation.

They secured the passage of the following resolution, and published it in the secular press, so that my first knowledge of its existence was through that source:

Resolved, That we request him (our presiding elder) to refrain from further official service in our midst until such time as said charges shall be properly and satisfactorily disposed of, and the "cloud" that now hangs over his name be dispelled.

L. G. CRAWFORD, *Secretary.*

The district steward of the Algoma Street Church was in communication with George C. Haddock, as letters from the one to the other, now in our hands, clearly

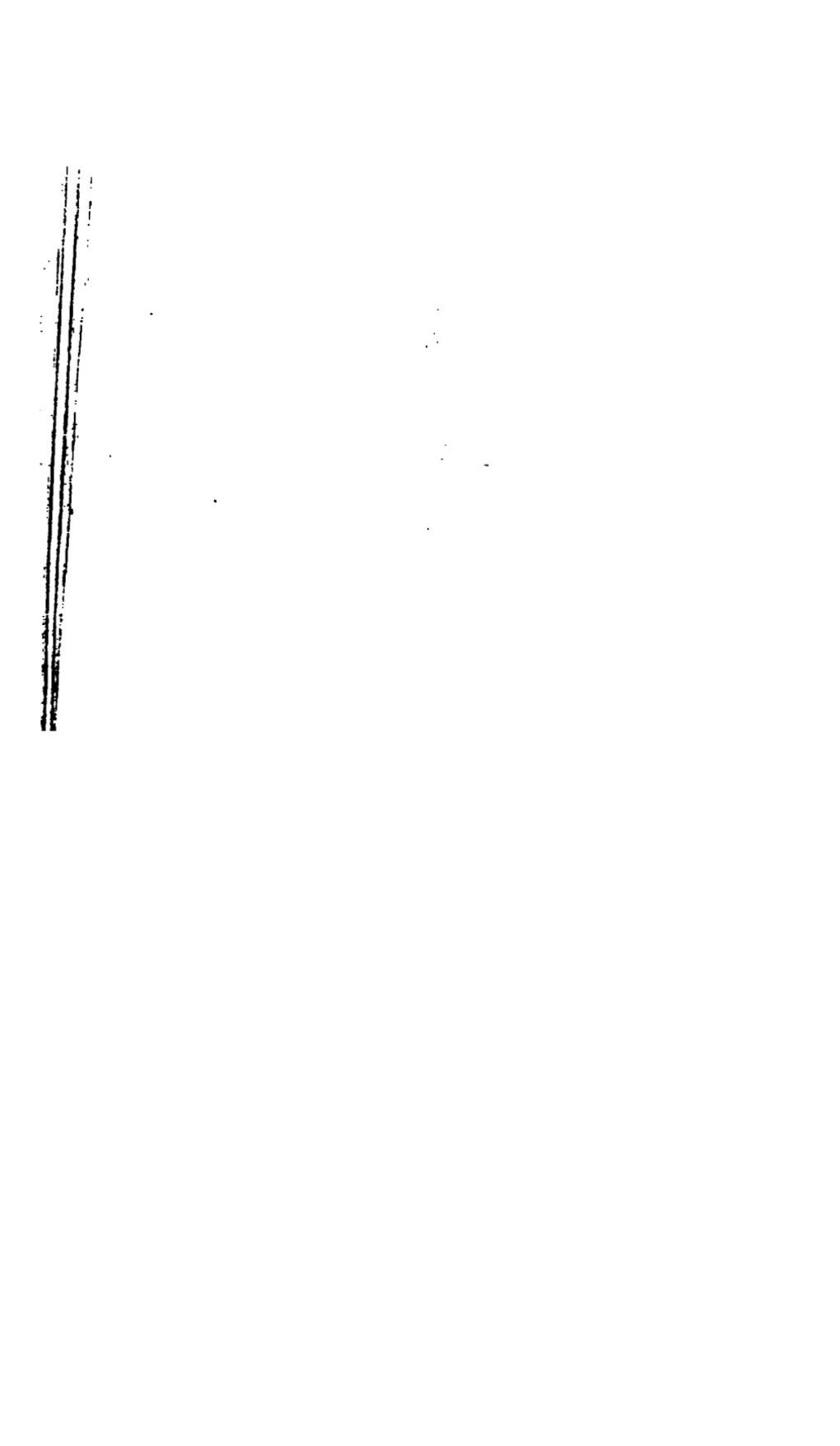
I went on with my
fire through the secular
which was characterized
slander. Charges were
weeks of waiting and
distressed that my health
confined to my room for
was ebbing out, and
conclusion of the trial.
hands of Rev. J. M. V
paca District, who proce
gation. I was too ill to
my defense. I called t
of Ripon; Rev. R. J.
Olmsted, of Oshkosh; &
ton. The labor of the
Brother Pillsbury, assis

The case was tried in

WISCONSIN CITY.



REV. C. D. PILLSBURY



We, the committee called to investigate the case of Rev. J. W. Carhart, do not find any of the specifications and charges sustained.

W. J. OLMSTED,

J. B. TRENEY,

W. COOK,

R. COOLEY,

A. C. HUNTLEY.

March 6, 1880.

The above is a correct copy of the findings of the committee in your case.

J. M. WALKER, *Chairman.*

The strain upon my mind and body, during the trial, was very great; notwithstanding, I improved in health, and when the verdict was reached, I was ready for work on the district. My friends in Oshkosh called at my house, a few evenings after the verdict was rendered, filling the house, and retiring, left a splendid and substantial token of their kind regards.

The principal witnesses for the prosecution were from the Algoma Street Church, urged forward by the party from that church, who had pursued me so relentlessly, and yet who kept in the back-ground himself.

The result of the trial staggered my enemies, for a time, and I was overwhelmed with letters of congratulation from all parts of the country, and from various classes of people. The newspaper attacks upon me continued, however, and I went on with my work. I had lost three months through sickness, caused by mental suffering, and by the trial. I therefore devoted myself with more than usual energy to my work. God graciously sustained me, and I was wonderfully blest in preaching His word. Multitudes were praying for me, and I had the assurance before the trial that God would

missionary drafts for my dist
hands. Bishop Andrews co~~l~~
Bishop Merrill came in his
Sabbath and Monday. My
with him, but to no purpose.
and left me undisturbed in my

Parties from Algoma Street
Conference at Cincinnati, C
labored with Bishop Andrews
against me.

Without the least warning
poses, Bishop Andrews tra
Church from my district to the
following letter is the only war
tion I ever received:

C

REV. DR. CARHART:

*Dear Brother—The Algoma Street C
the Appleton District to the Waupaca Dist*

Yc

The assessment to Algoma Street Church was \$73.60. I had received \$15 of the claim before the transfer. There was therefore taken from my support the sum of \$58.60.

The claim of the presiding elder for the year was estimated at \$1,200. Out of this he must provide his own house and furnish it, pay his traveling expenses, postage and stationery bills, and support a family of ten persons. The district generally fell short of meeting the claim about \$200. Take out of the \$1,000 \$58.60 from Algoma Street Church and \$73.50 which the First Church refused to pay, voting to apply it on a note of mine of \$94, given to pay balance of my subscription of \$350 to the building of the church, and the amount left for the support of my family and for all other expenses is the meagre sum of \$867.90. Of course that sum could not be made to cover expenses, and, accordingly, my children having sold out their business, my son, a boy of sixteen, went to northwestern Texas, as printer and publisher of The Clarendon News, whilst two of my daughters engaged as type-setters on newspapers in Oshkosh.

The parties to whom The Early Dawn establishment was sold failed to fulfill their contract in regard to the securities to be furnished, and E. E. and M. T. Carhart were obliged to take back the property. The subscription list having run down since the sale of the paper, and E. E. Carhart having gone to Texas and invested his interests there, it was decided not to revive the paper.

HE Lord greatly bless
on the district. I e
with God, and whilst
soul had heaven and
preaching as never be
strength of body was given r
hardship to which I was sut
without regular meals, not h
them. I was sometimes oblig
some walks, and to expose mys
summer and to the severity of
was often out in terrible storm
mer. Being blest with a good
ally manage to eat what other
from inconvenience in sleeping &
any lack in regard to food. A cl
and pleasant room, free from
luxury to the weary traveler.
sleep in a granary with one of
But for the horror of mice, the
far more comfortable than one !

shop. I made my way to the bed, among ricks of seed-corn, bundles of wool, ox yokes, strings of onions, spare-ribs, skeins of woolen yarn, rolls of rag carpet, boxes of honey, canned fruit, and other articles too numerous to mention. I opened the bed, spread in my large shawl, rolled myself up and dreamed of my mother's "golden wedding."

The work of God, in the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of believers, on Appleton District during the past four years constitutes a blessed epoch in its history. The great revivals we have witnessed have had their inception, and have been promoted by our outdoor tent meetings.

A tent meeting was commenced on Tuesday evening, June 29, 1880, a few miles west of Wrightstown, Wisconsin, on ground owned by Mr. J. Briggs. The big tent was set up, and three family tents, occupied by parties from Wrightstown and Oshkosh. Rev. E. R. Hayward, preacher-in-charge of this circuit, and the writer, were in constant attendance upon the services. Revs. F. F. Teeter, Hortonville; T. H. Walker, Fort Howard; O. B. Clark, Stockbridge; H. Roissey, Big Suamico; R. S. Hayward, Waukau; and T. F. Allen, Marinette, were present and rendered valuable services. The attendance was large and the order perfect. This community had a bad reputation, and was known as "Hell's Corners." Not a word or act occurred on the part of any person, intended to disturb the meeting. The meeting was one of wonderful displays of Divine

-PRESBYTERIAL CHURCH-

held during the day-time; a s
the afternoon. Persons were
and-two, visiting and praying
Bitter feuds, of long standing
healed. A number of person
offenses against their neighbors
Mr. Briggs, on whose land the
us the use of the land, and dug
our special accommodation. T
wonderful work of God at the
three years ago. The meetin
weeks. Sister Catharine Joh
labored at this meeting with wo
was instrumental in leading man
eral instances brought together
tion, neighbors and relatives wh
variance.

In one instance, sisters Johns
family who were at dinner. Th
man of the house, who was deep
over his sins. The family move
and they had a ~~second~~ ^

The following account of a terrific storm that occurred during the meeting, was published in The Christian Statesman:

AWFUL AND YET GLORIOUS.

"The Wrightstown Camp-meeting, an account of which was published recently in The Statesman, continued about a week longer than was at first intended, and closed on Sunday night, July 11. Friday night was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who were at the meeting. The sermon, preached by Rev. T. H. Walker, was a stirring one, and a large number of penitents were at the altar. The day had been very warm, and there were indications of a storm before the services commenced. The after-meeting was fairly under way when the storm, in all its fury, broke upon us. The lightning was an almost incessant blaze, lighting the wet tents with an almost blinding glare. The thunder crashed and bellowed, as every now and then the lightning's bolt would shiver a tree in the forest where we were encamped. An awful rumbling admonished us of an approaching tornado, and we had only time to fasten down the wall curtains to our big tent, which is fifty feet in diameter, and where a large congregation was assembled, when the tornado struck the belt of timber and great trees came tumbling to the ground, making the very earth tremble. Branches from the trees were falling around the tents, and one came through the big tent, but fortunately no one was struck. When the wind struck the tent it lifted like a balloon, then it came down

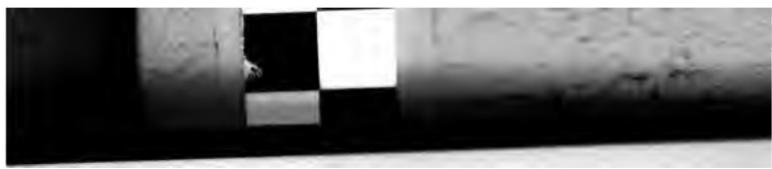
ngm The great oak and n
as they interlocked their bi
while the meeting went stea
and glory. Rev. E. R. Hay
meeting, and led it as unc
Almighty. Such songs and :
tent, during that hour of stor
our privilege again to hear.

a grandeur that is past descrip
mingled in sweetest harmony,
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that tempestuous hour. God
broke on any of the tents. N
heartily ascribed our deliveran
never before. Praise God from
There were about one hundred
camp-meeting, most of whom
dist Church. About thirty ha
and about forty have given in
Brother Hayward has organize
vicinity of the m-

of Stockbridge, was present at the meeting and rendered good service. To God be praise!"

The State Sunday School Assembly was held in "Sherwood Forest," on the shore of Green Lake, from July 26 to July 30, and, by previous arrangement, the Third Green Lake Camp-meeting was to commence on the same grounds and continue about a week. For the accommodation of the assembly we rented them the big tent for a nominal sum, and we hired of the assembly the plank and lumber for seating, thus diminishing the expenses for both parties. During the assembly prominent members of the Wisconsin Conference—some of them presiding elders who were opposed to me—used their influence with ministers and people to induce them not to attend the camp-meeting. The effort, in short, was to discourage and break down the camp-meeting. I requested the officers of the Sunday School Assembly to allow me to announce the camp-meeting, which they positively refused—not consenting to its announcement even after the benediction was pronounced and the assembly was closed. The camp-meeting went on, however; the people came in large numbers, there being nearly two thousand on the ground on the Sabbath. There were about thirty tents, nearly twice as many as were at the assembly. All our bills were easily paid, and a large number of souls were converted and believers were sanctified. The interest and power of the meeting steadily increased until the close. All said it was "one of the sweetest meetings they ever attended."

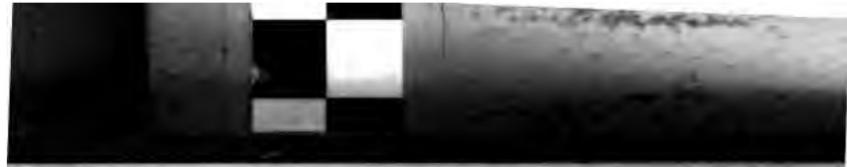
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over and preached to a larg
remarkable simplicity, truth
his word. Dr. Fulton is a
Presbyterian, of Chicago, be
the sermon. Dr. Worrell pro
Dr. Fulton exhorted. The se
ren were masterly in though
were full of the unction of th
occasion, and a day which
those who enjoyed the bless
closed on Thursday night with
and hearty hand-shaking, and
gratitude to God for His merc
that we should never all mee
the bright plains of everlasting











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